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Designed by J. B. B. B.

Engraved by J. B. B. B.

THE CHILD OF ELIE.

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THE

1829.

LEGENDARY CABINET:

A COLLECTION OF

BRITISH NATIONAL BALLADS,

Ancient and Modern;

FROM THE BEST AUTHORITIES.

WITH NOTES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

BY

THE REV. J. D. PARRY, M.A.

OF ST. PETER'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

——— Call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold;
Of Camball, and of Aigarsiff,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else, great deeds beside,
In saga and solemn tune, have sung,
Of turney, and of trophies hung;
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
MILTON.—*Il Penseroso*.

LONDON:

W. JOY, 66, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

MDCCCXXIX.

255.

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PREFACE.

IN presenting this little Collection to the Public, the Editor begs leave, in the first instance, to refer to a previous announcement, of its being conducted, as far as the subject would admit, on a MORAL plan; or, at the least, with an exclusion of all articles of a directly exceptionable character. At the same time, it is hoped that no candid and intelligent Reader will mistake this for an unqualified panegyric on its contents; or subject *that* to a rigid assay, which was never intended for, and consequently never can come forth as, pure and unmixed metal.

It is well known that this description of Poetry possesses to many minds, and particularly to those of the young, peculiar charms; it is also a fact which may easily be verified by observation, that in no previous selection of this kind, has any discretion been exercised as to the general character and effect of their miscellaneous contents. To render, then, that which is popular, at least comparatively innocent, is surely an

object which a superior mind might not consider beneath its notice;—and in this view of the subject, the Editor has had the satisfaction of coinciding with the ideas of a high Ecclesiastical character, but whose name he is not at liberty here to mention. Such then has been his prevailing design in the production of this little Volume; and whether or not he shall be pronounced by rigid, or lenient criticism, to have attained his object, he feels conscious that, to the best of his humble abilities, no care or pains have been spared in pursuing it.

About one third of the Ballads in this Collection, have been taken from “Percy’s Reliques,”* and the rest from the most esteemed Authors and Compilers; upwards of Forty Volumes having been consulted for that purpose. The spelling in the older Ballads has been modernized;—a liberty which the scrupulous antiquary may well excuse, in consideration of the additional facility and pleasure which is thus afforded to the mass of general readers. Whilst, at the same time, the original style and idiom has either been minutely preserved, or with such a trifling deviation as may fairly dispense with the necessity of apology.

* This work was first published in the year 1765, in 3 vols. 8vo. Dr. Percy was, in 1778, appointed Dean of Carlisle; and in 1782, Bishop of Dromore in Ireland, where he died in 1811, in his 83rd year;—having nobly signalized himself in the employments of a more mature age, and an exalted station; and leaving a character for piety, liberality, and benevolence, to which ample testimony was borne by all classes and descriptions of men.

The notes, which have been partly abridged from the Authors themselves, and otherwise gleaned from a few common works of History and Antiquities, are added for the convenience of such readers as are not particularly conversant with the subjects in question. To the "*Esoteric*" disciples of Antiquity, to whom the Editor himself is as one of the uninitiated, this will doubtless be a sufficient excuse; and should there be any Readers to whom they are no objects of interest, they may, at all events, pass them over, without notice or interruption.

It should not be here suppressed, that a charge of want of fidelity and undue alteration has been made against Dr. PERCY, in his publication of these ancient pieces of Poetry. In the treatment, however, which they received at his hands, they have no farther been removed from originality, than Dr. WARTON describes *all the Metrical Romances* now to be. "They have been divested of their original form, polished in their styles, adorned with new incidents, successively modernized by repeated transcription and recitation, and retaining little more than the outlines of the original." And a small portion only of this process is attributable to Dr. PERCY. He became possessed, from the gift of a friend, of a manuscript folio of ballads, the contents of which fortunately falling into the hands of a man whose taste and elegance have rarely been exceeded, they underwent a certain degree of polish, which yet did not impair their primary lineaments; and the breaches made by time were so

carefully repaired, that the additions are scarcely discernible. Had there been no envy or malice in the case, this would have been deemed an excellence; but the heart of his great opponent, Mr. RITSON, had in it unfortunately a very large proportion of these ingredients, to which were superadded much grossness and impiety. A few others of the Ancient Ballads remain unaltered, as they were written—from the era of Queen Elizabeth to about the middle of the seventeenth century.

In order to make this a National Selection, all compositions (with one or two exceptions only) have been excluded in which the scene is laid in foreign countries; and also translations from foreign languages, which are now numerous, and some of them very beautiful. Nor was it possible to include in this volume half the beauties of British Ballads. Should, therefore, the Public receive with favour this one of the novitiatory efforts of a young Author, it may probably lead to the production of a Second Volume, from these united sources, as a sequel to the present, and of the same size and character.

JAN. 1829.

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VERSION
OF
THE SAXON ODE,
On the Victory of King Athelstan, at Brunanburgh.
A. D. 938.
BY THE EDITOR.

THIS ODE, which is generally supposed to have been the composition of some Saxon bard cotemporary with the event it celebrates, is here versified from the text of the original, given in Ellis's *Ancient Romances*, v. i, 14; to which is annexed, an exactly literal prose translation. This copy, which Mr. Ellis received from a learned friend, was taken from two MSS. in the Cotton. Lib., British Museum,—*Therius*, B. IV. and A. VI.; and it differs materially from the version given in Hickes' *Saxon Grammar*, and that in the *Saxon Chronicle*, which latter appears now in the garb of prose. On the respective merits of these, and on the points of difference, the Editor will not presume to give any opinion. His object has been, simply to offer a close and literal version of Mr. Ellis's copy, with no other interpolations than were absolutely necessary in giving it a metrical form: and he deemed it more advisable, in this manner, to shew the precise character and genius of the original, and the intimate connexion between the two languages, than to attempt investing it with the artificial decorations of modern refinement. The reader will, therefore, not expect any of that romantic beauty which is to be found in Gray's *Imitations* of ancient Northern Poetry. An account of the circumstances of the battle, may be seen in Hume's or in Goldsmith's *History*, or any similar work.

KING ATHELSTAN of warlike mould,
The chief of earls and barons bold,
And, second from that noble spring,
His brother Edmund Atheling,*

* Atheling signifies "the young noble:"—Æthel-stan, "the very noble."

Of elders good a mighty train
 In shock of war have featly slain.
 Round Brunanburgh the field was spread,*
 Their blades a deadly course have sped,
 They cleave of shields th' united wall,
 They hew to earth the leaders tall, †
 The troubled Marches rest serene,
 As late in Edward's days was seen.

To them, of ancient race and name,
 A fate of blest deliverance came,
 'That oft, before their dreaded hand,
 Should flee each traitorous robber band,
 And leave, unvexed, the glad domain
 To prosper in a noble reign.

Scotland's sons of land and deep, ‡
 Found many a youth the deathly sleep.
 The din of war rose sharp and dread,
 Thick sweat the warriors' limbs o'erspread,

* Camden places this in Northumberland, on the coast between Bamborough, and Coldingham in Scotland, and opposite to Lindisfarn, or Holy Island; and the name of the village at present nearest the site, he represents to be *Ford*, near *Bromeridge*. But Bishop Gibson, on the authority of Florence of Worcester, who pronounces the hostile fleets to have entered the *Humber*, offers a conjecture, that the site of the engagement might have been much higher up;—in Yorkshire or Lincolnshire. Such vexatious differences the Editor has before found to be not uncommon amongst antiquaries; but he believes that, in the present instance, the former idea has by far the more numerous supporters. Mr. Hutchinson, in his *History of Northumberland*, inclines to Bishop Gibson's opinion of Broomridge, in that county, being the site of the battle; adding, that "the many lines, breastworks, and entrenchments still remaining, testify that this was the place of some great action." He also (on the authority of some one of our old chroniclers) adds, as an ally to Constantine and Anlaf, *Eugenius*, *Oweine*, or *Ewaine*, King of Cumberland, who fell in the engagement, and whom he supposes to have been buried in Penrith Church-yard, under a curious old monument, which remains to this day.

† In one literal translation, this is rendered "banners."

‡ The Saxon answers to the English "lad."

—Since o'er the fields at morning tide
 The greater Light began to glide,*
 God's candle—he of grace ador'd,
 Eternal and Almighty Lord,—
 Till latest in the fading west
 That creature of the High had rest.

Full many a soldier strewed the field;
 The North-man † stretched on useless shield,
 And noble Scottish chief from far,
 Red from the worrying shocks of war.

The Wessex army all the day
 (A chosen herd) the rear assay,
 Their loathed foes they closely press,
 The lingering rearward sore distress;
 The fugitives unhappy feel
 The sharpness of their piercing steel.‡

No rest th' unwearied Mercians knew;
 Their hardy hands were firm and true.
 Health then to Anlaf's host was none,—
 By gales of favouring wind o'erblown,
 Who, o'er the bosom of the sea,
 Had sought this land, for sovereignty.

Five sons of kings there prostrate lay, §
 By swords untimely swept away;
 And seven, the earls of Anlaf's train.
 Unnumbered pirates from the main, ||

* Saxon,—“the more (*i. e.* greater) twinkler.”

† North-men,—a general term for Danes, called also *Dacians*, Norwegians or Norse, Icelanders, and others; also, for the inhabitants of Orkney and Shetland, who were eminent for piracy on a large scale, and styled themselves sea-kings, or earls, and their ships sea-dragons. They here appear as allies to Scotland, although generally opposed, as in the modern ballad of Hardyknute, which is yet true to history.

‡ Literally,—they “drilled” holes, or wounds, with their swords.

§ This may also mean that *they* were kings at the time.

|| The Saxon word is “*unrim*,” said to be from the Latin *innumerus*.—The next word signifies, literally, “harassers.”

And Scottish men, with wild affright,
Scarce saved their lives by hasty flight.

The North-man Chief, at utmost need,
Upraised his voice * for instant speed :
His remnant poor in sad retreat
Tumultuous crowd the royal fleet,
Then o'er the sea, at falling-tide,
To distant lands in safety hied.

And Constantine, of prudent thought, †
His Northern realm most swiftly sought.
There Hilderic, of hoary years,
His loss bewailed with bitter tears.
It little served his cause to groan,
Yet much his mates he did bemoan.

Short store of friends at home remain, ‡—
They fell before, on hostile plain.
His much-loved son is far away,—
In blood, on wailful field, he lay.

'Vailed not his barons to deplore,
Young Atguth, old in wisdom's lore;
By bill-men stretched on foreign earth, §—
Nought served his valour, nought his worth.

* " *Steven*,"—a word which continued in use till the fifteenth century.

† King of Scotland.—The Saxon has the original Latin, "*Constantinus*," a name or title borrowed, doubtless, from the Lower Empire. It would seem, from other copies, as if *Hilde-rinc* was only an epithet for the *same person*; but this, and many other points, must be left for higher judgments.

‡ Saxon,—"*Short folk filled his folk-stede*;" so before, "*camp-stede*," (*i. e. place*). The termination is still retained in "*farm-stead*," "*home-stead*," &c.

§ The *bills* used in war were fixed at the end of long staves, similar to pike-handles. In process of time, with perhaps some little alteration of form, they were called partizans and halberts.

Nor more shall haughty Anlaf* boast,
 With remnant of his scattered host,
 That *they*, forsooth, are best in fight,
 And theirs, in camp, more conquering might.

When next the Motes† in council met,
 Then sighs were heard, and cheeks were wet;
 For many a heavy ransom told,
 Must free their friends from captive hold:
 And they the weighty charge must brook,
 Which first, with oaths, they undertook.

The Northern ships, with tackled gear ‡
 And scanty crews, in grief and fear,
 Have launched them on the dreary deep,
 And o'er the dinky waters creep,—
 They rest them first on Dublin§ strand,
 Then seek with shame their native land.

Then, too, the brothers twain depart,—
 King Athelstan's of noble heart,
 And Atheling's united band,
 With joy return to Wessex land. ||

The airy, screaming birds of war,—
 The Bittern's hollow note from far,—

* The Danish king.—Dr. Percy thinks this should be spelt Aulaf, Aulaf being evidently the genuine northern name *Olaf* or *Olave*, Lat. *Olaus*.

† *Mote*, or *ge-mote*, i. e. *the mote*, a term for a provincial council or incorporation. It is still retained in "ward-mote." *Wittena-ge-mote*, was "the assembly of *witas men*," and is said to have been the origin of Parliaments, styled, from the French, "*parler*," to speak.

‡ Literal,—i. e. With their rigging repaired.

§ SAXON,—*Dyfflen*, and *Difelin*.

|| This, which included seven counties in the West, was their ancient patrimonial kingdom; and it continued, in some measure, a separate jurisdiction, long after the union of the Heptarchy.

They leave behind ;—the paddock's croak,*—
 The Raven swarth, from woodland oak,
 With hooked beak and horny bill, †—
 House-wooding Heron, whose food is still ‡
 White fishes from the mountain-flood,—
 The ravenous Goshawk, gorged with blood,—
 The wild Deer grey, from lonely glen, §—
 The Wolf, the savage foe of men.

Was ne'er more wail or sorrow rife
 In England's isle, from deadly strife,
 (Since first her ancient race arose),
 From blade's keen edge, or battle close,
 (So they who ancient books explore—
 The elders, wise in clerkly lore), ||
 Since first up-came from Eastern land,
 The Anglian and the Saxon band ;
 When, o'er the broad opposing brine, ¶
 They sought the crown of Britain's line,

* Toad.

† Literally, " *nib*."

‡ Literal,—*i. e.* that has its nests in the woods. This word "*earn*," the other copies render *eagle*, and *flesh* instead of *fish* ; with other important variations from the present copy, to which the learned are referred.

§ Deor.—In the Saxon Chronicle, "*græge-deor*" is translated as an epithet to the *wolf*, "parti-coloured." On the authority of Mr. Ellis, it is a separate animal ; but it does not follow from the preceding, that it was a beast of the stag kind. Deer was, it seems, formerly a general term for a great variety of wild animals, both large and small ; as plainly appears from a passage in the old Anglo-Saxon romance of "*Bevis of Hampton*"—(from whence it is borrowed by Shakspeare, in *Lear*, Act III. Sc. IV.)—

" Mice and rats, and such small *deer*,
 Was his meat that seven year."

|| Literal,—*i. e.* So it is related by the learned elders, who search ancient books.

¶ "Broad brine," Saxon. At the time this ode was written, the Saxons had been in possession of England about 400 years.

With shock of lances, keen and bright,
The Welch subdued in valour's spite;
When, in the ages old and gone,
The Earls they quelled, the land they won.

ADDENDA.

"It is rather unfortunate," says Mr. Ritson, "that among the tolerably numerous relics of Saxon literature still extant, we find no songs. In the Saxon Chronicle, indeed, there are two or three poetical pieces, the principal one being in celebration of King Athelstane's victory, gained over Anlaf the Dane; which may be specimens of their ode, and were, possibly, sung to the harp. There is also extant, a short poem in praise of the city of Durham."

What limits Mr. Ritson assigns to the term song, we cannot precisely ascertain; but we find, from higher authorities on this subject, that the remains of Saxon poetry are by no means so few or insignificant. On this subject, which is by much too important for the compass of these observations, or the Editor's capability, ample satisfaction will be found in the works of Hickes, Manning, Conybeare, Sharon Turner, &c. &c., and several excellent Grammars or Introductions in English, published within the last thirty years. We find King Alfred himself, to have been a poetical as well as prose author and translator; and some really elevated poems on sacred subjects were written by *Cædmon*, in the seventh century. They modelled their verse by *alliteration*, by a periodical return of the same letters in the words, and by *rhythm*; an ancient and classical term, which is not over-easy of definition; but which appears to mean an harmonious return of syllables of the same or equal sound, at regular distances—or in short, such a position of words and cadences as has a melodious effect on a good ear. In its full acceptation, however, this phrase is applicable to sound, unconnected with letters or characters; it is consequently the essence of *music*, and its rudiments were to be found in the tones of Pythagoras's anvil. A good peal of eight *bells*, well set, contains the same essential properties of rhythm as a line of eight syllables. The Anglo-Saxons did not use *feet*, like the Greeks and Romans, in their poetry. Mr. Ritson confidently asserts that *rhyme* was not in use till after the Norman Conquest; but this is not true, as several examples of Anglo-Saxon rhymes are recorded in Mr. Turner's work; and from the circumstance of several Anglo-Saxon poets having written *Latin* verses in rhyme before the year 800, it is plain that this art was known in their day. In the Teutonic, or Runic, it was used in the vernacular poetry from an early period. But we

learn from Mr. Conybeare, that the additional ornament of rhyme was by no means of common occurrence in Anglo-Saxon poetry; and Mr. Ritson's conjecture, that it was introduced or perfected by the Danes, who had obtained a footing in the tenth century, and who were of the ancient Runic stock, seems deserving of some attention. We have also the *fragment* of a song composed *extempore* by Canute the Great, as with his Queen and Court he was passing by water to Ely, A.D. 1017, to hold a solemn feast; when hearing the monks chant, he was so delighted with the sweetness of the melody, that he burst forth in a poetical strain, of which this was the commencement. It shews, at this late period of the Saxon rule, a great affinity to the earliest English language, about two centuries after.

Merie sungen the Muneches binnen Ely,
Tha Cnut ching reu ther by.
Roweth, Cnihtes noer the lond, (or, lant),
And here we thes Muneches sang.

*Merry sang the Monks within Ely,
When Cnut the King rowed thereby.
"Row, ye Knights, near the land (along),
And hear we these Monks' song."* ED.

The following is said by Mr. Ritson to be the most ancient *English* song now extant, which, on grounds which seem to him incontrovertible, he refers to the middle of the *thirteenth* century. It is inserted in Sir John Hawkins', and Dr. Burney's *Histories of Music*, by whom it is attributed to the *fifteenth* century; but very incorrectly according to Ritson. It is accompanied by "a very masterly musical composition, for six voices, in the nature of a catch." The song is in praise of the *Cuckoo*, and cannot by any means be considered inharmonious.

Svmer, is icumen in.
Lhudé sing cuccu.
Groweth sed and bloweth med
And springth the wdé nu.
Sing cucu.
Awé bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calué cu.
Bulluc sterteth.
Bucké uerteth.
Murie sing cuccu.
Cuccu cuccu.
Wel singes thu cuccu
Ne swik thu nauer nu.

In modern orthography, it would appear thus :—

Summer is i-comen* in !
 Loud sing, cuckoo !
 Groweth seed, and bloweth mead,
 And springeth the wood, now.
 —Sing cuckoo !
 Ewe bleateth after lamb,
 Loweth after calf cow :
 Bullock starteth,
 Buck verteth,†
 Merry sing, cuckoo !
 —Cuckoo, cuckoo !—
 Well sing'st thou, cuckoo !
 Nor swik ‡ thou never now. ED.

* i. e. Come.

† " Goes to harbour in the fern." — RITSON. Perhaps from *vert*, green.—ED.

‡ Be silent.

CHEVY-CHASE.

I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas, that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind crowder, with no rougher voice than rude style, which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.—(*Quoted by Addison, Spec. 70, 74.*)

It was not known to Mr. Addison that Sir Philip had never seen the present ballad, the style of which is no rougher or less ornamented than his own; and is, as Addison justly observes, quite equal to Queen Elizabeth's days. The more ancient ballad, which from its general appearance and indications, Dr. Percy considers to be full as old as the reign of Henry VI. (*i. e.* probably about 1440 or 1450), is published in the "*Reliques*," vol. i., 1. The Editor has subjoined some of the most prominent instances of difference between the two.

Another ancient ballad, materially connected with the plot and situation of the present, exists, under the title of the "*Battle of Otterbourne*,"—*Reliques*, i., 18;—and to this the evidence of history affords, in a greater degree, the credit of veracity; such a skirmish having undoubtedly taken place, and having been recorded by all our best chroniclers, and very circumstantially by Froissart. In this, Earl Douglas invades that part of Northumberland called Bamboroughshire, and lays waste the country to the walls of *New Castell*, wherein lies Sir Henry Percy, called Hotspur: a parley takes place at the walls; they agree to meet at a future day, and at a more convenient spot. An engagement accordingly takes place, in which Douglas is killed, and Hotspur taken prisoner. This is, in brief, a summary of the occurrences of this ancient poem; and such, with some slight variations, are recorded in history at the date of 1388. Dr. Percy conceives the story of the ballad of Chevy Chase to be true, as far as relates to the hunting, &c.; but that the concluding events are borrowed by the authors from the battle of Otterbourne. The precise date, therefore, of the occurrences on which the story of Chevy Chase is founded, is uncertain. Dr. Percy thinks they may have been prior to the other, and that the battle of Otterbourne was provoked by some such affront as the expedition of Percy, described in this ballad.

The Cheviots are a range of hills between Northumberland and Roxburghshire: the spiral summit of one of the principal is considered to be as high as any mountain in England. At the foot of these is a long track of flat and marshy ground, called the Cheviot Moors. All this country was included in the district belonging to both kingdoms, styled "the Marches," and sometimes "the Debateable Ground," from its being a constant scene of dispute and hostility. It was one of the laws of these Marches, frequently renewed between the two nations, that neither party should hunt in the borders of the other without leave; and in time of peace, the borderers on both sides were accustomed, in the autumn of the year, to send to the Lord Warden of the opposite border, for leave to hunt within his bounds. But if they ventured to do this without permission asked, this official was always prompt to resent the insult offered. We have only, then, to suppose that Earl Douglas was the Lord Warden of the Scottish Marches, and which is actually declared in the older ballad; and then there will remain nothing unexplained for the full understanding of this celebrated legend.

God prosper long our noble king,
 Our lives and safeties all;
 A woeful hunting once there did
 In Chevy-Chace befall: *

* The title of the old ballad is, "The Hunting at the Cheviatt." The style has a more rugged appearance, from its being written in the broadest northern dialect. The first stanza, which has six lines, and the second, run as follows:—

The Perse owt of Northombarlond,
 And a vowe to God made he,
 That he wolde hunt in the mountaynes
 Of Cheviat, within days thre,
 In the mauger (spite) of doughte Dogles,
 And all that ever with him be.

The fattest harts in all Cheviat
 He sayd he wold kill, and cary them away
 "Be my feth," sayd the doughte Doglas agen,
 "I wyll let (hinder) that hontyng, yf that I may."

From the word "King" at the beginning of this verse, it is probable the composition was in the time of James I. A skirmish took place between the second Earl of Northumberland, son of Hotspur, and Earl William Douglas, of Angus, at a place called Pepperden, near the Cheviot, in 1436, which by some has been supposed to have been the ground-work of Chevy-Chase.

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Earl Percy took his way :
The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day. *

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take ;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and bear away.—
The tidings to Earl Douglas came
In Scotland, where he lay ;

Who sent Earl Percy present word
He would prevent his sport.
The English Earl, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold ;
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deer :
On Monday they began to hunt,
Ere day-light did appear ;

And long before high noon they had
A hundred fat bucks slain ;

* " This way of considering the misfortunes which this battle would bring on posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the battle, and lost their fathers in it, but on those also who perished in future battles, which took their rise from this quarrel of the two Earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the way of thinking among the ancient poets."—ADDISON.

Then, having dined, the drovers went •
To rouse the deer again.

The bowmen mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Their backsides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
The nimble deer to take;
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went, †
To view the slaughtered deer;
Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me here:

If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay,—
With that a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say:

Lo! yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty-hundred Scottish spears,
All marching in our sight;

All men of pleasant Tivydale, ‡
Fast by the river Tweed.—
Then cease your sport, Earl Percy said,
And take your bows with speed:

• In the original, it is said, the huntsmen “blew a mort,”—an old term for the notes on the horn calling back the dogs after the death of the deer.

† This the Editor believes to be a term for any slaughtered game; or here perhaps for the place in which they were stowed.

‡ Teviotdale, one of the three divisions of Roxburghshire, the others being Liddesdale and Eskdale. The part of Northumberland adjoining the Cheviot had also three divisions,—*Islandsdale*, from *Holy Island*, or *Lindisfarne*;

And now with me, my countrymen,
 Your courage forth advance ;
 For there was never champion yet,
 In Scotland or in France,

That ever did on horseback come,
 But, if my hap it were,
 I durst encounter, man for man,
 With him to break a spear.

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
 Most like a baron bold,
 Rode foremost of the company,
 Whose armour shone like gold.

Shew me, said he, whose men ye be,
 That hunt so boldly here ;
 That, without my consent, do chace
 And kill my fallow-deer ? *

The man that first did answer make,
 Was noble Percy he ;
 Who said, We list † not to declare,
 Nor shew whose men we be.

Yet will we spend our dearest blood,
 Thy chiefest harts to slay.

Norhamshire, from Norham town and castle ; and *Bamboroughshire*, from Bamborough Castle. In the old ballad, v. 3.—“ Then the Perse owt of Banborowe came.”—“ The country of the Scotch warriors described in these two last verses, has a fine romantic situation, and affords a couple of smooth words for verse.”—ADDISON.

* There are no deer now in the Cheviot, and the wood is almost entirely destroyed ; but it formerly abounded with both. Dr. Percy has transcribed a passage from Leland, who wrote at the beginning of the sixteenth century. “ In Northumberland, as I heare say, be no forests, except Chivet Hills, where is much *brusse wood*, and some *okke* (oak) ; grownde overgrowne with *linge*, and some with mosse. I have harde say that Chivet Hills stretcheth XX miles. There is great plente of *redde-deer* and *roo bukkes*.”

† Choose.

Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say :—

Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die :
I know thee well; an Earl thou art,
Lord Percy: so am I.

But trust me, Percy, pity it were, *
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltless men,
For they have done no ill.

Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside.—
Accursed be he, Earl Percy said,
By whom this is denied.

Then stepped a gallant 'Squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, I would not have it told
To Henry our King, for shame,

That e'er my Captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on : †
You be two Earls, said Witherington,
And I a 'squire alone :

* Mr. Addison speaks of this as a sentiment suitable to a hero. It does indeed shew a bright glimmering of virtuous and Christian charity. It is a pity that personal disputes of ambitious and selfish leaders, like Charles XII. or Napoleon Buonaparte, could not always thus be settled (if there must be bloodshed) by themselves alone. We should not then have—

" *Quicquid delirant Reges plectuntur Achivi.*"

Of which, the reader, if he is content to smile at it, may take the following doggrel translation :—

Whate'er mad antic foolish kings commit,
Their luckless subjects always pay for it.

† " We meet with the same heroic sentiments in Virgil.—*See Æneid*, xii. 229."—ADDISON.

I'll do the best that do I may,
 While I have power to stand;
 While I have power to wield my sword,
 I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bows,
 Their hearts were good and true;
 At the first flight of arrows sent,
 Full fourscore Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
 Earl Douglas had the bent : *
 A Captain, moved with mickle pride,
 The spears to shivers sent.

They closed full fast on every side,
 No slackness there was found;
 And many a gallant gentleman
 Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a grief to see,
 And likewise for to hear
 The cries of men lying in their gore,
 And scattered here and there.

At last these two stout Earls did meet,
 Like Captains of great might;
 Like lions wild, they laid on load,
 And made a cruel fight.

* This, in the old ballad, is the beginning of the second *fyfte*, or *fit*, an old term for the division of a song. These two lines, as they stand here alone, are absolute nonsense. Dr. Percy has admirably elucidated the mistake of the more modern composer, who took the word *bent* to mean disposition of mind; whereas, in the old copy, it is—

"Yet bides the Earl Douglas upon the bent;"

i. e. grass, or field. "Still Earl Douglas keeps the field." The first line, "to drive the deer," &c. is particularly absurd, occurring, as it does, in the midst of the description of a fight. Dr. Percy has here added three stanzas of his own composition, modernised from the old ballad—*Reliques*, i. 279.

They fought until they both did sweat,
 With swords of tempered steel;
 Until the blood, like drops of rain,
 They trickling down did feel.

Yield thee, Lord Percy, Douglas said,
 In faith I will thee bring
 Where thou shalt high advanced be,
 By James our Scottish King.

Thy ransom I will freely give,
 And thus report of thee:
 Thou art the most courageous knight
 That ever I did see.

No, Douglas, quoth Earl Percy then,
 Thy proffer I do scorn;
 I will not yield to any Scot
 That ever yet was born.

With that there came an arrow keen*
 Out of an English bow,
 Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
 A deep and deadly blow:

Who never spoke more words than these:
 Fight on, my merry men all;
 For why? my life is at an end:
 Lord Percy sees my fall.†

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
 The dead man by the hand:
 And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life
 Would I had lost my land!

* "Æneas was wounded after the same manner by an unknown hand, in the midst of a parley.—*Æneid*, xii. 318."—ADDISON.

† "Turnus did not die after so heroic a manner; though our poet seems to have his eye upon Turnus's speech, in the last verse.—*Æn.* xii. 936."—ADDISON.

There is no mention of Percy made by Douglas, in the old ballad. With

O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed *
 With sorrow for thy sake ;
 For sure a more redoubted knight
 Mischance could never take.

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
 Which saw Earl Douglas die,
 Who straight in wrath did vow revenge,
 Upon the Lord Percy :

Sir Hugh Mountgomery he was called ;
 Who with a spear most bright,
 Well mounted on a gallant steed,
 Ran fiercely through the fight :

And passed the English archers all,
 Without all dread or fear ;
 And through Earl Percy's body then
 He thrust his hateful spear :

With such a vehement force and might
 He did his body gore,
 The staff ran through the other side
 A large cloth-yard, and more.

respect to the imitation of Virgil by the respective authors, there can be little doubt that the second was able to read it in the original ; nor, perhaps, will any reader impute a lower degree of learning to the first. The Editor believes the first translation of Virgil into English to have been that of Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, in Scotland, about the year 1510.

* “ Earl Percy's lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate. I must only caution the reader not to let the simplicity of the style prejudice him against the greatness of the thought. * * * That beautiful line ‘ *Taking the dead man by the hand,*’ will put the reader in mind of *Æneas's* behaviour towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain, as he came to the rescue of his aged father.—

“ At vero ut vultum vidit morientis, et ora
 Ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris,
 Ingemuit, miserans graviter, dextramque tetendit.”

Æn. x. 822.—ADDISON.

So thus did both these nobles die, *
 Whose courage none could stain;
 An English archer then perceived
 The noble Earl was slain;
 He had a bow bent in his hand,
 Made of a trusty tree;
 An arrow of a cloth-yard long †
 Up to the head drew he:
 Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery
 So right the shaft he set,
 The grey-goose wing that was thereon
 In his heart's-blood was wet.
 The fight did last from break of day
 'Till setting of the sun;
 For when they rung the evening-bell ‡
 The battle scarce was done.

* "Of all the descriptive parts of this song, there are none more beautiful than the four following stanzas, which have a great force and spirit in them, and are filled with very natural circumstances. The thought in the third stanza was never touched by any other poet, and it is such a one as would have shined in Homer or Virgil."—ADDISON.

In the old ballad, instead of "goose wing," it is "swan feather," a much more poetical expression. We read of arrows furnished with peacocks' feathers, in Chaucer, &c.—See WARTON, l. 430.

† An ell.

‡ In the old ballad it is "Even-song (i. e. vesper) bell," which was rung at six o'clock :—the action also here is much extended.

"This battell began in Chyviat,
 An owar (hour) befor the none,
 And when even-song bell was rang,
 The battell was not *half* done.

"They tooke on, on either hand,
 By the *lyght of the moone*."

"That it was formerly looked upon as an uncommon, and perhaps irreligious circumstance, for a Christian army to continue engaged after the ringing of this bell, appears from a similar passage in the ancient Spanish romance of 'Tirant lo Blanc'—i. e. *Tirant the Whites*.—*Vide* Don Quixote, ch. vi., (where the Licentiate passes a high encomium on it.—ED.) Barcelona, 1407, where it is said,—E continuant toste 'ps la batalla, era la quasi hor a de

With stout Earl Percy there was slain
 Sir John of Egerton,
 Sir Roger Ratcliffe and Sir John,
 Sir James that bold Baron :

And with Sir George, and good Sir James,
 Both knights of good account,
 Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slain,
 Whose prowess did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
 As one in doleful dumps ;
 For when his legs were smitten off,
 He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas there was slain,
 Sir Hugh Mountgomery :
 Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
 One foot would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliffe too,
 His sister's son was he ;
 Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
 Yet saved could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell, in like case,
 Did with Earl Douglas die :
 Of twenty-hundred Scottish spears
 Scarce fifty-five did fly.

vespres,' &c. chap. 157, (i. e. And the battle still continuing, it was the hour that there should have been vespers."—ED.) RITSON.

The commencement of the battle is here also properly stated at " eleven " o'clock in the forenoon, previous to which they had taken their dinner, which, however strange it may appear to us, answers faithfully to the manners of the times. They had risen probably at three or four, and taken their breakfast soon after. The author of the later ballad is guilty of a flagrant oversight here, as he had before declared that it was *after* dinner that the approach of the Douglas was announced.

* The names are here given from the researches of Dr. Percy, and are improvements on the text of both ballads. It should be observed, that in

Of fifteen-hundred Englishmen
 Went home but fifty-three :
 The rest were slain in Chevy-Chace,
 Under the green-wood tree.

Next day did many widows come,
 Their husbands to bewail,
 They washed their wounds in brinish tears,
 But all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bathed in purple gore,
 They bore with them away ;
 They kissed them, dead, a thousand times,
 Ere they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edenborrow,
 Where Scotland's King did reign,
 That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
 Was with an arrow slain.

the more ancient, no *flight* is attributed to the Scots : it merely mentions the numbers that went away on either side. The stanza on Witherington, or Widdrington, is much superior to the modern, and has nothing of that familiar, and all but burlesque, appearance.

“ For Wethaltryngton my hart was wo
 That ever he slayn shuld be !
 For when both his leggis wear heun in to (two),
 Yet he knyled and fought on his kne.”

“ In the catalogue of the slain, the author has followed the example of the greatest ancient poets, not only in giving a long list of the dead, but by diversifying it with little characters of particular persons. * * * The two last verses, ‘ So well esteemed,’ &c., look almost like a translation of Virgil.”

————— *Cadit et Ripheus, justissimus unus,
 Qui fuit in Tenebris et servatissimus æqui,
 Diis aliter visum est.*” ————— *Æn. li. v. 426.—ADDISON.*

To which he might have added another passage in the same book.

————— *Nec te tua plurima Panthen
 Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis infula tegit.*

O, heavy news! King James did say; *
Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chace.

Now God be with him, said our king,
Sith it will no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he:

Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say
But I will vengeance take;
And be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Percy's sake.

This vow full well the king performed,
After, on Humbledowne; †
In one day fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown:

* James I. of Scotland is probably here meant, who began to reign in 1424. If, therefore, this skirmish is supposed to have taken place near the time of the battle of Otterburne, the introduction of King James is a grievous anachronism.

† The battle of Humbledowne was fought in 1402, which again throws back the date of this skirmish to a period nearly cotemporary with the battle of Otterburne. The number of knights in the old ballad is "thirty-six."—Humbledon is one mile distant from the town of Woller, in Northumberland, where a stone pillar marks the site of the engagement, to this day.

The conclusion of the old ballad is very unconnected, and confounds with the present occasion several circumstances of the battle of Otterburne.—As the very learned and industrious Editor of the 'Reliques' was unable to reconcile all the chronological differences which attend this subject, the attempt may be reasonably excused here. It will perhaps be sufficient for the general reader to learn, that Chevy-Chase is founded on many facts, which remain uncontroverted: that it contains a faithful representation of the manners of

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands die.
—Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chace,
Made by the Earl Percy.—

God save our King, and bless this land
In plenty, joy, and peace!
And grant, henceforth, that foul debate
"Twixt noblemen may cease.

the age, and that it was composed at a period approaching very nearly to the events. If more be required to give it interest, it may be remembered that it has been, for nearly four centuries, the admiration of our forefathers of all ages and characters; that childhood has heard it ever with eagerness and delight; and that mature age has looked back upon it with complacency and fondness, as the delight of childhood.

KING ESTMERE.

THE high antiquity of this ballad, is inferred from its speaking familiarly of the Moorish Kings of Spain ("the King of Spayne is a foule Paynim)," as a circumstance well known to its contemporaries. These infidels, who had over-run the finest countries of the East, effected a lodgment in Spain, about the year 700, under the general name of Moors and Saracens, and established several governments or kingdoms, particularly at Cordova and Grenada. And although they were constantly beset by the Christian subjects of the ancient Gothic conquerors, they continued to possess part of the kingdom until the year 1492; a period of upwards of seven hundred years, when they were at length finally expelled. We may therefore assign to the following composition, as early a date as the year 1400; particularly as its representations of manners and customs are exactly suitable to the character and simplicity of that early period. Dr. Percy notices the high estimation and honour in which it clothes the character of the MINSTREL. "Here he will see one of them represented mounted on a fine horse, accompanied with an attendant to bear his harp after him, and to sing the poems of his composing—mixing in the company of kings without ceremony: no mean proof of the great antiquity of this poem." The limits of a note render it impossible to give here even a faint outline of the history of the progress and succession of Minstrelsy in Europe,—a subject of high interest to the feelings,—as, in its full extent and antiquity, it comprehends not only classical, but sacred and venerable associations, connected with the earliest records of mankind. Song appears, in all countries, to have been one of the first and most favourite methods of preserving tradition, and the exploits of admired heroes. A valuable account of the minstrelsy of the middle ages will be found in Percy's *Reliques*, and Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, and in the works of Ellis and Warton: and Dr. Burney's *History of Music* contains almost all that could be wished on the general history of the science. It may be here observed,

that the art of *singing in parts*, which is supposed to have been utterly unknown to the ancient Greeks and Romans, was practised by the ancient northern nations, the Scandinavians, whether Danes called Dacians, or Icelanders, Norwegians, and others, at a very early period. And we are informed by Giraldus Cambrensis, that the inhabitants of the North of England beyond the Humber, were acquainted with the treble and bass, which they had learned from the Danes, &c., who made frequent expeditions and seizures on that coast; and that they alone had this knowledge. Giraldus wrote about the year 1180. "Later writers, however, incline to believe, that they had learned it from the method observed in chanting the service, by the monks of Wearmouth, in the bishopric of Durham."—RITSON. Perhaps from both; but Mr. Ritson has here stopped short in his explanation, as he might thus have traced it to Rome. The Editor makes no apology for introducing some particulars, which he considers interesting, derived from the works of the Venerable Bede, who was a monk of Wearmouth Abbey, as given in Warton's History of English Poetry. In the year 688, Pope Vitellian appointed, as Archbishop of Canterbury, Theodore, a Roman monk, and formerly a Greek priest at Tarsus in Cilicia; who, besides the Greek and Latin languages, was skilled in poetry, astronomy, arithmetic, and church-music. There returned with him to England, one *Benedict Biscop* (afterwards St. Benedict), a Northumbrian ecclesiastic, who had made frequent journeys to Rome, and who now, by means of workmen from France, built the monastery of Wearmouth; the church of which was of stone, in the Roman style, and the walls and roof ornamented with scriptural pictures, which he bought at Rome; and the windows filled with *glass*, by French glaziers. "In one of his expeditions to Rome, he brought over John, arch-chantor of St. Peter's, who introduced the Roman method of singing mass." "He taught the monks of Benedict's Abbey; and all the singers of the monasteries of that province came from various parts to hear him sing." And about the same time, *Acca*, bishop of Hexham, in Northumberland, having finished his cathedral, by the help of Italian artists, invited from Kent a celebrated chanter, named *Maban*, and employed, for twelve years, his talents in introducing a new and improved style of church-music throughout his diocese.—See Dissertation ii., Warton's History, 4to ed., 1774. From this tuition of their forefathers by the Danish Scalds, is supposed to have arisen the constant superiority of the minstrels of the "North Country."

HEARKEN to me, gentlemen,
 Come, and you shall hear,
 I'll tell you of two of the boldest brethren,
 That ever born y-were.

The one of them was Adler young,
 The other was King Estmere,
 They were as bold men in their deeds,
 As any were, far and near.

As they were drinking ale and wine,
 Within King Estmere's hall—
 When will ye marry a wife, brother,
 A wife to glad us all?

Then bespake him King Estmere,
 And answered him hastily,
 I know not that lady in any land,
 That's able* to marry with me.

King Adland hath a daughter, brother,
 Men call her bright and sheen,
 If I were king here in your stead,
 That lady should be my queen

Says, read † me, read me, dear brother,
 ' Throughout merry England,
 Where we might find a messenger,
 Betwixt us two to send.

Says, you shall ride yourself, brother,
 I'll bear your company;
 Many through false messengers are deceived,
 And I fear lest so should we.

Thus they renisht ‡ them to ride
 Of two good renisht steeds,
 And when they came to King Adland's hall,
 Of red gold shone their weeds.

* Fit, suitable.

† Or *rede*, advise, from the Saxon.

‡ Adorned, or furnished. Dr. Percy thinks, possibly, from the Latin, *reniteo*. *Weeds* was an old word for clothes, still in some measure retained. Gold has generally the epithet of *red*, in old ballads and romances.

And when they came to King Adland's hall,
 Before the goodly gate,
 There they found good King Adland,
 Rearing himself thereat. *

Now Christ thee save, good King Adland,
 Now Christ you save and see!
 Said, you be welcome, King Estmere,
 Right heartily to me.

You have a daughter, said Adler young,
 Men call her bright and sheen,
 My brother would marry her to his wife,
 Of England to be queen.

Yesterday, was at my dear daughter,
 Sir Bremor, the King of Spain,
 And then she nicked him of nay, †
 And I doubt she will do you the same.

The King of Spain is a foul paynim,
 And 'lieveth on Mahound, ‡
 And pity it were that fair lady
 Should marry a heathen hound.

But grant to me, says King Estmere,
 For my love I you pray,
 That I may see your daughter dear,
 Before I go hence away.

* A curious specimen of simplicity in manners. Dr. Percy compares it with Mentès, king of the Taphians, lolling at Ulysses' gate, to inquire for that monarch, when he had landed from a voyage in his own merchant-ship.—*Odyssey*, l. 105.

The entire simplicity of the passage has evaporated in the smooth translation of Pope.

† *Cut him short*, as now would be said, with a refusal.

‡ The usual method in which the Christians then pronounced the name of Mahomet, or properly, *Mohammed*.

Although it is seven years and more
Since my daughter was in hall,
She shall come once down for your sake,
To glad my guests all.

Down then came that maiden fair
With ladies laced in pall,
And half a hundred of bold knights,
To bring them from bower to hall,
And as many gentle squires,
To tend upon them all.

The talents of gold were on her head set,
Hanged low down to her knee,
And every ring on her small finger
Shone of the crystal free.

Says, God you save, my dear madam,
Says, God you save and see!
Said, you be welcome, King Estmere,
Right welcome unto me.

And if you love me, as you say,
So well and heartily,
All that ever you are coming about,
Soon sped now it shall be.

Then bespake her father dear,
My daughter, I say nay,
Remember well the King of Spain
What he said yesterday.

He would pull down my halls and castles,
And reave me of my life;
I cannot blame him if he do,
If I reave him of his wife.

Your castles and your towers, father,
Are strongly built about;

And therefore of the King of Spain
We need not stand in doubt.

Plight me your troth, now King Estmere,
By heaven and your right hand!
That you will marry me to your wife,
And make me queen of your land.

Then King Estmere he plight his troth,
By heaven and his right hand,
That he would marry her to his wife,
And make her queen of his land.

And he took leave of that lady fair,
To go to his own country,
To fetch him dukes and lords and knights,
That married they might be.

They had not ridden scant a mile,
A mile forth of the town,
But in did come the King of Spain
With Kempes * many a one.

But in did come the King of Spain
With many a bold baron,
One day to marry King Adland's daughter,
T'other day to carry her home.

She sent one after King Estmere,
In all the speed might be,
That he must either turn again and fight,
Or go home and lose his lady.

One while the page he went,
Another while he ran,
Till he had overtaken King Estmere,
I wis he never blanne.

* A man of war. *Kempere*, the same,—from the German, according to Dr. Percy.

Tidings! tidings! King Estmere!

What tidings now my boy?

O tidings I can tell to you

That will you sore annoy.

You had not ridden scant a mile,

A mile out of the towne,

But in did come the King of Spain,

With Kempes many a one.

But in did come the King of Spain,

With many a bold baron,

The one day to marry King Adland's daughter,

T'other day to carry her home.

My lady fair she greets you well,

And ever more well by me;

You must either turn again and fight,

Or go home and lose your lady.

Says, read me, read me, dear brother,

My rede shall ryde * at thee,

Whether it is better to turn and fight,

Or go home and loose my lady.

Now hearken to me, says Adler young,

And your rede must rise, at me,

I quickly will devise a way,

To set thy lady free.

My mother was a western woman,

And learned in gramarye, †

And when I learned at the school,

Something she taught it me.

* My counsel shall come from thee.

† The old word for *magic* of all kinds. Dr. Percy derives it from the French word *grimoire*, which signifies a *book of spells*. The Editor would almost have ventured to derive it from *grammaire* (*i. e.* learning), as most persons of unusual knowledge were then thought to have supernatural powers.

There grows an herb within this field,
And if it were but known,
His colour which is white and red,
It will make black and brown.

His colour which is brown and black,
It will make red and white,
That sword is not in all England
Upon his coat will light.

And you shall be a harper, brother,
Out of the North country,
And I'll be your boy so fain of sight,
And bear your harp by your knee.

And you shall be the best harper
That ever took harp in hand,
And I will be the best singer
That ever sung in this land.

It shall be written in our foreheads
All and in gramarye,
That we two are the boldest men
That are in all Christenty.

And thus they renisht them to ride
On two good renisht steeds,
And when they came to King Adland's hall,
Of red gold shone their weeds.

And when they came to King Adland's hall,
Untill the fair hall gate,
There they found a proud porter
Rearing himself thereat.

Says, Christ thee save ! thou proud porter ;
Says, Christ thee save and see !
Now you be welcome, said the porter,
Of what land soever ye be.

We been * harpers, said Adler young,
Come out of the North country;
We been come hither until this place,
This proud wedding for to see.

Said, and your colour were white and red,
As it is black and brown,
I would say, King Estmere and his brother
Were coming untill this town.

Then they pulled out a ring of gold,
Laid it on the porter's arm,
And ever we will thee, proud porter,
Thou wilt say us no harm.

Sore he looked on King Estmere,
And sore he handled the ring;
Then opened to them the fair hall-gates,
He let for no kind of thing.

King Estmere he stabled his steed
So fair at the hall board;
The froth that came from his bridle bit,
Light on King Bremor's beard. †

Says, stable thy steed, thou proud harper,
Says, stable him in the stall;
It doth not beseem a proud harper,
To stable him in a king's hall.

My lad he is so lithier, he said,
He will do nought that's meet!
And is there any man in this hall
Were able him to beat.

* Are.

† Strange as this passage may seem, it is not inconsistent with the manners of that age, a relic of which Dr. Percy says, is preserved in the King's champion riding into Westminster Hall at the coronation. The spacious halls of Eltham Palace, Caernarvon Castle, &c., with many others remaining, afforded ample scope for the entry of a body of equestrians.

Thou speakest proud words, says the King of Spain,
 Thou harper here, to me ;
 There is a man within this hall
 Will beat thy lad and thee.

O, let that man come down, he said,
 A sight of him would I see :
 And when he hath beaten well my lad,
 Then he shall beat me.

Down then came the Kemperye man,
 And looked him in the ear :
 For all the gold that was under heaven,
 He durst not nye him near.

And how now, Kempe, said the King of Spain,
 And now, what aileth thee ?
 He says, it is writ in his forehead,
 All and in gramarye,
 That for all the gold that is under heaven,
 I dare not nye him nigh.

Then King Estmere pulled forth his harp,
 And played a pretty thing :
 The lady upstarted from the board,
 And would have gone from the king.

Stay thy harp, thou proud harper,
 For God's love, I pray thee ;
 For and thou playest as thou began,
 Thou'lt till* my bride from me.

He struck upon his harp again,
 And played a pretty thing ;
 The lady laughed a loud laughter,
 As she sat by the king.

* Draw till, or to you,—entice away.

Says, sell me this harp, thou proud harper,
And thy strings all;
For as many gold nobles thou shalt have
As here be rings in the hall.

What would you do with my harp, he said,
If I did sell it ye?
To play my wife and me a fitt, †
When abed together we be.

Now sell me, quoth he, thy bride so gay,
As she sits by thy knee,
And as many gold nobles I will give
As leaves been on a tree.

And what would ye do with my bride so gay,
If I did sell her thee?
More seemly it is for her fair body
To lie by me than thee.

He played again both loud and shrill,
And Adler he did sing,
O lady! this is thy own true love,
No harper, but a king.

O lady! this is thy own true love,
As plainly thou mayst see:
And I'll rid thee of that foul paynim,
Who parts thy love and thee.

The lady looked, the lady blushed,
And blushed and looked again,
While Adler he hath drawn his brand,
And hath the Sowdan slain.

Up then rose the Kemperye men,
And loud they 'gan to cry,

• A piece of music.

Ah! traitors, ye have slain our king,
And therefore ye shall die.

King Estmere threw the harp aside,
And swith* he drew his brand,
And Estmere he, and Adler young,
Right stiff in stour can stand.

And aye their swords so sore can bite,
Through help of gramarye,
That soon they have slain the Kemperye men,
Or forced them forth to flee.

King Estmere took that fair lady,
And married to his wife,
And brought her home to merry England,
With her to lead his life.

* Quickly, immediately.

SIR CAULINE.

AN old romantic legend, of which the copy in Dr. Percy's manuscript being inaccurate in many places, and having the appearance of being transcribed very faultily, he has added several stanzas, and completed it in a style answerable, in his judgment, to the original intent. Mr. Wordsworth has passed a high encomium on this, amongst other of Dr. Percy's works.—See his *Supplementary Essay*.

IN Ireland, far over the sea,
There dwelleth a bonny King;
And with him a young and comely knight,
Men call him Sir Cauline.

The king had a lady to his daughter,
In fashion she had no peer,
And princely wights that lady wooed
To be their wedded feere.*

Sir Cauline loveth her best of all,
But nothing durst he say,
Nor decreeve † his counsel to no man,
But dearly he loved this may. ‡

Till in a day it so befell,
Great dill to him was dight, §
The maiden's love removed his mind,
To care-bed went the knight.

* Mate,—consort. † Describe, unfold. ‡ Maiden. § Grief was laid on him.

One while he spread his arms him fro',
 One while he spread them nigh—
 And ah! but I win that lady's love,
 For dole now I must die.

And when our parish Mass was done,
 Our king was bowne* to dine,
 He says, Where is Sir Cauline,
 That is wont to serve the wine?

Then answered him a courteous knight,
 And fast his hands 'gan wring,
 Sir Cauline is sick, and like to die,
 Without a good leeching.

Fetch me down my daughter dear,
 She is a leech † full fine,
 Go take him dough, and the baken bread,
 And serve him with the wine so red,
 Loth I were him to tine. ‡

Fair Christabelle to his chamber goes,
 Her maidens following nigh,—
 O well, she saith, how doth my lord!
 O sick, thou fair lady!

* Ready.

† Physician;—*leechinge*, any medicinal or surgical application. This expression is of universal occurrence in ancient writings, both prose and verse. It was a practice, derived from the Gothic and Celtic nations, for ladies even of the highest rank, to understand some principles of medicine and surgery, and especially to be prepared with ligaments, balms, and unguents, for the purpose of staunching and healing the wounds of their knights, or husbands. It is mentioned, says Dr. Percy, even so late as the time of Queen Elizabeth, among the accomplishments of the ladies of her court, that the "eldest of them are skilled in surgery." Many examples of this kind might be adduced from ancient romances and poems. See an interesting scene in Tasso, (Canto xix.), where the amiable Princess Erminia heals the wounds of her lover, Tancred.

‡ Lose.

Now rise up wightly, man, for shame,
 Never lye so cowardly,
 For it is told in my father's hall,
 You dye for love of me.

Fair lady, it is for your love
 That all this dill I drye,*
 For if you would comfort me with a kiss,
 Then were I brought from bale to bliss,
 No longer would I lye.

Sir knight, my father is a king,
 I am his only heir:
 Alas! and well you know, sir knight,
 I never can be your feere.

O lady, thou art a king's daughter,
 And I am not thy peer,
 But let me do some deeds of arms,
 To be your Bacheleere. †

Some deeds of arms if thou wilt do,
 My Bacheleere to be,
 But ever and aye my heart would rue
 Giff ‡ harm should hap to thee.

Upon Eldridge hill there groweth a thorn
 Upon the moors brodinge, §
 And dare ye, sir knight, wake there all night,
 Until the fair morning?

For the Eldridge || knight, so mickle of might,
 Will examine you beforne,
 And never man bare life away,
 But he did him scath and scorn.

* Suffer. † Betrothed knight,—acknowledged lover.

‡ If. § Pricking.—Dr. PERCY. He has given no derivation.

|| When applied to men, it signifies *wild, hideous, &c.*; places,—*gloomy, lonesome, haunted*.

That knight he is a foul paynim,
 And large of limb and bone,
 And but if heaven may be thy speed,
 Thy life it is but gone.

Now on the Eldridge hills I'll walk,*
 For thy sake, fair lady,
 And I'll either bring you a ready token,
 Or I'll never more you see.

The lady is gone to her own chamber,
 Her maidens following bright,
 Sir Cauline leaped from care-bed soon,
 And to the Eldridge hills is gone,
 For to wake there all night.

Unto midnight, that the moon did rise,
 He walked up and down,
 Then a lightsome bugle heard he blow,
 Over the bents so brown;
 Quoth he, if cryance † come to my heart,
 I am far from any good town.

And soon he spied on the moors so broad,
 A furious wight, and fell;
 A lady bright his bridle led,
 Clad in a fair kirtle.

And so fast he called on Sir Cauline,
 O man! I rede thee fly,
 For, but if cryance comes to my heart,
 I ween but thou may die.

He saith, no cryance comes to my heart,
 Nor, in faith, I will not flee,

* Or *wake*, i. e. watch all night.

† Here it seems to signify *fear*, from *crainit*;—in other places, *belief*, from *arðance*.—Dr. P.

For, cause thou minged * not Christ before,
The less me dreadeth thee.

The Eldridge knight he pricked his steed ;
Sir Cauline bold abode,
Then either shook his trusty spear,
And the timber these two children † bare
So soon in sunder slode. ‡

Then took they out their two good swords,
And layden on full fast,
Till helm and hawberk, mail and shield,
They all were well-nigh brast.

The Eldridge knight was mickle of might,
And stiff in stower § did stand,
But Sir Cauline, with a backward stroke,
He smote off his right hand ;
That soon he with pain and lack of blood,
Fell down on that lay-land.

Then up Sir Cauline lift his brand,
All over his head so high :
And here I swear by the holy rood,
Now, caitiff, thou shalt die !

Then up and came that lady bright,
Fast wringing of her hand,
For the maiden's love that most you love,
Withhold that deadly brand.

For the maiden's love that most you love,
Now smite no more I pray,
And aye whatever thou wilt my lord,
He shall thy hests obey.

Now swear to me, thou Eldridge knight,
And here on this lay-land,

• Mentioned. † Knights. ‡ Split. § Steady in the conflict.

That thou wilt believe on Christ his lay,
And thereto plight thy hand.

And thou never more on Eldridge come
To sport, gamon,* or play,
And that thou here give up thy arms
Until thy dying day.

The Eldridge knight gave up his arms
With many a sorrowful sigh,
And aware to obey Sir Cauline's hest
Till the time that he should die.

And he then up, and the Eldridge knight
Set him in his saddle anon,
And the Eldridge knight and his lady
To their castle are they gone.

Then he took up the bloody hand
That was so large of bone,
And on it he found five rings of gold
Of knights that had he slone.

Then he took up the Eldridge sword,
As hard as any flint,
And he took off those rings five,
As bright as fire and brent. †

Home then pricked Sir Cauline,
As light as leaf on tree,
I wis he neither stint nor blanne ‡
Till he his lady see.

Then down he knelt upon his knee
Before that lady gay,
O lady! I have been on the Eldridge hills,
These tokens I bring away.

* Or *gamen*, an old word for any sport or *game*.

† *i. e.* *Burnt*, flame-colour, rubies or topazes.

‡ Stayed.

Now welcome, welcome! Sir Cauline,
 Thrice welcome unto me!
 For now I perceive thou art a true knight,
 Of valour bold and free.

O lady! I am thy own true knight,
 Thy hests for to obey,
 And might I hope to win thy love,—
 No more his tongue could say.

The lady blushed scarlet red,
 And fetched a gentle sigh,
 Alas! sir knight, how may this be,
 For my degree 's so high?

But sith thou has hight,* thou comely youth,
 To be my Batchelere,
 I'll promise, if thee I may not wed,
 I will have none other feere.

Then she held forth her lily white hand
 To that knight so free;
 He gave to it one gentle kiss—
 His heart was brought from bale to bliss,
 The tears start from his eye.

But keep my counsel, Sir Cauline,
 Nor let no man it know,
 For and ever my father should it ken,
 I wot he would us sloe.†

From that day forth that lady fair
 Loved Sir Cauline the knight,
 From that day forth he only joyed
 When she was in his sight.

Yea, and oftentimes they met
 Within a fair arbour,
 Where they in love and sweet dalliance,
 Past many a pleasant hour.

* *Said*, or determined.

† Slay.

SIR CAULINE.

PART II.

EVERY white will have its black,
And every sweet its sour :
This found the Lady Christabelle,
In an untimely hour.

For so it befell, as Sir Cauline
Was with that lady fair,
The king her father walked forth
To take the evening air.

And into the arbour as he went,
To rest his weary feet,
He found his daughter and Sir Cauline
There set in dalliance sweet.

'The king he started forth, I wis,
And an angry man was he ;
Now, traitor! thou shalt hang or draw,
And rue shall thy lady.

Then forth Sir Cauline he was led,
And thrown in dungeon deep ;
And the lady into a tower so high,
There left to wail and weep.

The queen she was Sir Cauline's friend,
And to the king said she,—
I pray you save Sir Cauline's life,
And let him banished be.

Now, dame, that traitor should be sent
Across the salt sea foam :
But here I will make thee a band—
If ever he come within this land,
A foul death is his doom.

All woe-begone was that gentle knight,
To part from his lady :
And many time he sighed sore,
And cast a wistful eye,—
Fair Christabelle, from thee to part,
Far lever * had I die !

Fair Christabelle, that lady bright,
Was had forth of the tower :
But ever she droopeth in her mind,
As nipped by an ungentle wind,
Doth some fair lily flower.

And ever she doth lament and weep,
To tint † her lover so :
Sir Cauline, thou little think'st on me,
But I will still be true.

Many a king, and many a duke,
And lord of high degree,
Did sue to that fair lady, of love,
But never she would them nee. ‡

When many a day was passed and gone,
No comfort she could find :
The king proclaimed a Tournament,
To cheer his daughter's mind.

And there came lords, and there came knights,
From many a far country,
To break a spear for their lady's love,
Before that fair lady.

* Rather.

† Lose.

‡ Approach.

And many a lady there was set
 In purple and in pall : *
 But fair Christabelle so woe begone,
 Was the fairest of them all.

Then many a knight was mickle of might,
 Before his lady gay :
 But a Stranger wight, whom no man knew,
 He won the prize each day.

His acton † it was all of black,
 His hewberke, ‡ and his shield ;
 Nor no man wist whence he did come,
 Nor no man knew where he had gone,
 When they came from the field.

And now three days were prestly past
 In feats of chivalry,
 When lo ! upon the fourth morning,
 A sorrowful sight they see.

A hughy giant stiff and stark,
 All foul of limb and lear,
 Too goggling eyen, like fire farden,
 A mouth from ear to ear.

Before him came a dwarf full low,
 That waited at his knee ;
 And at his back five heads he bore,
 All wan and pale of blee. §

* From *pallium*, Lat.—any cloak or robe, of velvet, or other rich stuff.

† A quilted vest of taffety, worn under the armour, to protect the body from bruises ; but sometimes it is taken for the armour itself : its proper title is *aoquetoun*, or *hocqueton*.

‡ A coat of armour, composed of an infinite number of small chains or rings, so close as to be impervious to the point of a weapon : *chain-mail*.

§ Complexion.

Sir, quoth the dwarf, and louted low,
Behold that hend Soldain,*—
Behold these heads I bear with me,
They are kings which he hath slain.

The Eldridge knight, is his own cousin,
Whom a knight of thine hath shent,
And he is come to avenge his wrong,
And to thee, all thy knights among,
Defiance here hath sent.

But yet he will appease his wrath,
Thy daughter's love to win,
And, but thou yield him that fair maid,
Thy halls and towers must brenne. †

Thy head, Sir King, must go with me,
Or else thy daughter dear,
Or else within these lists so broad,
Thou must find him a peer. ‡

The king he turned him round about,
And in his heart was woe :
Is there never a knight of my round table, §
This matter will undergo?

Is there never a knight amongst ye all,
Will fight for my daughter and me?
Whoever will fight yon grim Soldan,
Right fair his meed shall be.

* *Soldan*, or *soudain*, a corruption of *sultan*.—*Hend*, according to Dr. Percy, is kind, or gentle.

† Burn.

‡ An *equal* champion.—*PAR*, Lat.

§ The title of round table was not confined to the time of King Arthur, but was often applied to lists and tournaments: it is said, in these later instances, to have been derived from the circular form of the enclosed ground.

For he shall have my broad lay lands,
And of my crown be heir,
And he shall win fair Christabelle
To be his wedded feere.

But every knight of his round table
Did stand both still and pale,
For whenever they looked on the grim Soldan,
It made their hearts to quail.

All woe-begone was that fair lady,
When she saw no help was nigh;
She cast her thought on her own true love,
And the tears gushed from her eye.

Up then starts the Stranger knight,
Said, Lady be not afraid,
I'll fight for thee with this grim Soldan,
Tho' he be unmackly * made.

And if thou wilt lend me the Eldridge sword
That lieth within thy bower,
I trust in Christ for to slay this fiend,
Tho' he be stiff in stower.

Go fetch him down the Eldridge sword,
The king, he cried, with speed;
Now Heaven assist thee, courteous knight!
My daughter is thy need.

The giant he stepped into the lists,
And said, Away! away!
I swear, as I am the hend Soldan,
Thou lettest † me here all day.

Then forth the Stranger knight he came,
In his black armour dight;

* Misshapen.

† Hinderest.

The lady sighed a gentle sigh,
"That this were my true knight!"

And now the giant and knight be met
Within the lists so broad,
And now with swords so sharp of steel
They 'gan to lay on load.

The Soldan struck the knight a stroke
That made him reel aside ;
Then woe-begone was that fair lady,
And thrice she deeply sighed.

The Soldan struck a second stroke,
And made the blood to flow ;
All pale and wan was that lady fair,
And thrice she wept for woe.

The Soldan struck a third fell stroke,
Which brought the knight on his knee ;
Sad sorrow pierced that lady's heart,
And she shrieked loud shriekings three.

The knight he leapt upon his feet,
All reckless of the pain ;
Quoth he, But Heaven be now my speed,
Or else I shall be slain !

He grasped his sword with main and might,
And spying a secret part,
He drave it into the Soldan's side,
And pierced him to the heart.

Then all the people gave a shout
When they saw the Soldan fall ;
The lady wept, and thanked Christ,
That had rescued her from thrall.

And now the king with all his barons,
Rose up from off his seat,

And down he stepped into the lists,

• That courteous knight to greet.

And he for pain and lack of blood

Was fallen into a swoond,

And there all weltering in his gore,

Lay lifeless on the ground.

Come down, come down, my daughter dear!

Thou art a leech of skill,

Far lever • had I lose half my lands

Than this good knight should spill.

Down then steppeth that fair lady,

To help him if she may;

But when she did his beaver raise,

It is my life! my lord! she says;

And shrieked and swooned away.

Sir Cauline just lift up his eyes,

When he heard his lady cry,

O lady! I am thine own true love,

For thee I wished to die.

Then giving her one parting look,

He closed his eyes in death,

Ere Christabelle, that lady mild,

Began to draw her breath.

But when she found her comely knight

Indeed was dead and gone,

She laid her own pale cheek to his,

And thus she made her moan.

O stay, my dear and only lord,

For me, thy faithful feere:

'Tis meet that I should follow thee,

Who hast bought my love so dear.

• Rather.

D

Then fainting in a deadly swoon,
And with a deep-fetched sigh,
That burst her gentle heart in twain,
Fair Christabelle did die.

SIR ALDINGAR.

IN Sir Walter Scott's "Border Minstrelsy," is a ballad somewhat similar, in design, to the present, bearing the title of *Sir Rodingham*. Dr. Percy has given to this some conjectural emendations, and also supplemental stanzas.

Our King he kept a false steward,
Sir Aldingar they him call;
A falser steward than he was one,
Served not in bower nor hall.

He would have lain by our comely Queen,
Her dear worship to betray:
Our queen she was a good woman,
And evermore said him nay.

Sir Aldingar was wroth in his mind,—
With her he was never content,
Till traitorous means he could devise
In a fire to have her brent.

There came a Lazar to the king's gate,—
A lazar both blind and lame,
He took the lazar upon his back,—
Him on the queen's bed has lain.

Lie still, lazar, where as thou liest,—
Look thou go not hence away ;
I'll make thee a whole man and a sound,
In two hours of the day.*

Then went him forth Sir Aldingar,
And hied him to our king :
If I might have grace, as I have space,
Sad tidings I could bring.

Say on, say on, Sir Aldingar,—
Say on the sooth to me.
Our queen hath chosen a new, new love,
And she will have none of thee.

If she had chosen a right good knight,
The less had been her shame ;
But she hath chose her a lazar-man,—
A lazar both blind and lame.

If this be true, thou Aldingar,
The tidings thou tellest to me,
Then will I make thee a rich, rich knight,—
Rich both of gold and fee.

But if it be false, Sir Aldingar,—
As God now grant it be !—
Thy body, I swear by the holy rood,
Shall hang on the gallows tree.

He brought our king to the queen's chamber,
And opened to him the door.
“ A lodlye † love,” King Harry says,
For our queen, dame Elinore.

* Probably alluding to the supposed virtue of the royal touch.

† Loathsome.

If thou wert a man, as thou art none,
Here on my sword thou'st die ;
But a pair of new gallows shall be built,
And there shalt thou hang on high.

Forth then hied our king, I wis,
And an angry man was he ;
And soon he found Queen Elinore,
That bride so bright of blee.

Now God you save, our queen, madam,
And Christ you save and see !
Here you have chosen a new, new love,
And you will have none of me.

If you had chosen a right good knight,
The less had been your shame ;
But you have chose you a lazar-man,—
A lazar both blind and lame.

Therefore a fire there shall be built,
And brent all shalt thou be.
Now out, alack ! said our comely queen,
Sir Aldingar's false to me.

Now out, alack ! said our comely queen,
My heart with grief will brast ;
I had thought swevens * had never been true ;—
I have proved them true at last.

I dreamt in my sweven, on Thursday eve,
In my bed whereas I lay,
I dreamt a grype † and a grimly beast
Had carried my crown away.

* Dreams.

† *Grype*—griffin, a fabulous beast, with wings.

My gorget, and my kirtle of gold,
And all my fair head-gear ;
And he would worry me with his tush,
And to his nest y' bear.

Saving, there came a little grey hawk,—
A Merlin him they call,—
Which unto the ground did strike the grype,
That dead he down did fall.

Giff I were a man, as now I am none,
A battle would I prove,
To fight with that traitor, Aldingar,—
At him I cast my glove.

But seeing I'm able no battle to make,
My liege, grant me a knight,
To fight with that traitor, Sir Aldingar,
To maintain me in my right.

Now forty days I will give thee,
To seek thee a knight therein ;
If thou find not a knight in forty days,
Thy body it must brenn.

Then she sent east, and she sent west,
By north and south bedeen ; *
But never a champion could she find
Would fight with that knight so keen.

Now twenty days were spent and gone,
No help there might be had ;
Many a tear shed our comely queen,
And aye her heart was sad.

Then came one of the queen's damsels,
And knelt upon her knee ;
Cheer up, cheer up, my gracious dame,
I trust yet help may be.

* Both.

And here I will make mine avow,
 And with the same me bind,
 That never will I return to thee,
 Till I some help may find.

Then forth she rode on a fair palfrey,
 O'er hill and dale about ;
 But never a champion could she find,
 Would fight with that knight so stout.

And now the day drew on apace,
 When our good queen must die,—
 All woe-begone was that fair damsel,
 When she found no help was nigh.

All woe-begone was that fair damsel,
 And the salt tears fell from her eye,
 When lo ! as she rode by a river side,
 She met with a tiny Boy.

A tiny Boy she met, God wot !
 All clad in mantle of gold,
 He seemed no more in man's likeness,
 Than a child of four year old.

Why grieve you, damsel fair, he said,
 And what does cause you moan ?
 The damsel scant would deign a look,
 But fast she pricked on.

Yet turn again—thou fair damsel,
 And greet thy queen from me,
 When bale* is at highest, boot is nighest,
 Now help enough may be.

* *Evil* ;—boot, *help*. Both from the Saxon.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
 Adorns and cheers the way ;
 And still, as darker grows the night,
 Emits a brighter ray.

Bid her remember what she dreamt,
In her bed where as she lay ;
How, when the grype and the grimly beast,
Would have carried her crown away,

Even then, there came the little grey hawk,
And saved her from his claws ;
Then bid the queen be merry at heart,
For heaven will 'fend her cause.

Back then rode that fair damsel,
And her heart it leapt for glee ;
And when she told her gracious dame,
A glad woman then was she.

But when the appointed day was come,
No help appeared nigh,
Then woeful, woeful, was her heart,
And the tears stood in her eye.

And now a fire was built of wood,
And a stake was made of tree,
And now queen Elinore forth was led,
A sorrowful sight to see!

No knight stood forth, no knight there came,
No help appeared nigh ;
And now the fire was lighted up,
Queen Elinore she must die.

Three times the Herald he waved his hand,
And three times spake on high,—
Giff any good knight will 'fend this dame,
Come forth, or she must die!

And now the fire was lighted up,
As hot as hot might be ;
When riding upon a little white steed,
The tiny Boy they see.

Away with that stake ! away with those brands !
And loose our comely queen !
I am come to fight with Sir Aldingar,
And prove him a traitor keen.

Forth then stood Sir Aldingar ;
But when he saw the child,
He laughed and scoffed, and turned his back,
And weened he had been beguiled.

Now turn, now turn thee, Aldingar,
And either fight or flee ;
I trust that I shall avenge the wrong,
Though I am so small to see.

The boy pulled forth a well good sword,
So gilt it dazzled the ee, *
The first stroke stricken at Aldingar,
Smote off his legs by the knee.

Stand up, stand up, thou false traitor,
And fight upon thy feet,
For, an' thou thrive as thou beginn'st,
Of height we shall be meet.

A priest ! a priest ! says Aldingar,
While I am a man alive ;
A priest ! a priest ! says Aldingar,
Me for to houzle † and shrive.

I would have lain by our comely queen,
But she would never consent ;
Then I thought to betray her unto our king,
In a fire to have her brent.

* *Ee—eyen*—or *eyn*, the ancient plural of *eye*.

* Administer the Eucharist, or extreme unction : from the Saxon, *husl*.
To *shrive*—confess.

There came a lazar to the king's gates,
A lazar both blind and lame,—
I took the lazar upon my back,
And on her bed had him lain.

Then ran I to our comely king,
These tidings sore to tell—
But ever alack! says Aldingar,
Falsing never does well.

Forgive, forgive me, queen, madam,
The short time I must live;—
Now Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,
As freely I forgive.

Here take thy queen, our King Harry,
And love her as thy life,
For never had a king in Christenty,
A truer and a fairer wife.

King Henry ran to clasp his queen,
And loosed her full soon;
Then turned to look for the tiny Boy,
—The Boy was vanished and gone!

But first he had touched the lazar-man,
And stroaked him with his hand;
The lazar under the gallows tree,
All whole and sound did stand.

The lazar under the gallows tree
Was comely, straight, and tall;
King Henry made him his head steward,
To wait within his hall.

PERCY.

THE MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE.

THE original of this story is supposed to be as old as the beginning of the fourteenth century, and to have supplied Chaucer with a theme for one of his tales—"The Wife's Tale." As it stands here, it contains all the amendments and supplementary stanzas by Dr. Percy; every alternate leaf, containing *nine stanzas*, being wanting in his folio MS. As a general answer, however, to all the charges against him, he has printed the old fragment literally and exactly at the end of his first volume, "that such austere antiquaries as complain that the ancient copies have not been always rigidly adhered to, may see how unfit for publication many of the pieces would have been, if all the blunders, corruptions, and nonsense of illiterate reciters and transcribers had been superstitiously retained, without some attempt to correct and amend them." It should be added, that on a comparison of the two, there is as little difference as could be expected or wished.

KING Arthur lives in merry Carlile,
And seemly is to see,
And there with him Queen Guenever,
That bride so bright of blee.

And there with him Queen Guenever,
That bride so bright in bower,
And all his barons about him stood,
That were both stiff and stower.

The king a royal Christmass kept,
With mirth and princely cheer;
To him repaired many a knight,
That came both far and near.

And when they were to dinner set,
And cups went freely round,
Before them came a fair damsel,
And knelt upon the ground.

A boon! a boon! O King Arthur!
I beg a boon of thee—
Avenge me of a carlish knight,
Who hath shent my love and me.

At Tearn-Wadling* his castle stands,
Near to that lake so fair,
And proudly rise the battlements,
And streamers deck the air.

No gentle knight, nor lady gay,
May pass that castle wall,
But from that foul discourteous knight
Mishap will them befall.

He 's twice the size of common men,
With thews and sinews strong!
And on his back he bears a club,
That is both thick and long.

This grim baron 'twas our hard hap
But yester morn to see,
When to his bower he bare my love,
And sore misused me.

* *Tearn* (i. e. lake) *Wadling* is a small lake, near Hesketh in Cumberland, on the road from Penrith to Carlisle. It is reported that the remains of an old castle, near the lake, were visible at no remote period.—Dr. PERCY.

And when I told him, King Arthur
As little should him spare—
Go tell, said he, that cuckold king
To meet me if he dare.

Up then started King Arthur,
And sware by hill and dale,
He never would quit that grim baron
Till he had made him quail.

Go fetch my sword Excalibar!
Go saddle me my steed—
Now, by my faith, that grim baron
Shall rue this ruthless deed.

And when he came to Tearn-Wadling,
Beneath the castle wall,—
Come forth! come forth! thou proud baron,
Or yield thyself my thrall.

On magic ground that castle stood,
And fenced with many a spell;
No valiant knight could tread thereon,
But strait, his courage fell.

Forth then rushed that carlish knight—
King Arthur felt the charm;
His sturdy sinews lost their strength,
Down sunk his feeble arm.

Now yield thee! yield thee! King Arthur—
Now yield thee unto me;
Or fight with me, or lose thy land,
No better terms may be.

Unless thou swear upon the Rood,
And promise on thy faye,
Here to return to Tearn-Wadling,
Upon the New Year's day.

And bring me word what thing it is
 All women most desire—
 This is thy ransom, Arthur,—he says,
 I'll have no other hire.

King Arthur then held up his hand,
 And sware upon his faye;
 Then took his leave of the grim baron,
 And fast he rode away.

And he rode east, and he rode west,
 And did of all inquire,
 What thing it is all women crave,
 And what they most desire.

Some told him riches, pomp, or state—
 Some raiment fine and bright,—
 Some told him mirth, some flattery,—
 And some a gallant knight.

In letters all King Arthur wrote,
 And sealed them with his ring,
 But still his mind was held in doubt—
 Each told a different thing.

As ruthless he rode over a moor,
 He saw a lady sit,
 Between an oak and a green holly,
 All clad in red scarlet.*

Her nose was crooked and turned outward,
 Her chin stood all awry,

* "This was a common phrase in our old writers. So Chaucer,—
 'Her hosen were of fyne scarlet red.' "

DR. PERCY.

It is not improbable that scarlet might have been originally the name of a *stuff*, and afterwards come to be considered as a particular *colour*. Such was undoubtedly the case with *crimson*, or *crimotin*, as we read of *purple* and *white* crimson.

And where as should have been her mouth,
Lo! there was set her eye.

Her hair, like serpents, clung about
Her cheeks of deadly hue;
A worse-formed lady than she was
No man mote ever view.

To hail the king in seemly sort,
This lady was full fain;
But King Arthur, all amazed,
No answer made again.

What wight art thou, the lady said,
That wilt not speak to me?
Sir, I may chance to ease thy pain,
Though I be foul to see.

If thou wilt ease my pain he said,
And help me in my need,
Ask what thou wilt, thou grim lady!
And it shall be thy meed.

O swear me this upon the rood,
And promise on thy faye,
And here the secret I will tell,
That shall thy ransom pay.

King Arthur promised on his faith,
And sware upon the rood—
The secret then the lady told,
As lightly well she could.

Now this shall be my pay, Sir King,
And this my guerdon be,
That some young fair and courtly knight
Thou bring to marry me.

Fast then pricked King Arthur,
O'er hill, and dale, and down,

And soon he found the baron's bower,
And soon the grim baron.

He bare his club upon his back,
He stood both stiff and strong,
And, when he had the letters read,
Away the letters flung.

Now yield thee Arthur, and thy lands
All forfeit unto me,
For this is not thy pay, sir king,
Nor may thy ransom be.

Yet hold thy hand, thou proud baron,
I pray thee hold thy hand,
And give me leave to speak once more,
In rescue of my land.

This morn, as I came o'er a moor,
I saw a lady sit,
Between an oak, and a green holly,
All clad in red scarlet.

She says, All women will have their will—
This is their chief desire :
Now yield, as thou art a baron true,
That I have paid mine hire.

An early vengeance light on her,
The carlish baron swore,
She was my sister told thee this,
And she 's a misshapen w—e.

But here I will make mine avow,
To do her as ill a turn,—
For ever I may that foul thief get,
In a fire I will her burn.

THE
MARRIAGE OF SIR GAWAINE.

PART II.

HOMEWARD pricked King Arthur,
And a weary man was he ;
And soon he met Queen Guenever,
That bride so bright of blee.

What news ! what news ! thou noble king !
How, Arthur, hast thou sped ?
Where hast thou hung the carlish knight ?
And where bestowed his head ?

The carlish knight is safe for me,
And free from mortal harm :
On magic ground his castle stands,
And fenced with many a charm.

To bow to him I was full fain,
And yield me to his hand ;
And but for a loathly lady, there
I should have lost my land.

And now this fills my heart with woe,
And sorrow of my life,—
I swore, a young and courtly knight
Should marry her to his wife.

Then bespake him Sir Gawaine,
That was ever a gentle knight :
That loathly lady I will wed,
Therefore be merry and light.

Now nay, now nay, good Sir Gawaine,
My sister's son ye be ;
This loathly lady's all too grim,
And all too foul for ye.

Her nose is crooked, and turned outward,
Her chin stands all awry ;
A worse-formed lady than she is,
Was never seen with eye.

What though her chin stand all awry,
And she be foul to see ;
I'll marry her, uncle, for thy sake,
And I'll thy ransom be !

Now thanks, now thanks, good Sir Gawaine,
And a blessing thee betide ;
To-morrow we'll have knights and squires,
And we'll go fetch the bride.

And we'll have hawks, and we'll have hounds,
To cover our intent ;
And we'll away to the green forest,
As we a hunting went.

Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bold,
They rode with them that day ;
And foremost of the company,
There rode the steward Kay.

So did Sir Banier and Sir Bore,
And eke Sir Garratt keen ;
Sir Tristram too, that gentle knight,
To the forest fresh and green.

And when they came to the green forest,
Beneath a fair holly-tree,
There sat that lady in red scarlet,
That unseemly was to see.

Sir Kay beheld that lady's face,
And looked upon her sweere : *
Whoever kisses that lady, he says,
Of his kiss he stands in fear.

Sir Kay beheld that lady again,
And looked upon her snout :
Whoever kisses that lady, he says,
Of his kiss he stands in doubt.

Peace! brother Kay, said Sir Gawaine,
And amend thee of thy life ;
For there is a knight, among us all,
Must marry her to his wife.

Marry I'faith, then said Sir Kay,
I' the devil's name anon ;
Get me a wife wherever I may,
In sooth she shall be none.

Then some took up their hawks in haste,
And some took up their hounds,
And said they would not marry her,
For cities, nor for towns.

Then bespake him King Arthur,
And sware there by his faye,
For a little foul sight and misliking,
You shall not say her nay.

Peace! lordings, peace! Sir Gawaine said,
Nor make debate and strife,

* Neck—*entre*, in the original. The next very irreverent term is literal.

This loathly lady I will take,
And marry her to my wife.

Now thanks! now thanks! good Sir Gawaine,
And a blessing be thy meed,
For as I am thine own lady,
Thou never shall rue this deed.

Then up they took that loathly dame,
And home anon they bring,
And there Sir Gawaine he her wed,
And married her with a ring.

And when they were in wed-bed laid,
And all were done away,—
Come turn to me, my own wed lord,
Come turn to me, I pray.

Sir Gawaine scant could lift his head,
For sorrow and for care ;
When lo! instead of that loathly dame,
He saw a young lady fair !

Sweet blushes stained her rud-red cheek,
Her eyen were black as sloe,
The ripening cherry swelled her lip,
And all her neck was snow.

Sir Gawaine kissed that lady fair,
Lying upon the sheet,
And swore, as he was a true knight,
The spice was never so sweet.

Sir Gawaine kissed that lady bright,
Lying there by his side,
The fairest flower is not so fair,
Thou never can'st be my bride !

I am thy bride, mine own dear lord!
The same which thou didst know,
That was so loathly, and was wont,
Upon the wild moor to go.

Now gentle Gawaine, choose, quoth she,
And make thy choice with care,
Whether by night, or else by day,
Shall I be foul or fair.

• • • • •

My fair lady! Sir Gawaine said,
I yield me to thy skill,
Because thou art mine own lady,
Thou shalt have all thy will.

Now blessed be thou, sweet Gawaine!
And the day that I thee see,
For as thou seest me at this time,
So shall I ever be.

My father was an aged knight,
And yet it chanced so,
He took to wife a false lady,
Which brought me to this woe.

She witched me, being a fair young maid,
In the green forest to dwell,
And there to abide in loathly shape,
Most like a fiend of hell.

Midst moors and mosses, woods and wilds,
To lead a lonesome life,
Till some young, fair, and courtly knight
Would marry me to his wife.

Nor fully to gain my own true shape,—
 Such was her devilish skill,—
 Until he would yield to be ruled by me,
 And let me have all my will.

She witched my brother to a carlish boor,
 And made him stiff and strong;
 And built him a bower on magic ground,
 To live by rapine and wrong.

But now the spell is broken through,
 And wrong is turned to right;
 Henceforth I shall be a true Lady,
 And he be a gentle Knight!

[The original contains nine more stanzas, which describe the subsequent congratulations of the monarch and his courtiers].

* * * * *

Well Coz Gawaine sayes S' Kay
 thy chance is fallen arright
 for thou hast gotten one of the fairest maids
 I euer saw wth my sight

It is my fortune said S' Gawaine
 for my Vncle Arthurs sake
 I am glad as grasse wold be of raine
 great joy that I may take

S' Gawaine took the ladye by the one arme
S' Kay tooke her by the other
they led her straight to K. Arthur
as they were brother & brother

K Arthur welcumed them there all
& sae did lady Geneuer his queene
wth all the knights of the round table
most seemly to be scene

K Arthur beheld that ladye faire
that was soe faire & bright
he thanked Christ in trinity
for S' Gawaine that gentle knight

Soe did the knights both more and lesse
reioiced all that day
for the good chance y' hapened was
to S' Gawaine & his ladye gaye

FFINIS.

KING ARTHUR'S DEATH.

THIS Composition, with several others, is taken from the old romance of MORTE D'ARTHUR; but in this, according to Dr. Percy, are several variations, coinciding with the traditions of the ancient Welsh Bards, who believed that this king was not dead, but in some secret and pleasant place, under the care of the fairies, from whence he should at some time return, to resume the sceptre of Britain: a fond and extravagant tradition, which obtained a very general reception, and is mentioned in several of the old Chronicles. "The Bretons supposed that he shall come yet, and conquer all Bretagne; for certes, this is the prophecy of Merlin. He sayd, that his death shall be douteous; and sayd sooth (i. e. truth), for men thereof yet have doubte, and shullen (shall) for evermore, for men wyl not whether that he lyveth or is dede." An old Chronicle of Gerard de Leew. Antwerp, 1493.—Dr. PERCY.

See also, Don Quixote, Chap. xiii. "Have you not read, sir," answered Don Quixote, "the Annals and Histories of England? wherein are recorded the famous exploits of King Arthur, whom in our Castilian tongue we perpetually call King Artús, of whom there goes an old tradition, and a common one all over that kingdom of Great Britain, that this king did not die, but that by magic art he was turned into a raven; and that, in process of time, he shall reign again, and recover his kingdom and sceptre: for which reason it cannot be proved, that from that time any Englishman hath killed a raven." Of this story of the raven, wherever Cervantes procured it, no traces are at present discoverable. A similar tradition in the instance of Don Sebastian King of Portugal, is actually believed by some of the Portuguese to the present day. He was missing after the battle fought at Tangiers, 1578, in which he doubtless met with an honorable death; but, as in the case of King Arthur, he was supposed to exist corporeally, in some enchanted retreat, from whence he was to return, in kingly pomp and dignity, to his native realm. King Arthur actually died A.D. 542, after a distinguished reign of twenty-six years.—ED.

ON Trinity-Monday in the morn,
This sore battle was doomed to be,
Where many a knight cried "Well away!"
Alack! it was the more pity.

Ere the first crowing of the cock,
When as the king in his bed lay,
He thought Sir Gawaine * to him came,
And there to him these words did say.

Now as you are mine uncle dear,
And as you prize your life this day,
O meet not with your foe in fight—
Put off the battle, if you may.

For Sir Lancelot is now in France,
And with him many a hardy knigh
Who will within this month be back,
And will assist ye in the fight.

The king then called his nobles all,
Before the breaking of the day,
And told them how Sir Gawaine came,
And there to him these words did say.

His nobles all this counsel gave,
That, early in the morning, he
Should send away an herald at arms,
To ask a parley fair and free.

Then twelve good knights King Arthur chose,
The best of all that with him were,
To parley with the foe in the field,
And make with him agreement fair.

The king he charged all his host,
In readiness there for to be;
But no man should his weapon stir,
Unless a sword drawn they should see.

And Mordred on the other part,
Twelve of his knights did likewise bring,

* Sir Gawaine was lately dead.

The best of all his company,
To hold the parley with the king.

Sir Mordred also charged his host,
In readiness there for to be;
But no man should his weapon stir,
But if a sword drawn they should see.

For he durst not his uncle trust,
Nor he his nephew, sooth to tell,—
Alack! it was a woeful case,
As e'er in Christenty befell.

But when they were together met,
And both to fair accordance brought,
And a month's league between them set,
Before the battle should be fought.

An adder crept forth from a bush,
Stung one of the king's knights on the knee;—
Alack! it was a woeful chance
As ever was in Christenty.

When the knight found him wounded sore,
And saw the wild worm hanging there,
His sword he from his scabbard drew—
A piteous case, as ye shall hear!

For when the two hosts saw the sword,
They joined battle instantly;
Till of so many noble knights,
On one side there was left but three.

For all were slain that durst abide,
And but some few that fled away—
Ah me! it was a bloody field,
As e'er was fought in summer's day.

Upon King Arthur's own party,
Only himself escaped there,

And Lukyn, Duke of Glo'ster free,
And the king's butler, Bedevere.

And when the king beheld his knights
All dead and scattered on the mould,
The tears fast trickled down his face,—
That manly face, in fight so bold.

Now rest ye all, brave knights! he said,
So true and faithful to your trust,
And must ye then, ye valiant hearts!
Be left to moulder into dust?

Most loyal have ye been to me!
Most true and faithful, unto death!
And oh! to raise ye up again,
How freely could I yield my breath.

But see! the traitor 's yet alive;
Lo! where he stalks among the dead;
Now bitterly he shall abide,
And vengeance fall upon his head.

O stay, my liege, then said the Duke—
O stay, for love and charity;
Remember what the vision spake,
Nor meet your foe, if it may be.

O stay me not, thou worthy wight,
This debt my loyal knights I owe,
Betide me life, betide me death,
I will avenge them of their foe.

Then straight he grasped his trusty spear,
And on his horse then mounted he,—
As his butler helped him to his horse,
His bowels gushed to his knee.

Alas! then said the noble king,
That I should live this sight to see—

To see this good knight here be slain,
All for his love in helping me.

He put his spear into his rest,
And to Sir Mordred loud 'gan cry,
Now set thyself upon thy guard,
For traitor, now thy death is nigh.

Sir Mordred lifted up his sword,
And fierce to meet the king ran he ;
The king his spear he through him thrust
A fathom full through his body.

When Mordred felt the stroke of death,
And found that he was wounded so,
He thrust himself upon the spear,
And struck the king a deadly blow.

Then grimly died Sir Mordred,
Presently upon that tree,
And bloody streams came from the king,
Ere to the duke returned he.

Sir Lukyn then he thus bespake,—
Sir knight thou hast been faithful tried
Now take my sword Excalibar,
That hangs so freely by my side.

O take my sword Excalibar,*
And there into the river throw ;
For here, henceforth, beneath this tree,
All use of weapons I forego.

And fare thee well, thou trusty sword
A better never had valiant knight,
With these full oft, and many a day,
Have I withstood my foe in fight.

* Elsewhere called *Caliburn*, a name familiar to romance and chivalry.

With this good falchion in my hand,
Oft have I reaped the bloody field;
But now the fatal hour is come
That never more I may thee wield.

The duke to the river side he went,
And there his own sword in threw he;
But he kept back Excalibar,
He kept it back in privy.

For all of coleyne * was the blade,
And all the hilt of precious stone;
And ever alack, then said the knight,
Must such a sword away be thrown?

Then back he came unto the king,
Who said, Sir Lukyn, what did ye see?
Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
Blew over the waters fair and free.

O go again, then said the king;
O good Sir Lukyn, go again,—
Into the river throw my sword,
Nor keep me lingering here in pain.

The duke then to the river went,
And the king's scabbard in threw he;
But he kept back Excalibar,
And hid it underneath a tree.

Then back he came to tell the king,
Who said, Sir Lukyn, saw you ought?—
Nothing, my liege, save that the wind
Now with the angry waters fought.

O Lukyn! Lukyn! said the king,
Twice hast thou dealt deceitfully,

**Cologne*; from whence, at the date of writing this ballad, the best-tempered swords of BLUE STEEL were exported to foreign countries.—Ed.

Alack ! whom may we ever trust,
When such a knight so false can be.

Say, wouldst thou have thy master dead,
All for a sword that wins thine eye !
Now go again, and throw it in,
Or here the one of us shall die.

The duke all shent with this rebuke,
No answer made unto the king ;
But to the river took the sword,
And threw it far as he could fling.

A Hand and an Arm did meet the sword,
And flourished three times in the air,
Then sunk beneath the running stream,
And of the duke was seen no mair.

All sore astonished stood the duke,
He stood as still, as still mote be ;
Then hastened back to tell the King,
--But he was gone from under the tree.

But to what place he could not tell,
For never after he did him spy ;
But he saw a barge go from the land,
And he heard ladies * howl and cry.

And whether the King were there or not,
He never knew, nor ever could,
For from that sad and direful day,
He never more was seen on mould.

PERCY.

* *Ladies* was the old English term for *nymphs*, either of forest, mountain, or stream.—PERCY.

SIR LANCELOT DU LAKE.

THIS is an old poetical version of Chap. 108, 109, 110, of the *Morte d'Arthur* : it is once quoted by Shakspeare, — Hen. IV., pt. ii. Sir Lancelot is a prominent character in more than one old romance. Several actions of his are not so favourable to morality as the present ; he is made, however, to end his days in a very penitent manner. King Arthur's Round Table is too well known to need any explanation.

WHEN Arthur first in court began,
And was approved King,
By force of arms great victories won,
And conquest home did bring ;

Then into England straight he came,
With fifty good and able
Knights, that resorted unto him,
And were of his Round Table.

And many justs and tournaments,
Whereto were many prest,
Wherein some knights did then excel,
And far surmount the rest.

But one, Sir Lancelot du Lake,
Who was approved well,
He for his deeds and feats of arms,
All others did excel.

When he had rested him awhile,
In play, and game, and sport,
He said he would go prove himself
In some adventurous sort.

He armed rode in forest wide,
And met a damsel fair,
Who told him of adventures great,
Whereto he gave good ear.

Such would I find, quoth Lancelot :
For that cause came I hither.
Thou seemest, quoth she, a knight full of good,
And I will bring thee thither.

Whereas a mighty knight doth dwell,
That now is of great fame,
Therefore tell me what wight thou art,
And what may be thy name ?

My name is Lancelot du Lake.
Quoth she, it likes me then :
Here dwells a knight who never was
Yet matched with any man ;

Who has in prison threescore knights
And four, that he did wound ;
Knights of King Arthur's court they be,
And of his Table Round.

She brought him to a river side,
And also to a tree,
Whereon a copper basin hung,
And many shields to see.

He struck so hard, the basin broke ;
And Tarquin soon he spied :
Who drove a horse before him fast,
Whereon a knight lay tied.

Sir knight, then said Sir Lancelot,
Bring me that horse-load hither,
And lay him down, and let him rest;
We'll try our force together.

For, as I understand, thou hast,
So far as thou art able,
Done great despite and shame unto
The knights of the Round Table,

If *thou* be of the Table Round,
Quoth Tarquin, speedily,
Both thee and all thy fellowship,
I utterly defy.

That's over much, quoth Lancelot, tho',
Defend thee, by and by.
They set their spears unto their steeds,
And each at other fly.

They couched their spears, (their horses ran
As though there had been thunder),
And struck them each inmidst their shields,
Wherewith they broke in sunder.

Their horses backs brake under them,
The knights were both astound :
To avoid their horses they made haste,
And light upon the ground.

They took them to their shields full fast,
Their swords they drew out then,
With mighty strokes most eagerly,
Each at the other ran.

They wounded were, and bled full sore,
For breath they both did stand ;
And, leaning on their swords awhile,
Quoth Tarquin, Hold thy hand,

And tell to me what I shall ask.—

Say on, quoth Lancelot, tho'.*

Thou art, quoth Tarquin, the best knight
That ever I did know ;

And like a knight, that I did hate :

So that thou be not he,

I will deliver all the rest,

And eke accord with thee.

That is well said, quoth Lancelot ;

But, sith it must be so,

What knight is that thou hatest thus?—

I pray thee to me show.

His name is Lancelot du Lake,

He slew my brother dear ;

Him I suspect of all the rest :

I would I had him here.

Thy wish thou hast, but yet unknown,—

I am Lancelot du Lake ;

Now knight of Arthur's Table Round,

King Haud's son of Schuwake.

And, I desire thee, do thy worst!—

Ho ! ho ! quoth Tarquin, tho',

One of us two shall end our lives

Before that we do go.

If thou be Lancelot du Lake,

Then welcome shalt thou be :

Wherefore see thou thyself defend,

For now defy I thee.

They buckled them together so,

Like unto wild boars rashing,†

* Then.

† *Rashing* seems to be the old hunting phrase to express the stroke made by the wild boar with his fangs. To *rass*, has apparently a meaning something similar. Dr. PERCY.

And with their swords and shields, they ran
At one another flashing :

The ground besprinkled was with blood :
Tarquin began to yield,
For he gave back for weariness,
And low did bear his shield.

This soon Sir Lancelot espied ;
He leapt upon him then ;
He pulled him down upon his knee,
And, rushing off his helm,

Forthwith he struck his neck in two ;
And when he had so done,
From prison threescore knights and four
Delivered every one.

PERCY.

SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

THE King sits in Dunfermlin town,
Sae merrily drinking the wine;—
Where will I get a mariner
Will sail this ship of mine?

Then up bespake a bonny boy,
Sat just at the king's knee,—
Sir Patrick Spence is the best seaman
That e'er set foot on sea.

The king has written a braid letter,
Sealed it wi' his ain hand;
He has sent word to Sir Patrick,
To come at his command.

To Norroway! to Norroway!
To Norroway, over the foam!
The King's daughter of Norroway,
'Tis thou must bring her home.

O wha is this, or wha is that,
Has told the king of me?
For I was never a good seaman,
Nor ever intend to be.

Be 't wind, be 't wet,—be 't snow, be 't sleet,
Our ship maun sail, the morn.
Ever alack! my master dear,
For I fear a deadly storm.*

* In Percy's copy, Sir Patrick complains of being sent out "at this time

They mounted sail on Munenday morn
 With a' the haste they may;
 And they have landed in Norraway,
 Upon the Wed-nes-day.

They hadna' been a month, a month,
 In Norraway but three,
 'Till lads of Norraway began to say,
 Ye spend a' our white money.

Ye spend a' our good king's gold,
 But, and our queen's fee.
 Ye lie, ye lie, ye liars loud,
 Sae loud's I hear you lie;

For I brought as much white money
 As will gain my men and me;
 I brought half a fou * of good red gold
 Out o'er the sea wi' me.

Be 't wind or wet,—be 't snow or sleet,
 Our ship maun sail, the morn.
 O ever alack! my master dear,
 I fear a deadly storm.

I saw the new moon late yest'reen,
 Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
 And if we gang to sea, master,
 I fear we 'll suffer harm.

They hadna' sailed a league on sea,
 A league but barely one,

of year;" which the Dr. explains by quoting an ordinance forbidding, on account of the unskillfulness of the Scotch sailors, and the dangers of their seas, any ship to leave this country between St. Simon and Jude (Oct. 28th) and Candlemas-day (Feb. 2d).—This ballad is not so much worthy of insertion for its intrinsic excellence, as for its genuine antiquity.

* Half-a-peck.—JAMESON.

Till anchors brake, and topmasts lap ;
There came a deadly storm.

Where will I find a bonny boy
Will take their sails in hand ;
That will gang up to the topmast,
See an' he ken dry land ?

Loth, loth were our good Scots lords
To wet their leather shoon ;
But, or the morn, at fair day-light,
Their hats were wet aboon.*

Many was the feather-bed †
That flattered on the faem ;
And many was the good Scots lord
Gaed awa' that ne'er came home ;
And many was the fatherless bairn
That greeting lay at home.

It's forty miles to Aberdeen,
And fifty fathoms deep ;
And there lie a' our good Scots lords,
Wi' Sir Patrick at their feet.

The ladies wrang their hands sae white,
The maidens tore their hair,—
A' for the sake of their true loves,
For them they ne'er saw mair

Long, long may our ladies stand
Wi' their fans in their hand,
Ere they see Sir Patrick and his men
Come sailing to the land.

JAMIESON.

* Above.

† This is probably introduced to shew their luxury, as feather-beds were very rare articles in those days.

‡ Weeping.

ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE.*

Most of the readers of this selection have doubtless met with the general particulars of the life of this celebrated outlaw and his principal companions. He and his "merry men" of Sherwood Forest, had obtained a greater hold on the traditional lore and provincial feelings of the populace, than even the most celebrated conquerors; and the victories of Cressy or Agincourt were less esteemed than the exploits of Robin Hood. Indeed, if we suffer the feelings of true equity and honour to sleep, there are few subjects better calculated to excite the pleasing romance of imagination, than the adventures of this popular chief. He possessed, in an eminent degree, the qualities of heroic daring and savage magnanimity: he was accustomed to venturous ambushes and hair-breadth escapes. By a rather more civilized demeanour than might be expected from a robber, and by occasional acts of generosity to those who fell in his power, he gained the reputation of a "gentle thief;" and by his levelling principle of taking from the rich, and giving some part of it to the poor, he became the darling of the common people. At the same time, when we find an author of talent, like Mr. Ritson, seriously holding this eccentric character up, as a man perfectly fulfilling all the duties required of a subject and citizen, and comparing him, with low and mean ribaldry, to respectable classes of men in the present day,—then it is time to pause, and express, in the strongest terms, our reprobation and detestation of such pernicious opinions, and such a prostitution of learning and genius. But it is to be hoped that in most of his opinions, Mr. Ritson has few imitators.

Robin Hood held his abode in Sherwood Forest, which is now dismantled, but which then comprehended nearly the whole of the north part of Nottinghamshire. He entertained a hundred men, who, being picked men, both for corporeal strength and skill in archery, were considered a match for four times their number of ordinary assailants. They were clad in (Lincoln) *green*, for a curious reason, which the reader would scarcely guess; viz., that this, as most resembled to the colour of the fern and grass, they

* A market-town in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and on the borders of Lancashire.

would have the better chance of being unseen when they lay in ambush, either for herds, or for men. His principal companions were *Maid Marian*, his mistress, or, it is not absolutely certain that she might not have been ultimately his wife; *Little John*, whose simple appellation is sufficient to introduce him to the reader; *Friar Tuck*, a libertine and drunken friar, a kind of monkish Falstaff; *Scarlet*, *Scatchlock*, *Much the Miller*, and others. Wonderful stories are related of his skill in archery;—as, that he or his man *Little John* could shoot an arrow to the distance of a *measured mile*; of which, perhaps, we are scarcely fair judges in the present day; but it certainly seems utterly incredible. We are told, however, that it was by no means uncommon to kill a deer with an arrow at the distance of two hundred yards. Robin Hood's constant opponent seems to have been, the Sheriff of Nottingham; an official, who would no doubt be anxious to distinguish himself by the subversion of this celebrated enemy of the law, and who was probably strengthened with additional powers by the government for the occasion. Several meetings and contests between these two, are among the subjects of the numerous ballads of Robin Hood.

The detestable severity of the Norman Forest Laws, which occasioned a man to flee for his life after one single transgression, and the great temptation to good archers living on the borders of the royal forests, are said to have been the predominant causes of the assemblage of outlawed troops, who endeavoured by their numbers to protect themselves from the consequences of their delinquency.—And, that we may not be too hard upon Robin Hood, we must allow him, with Camden and Fuller, to have been “one of the mildest of thieves,”*—never robbing the poor, but occasionally giving them a part of his spoil, and treating the weaker sex with great respect. He was a bitter enemy to the persons, or rather to the wealth, of the monks and friars; and yet, according to his ideas and those of the age, he shewed some deference to religion, always respecting the rites of the Catholic church, and having founded a chapel in the forest, with other acts of this kind.

Robin Hood was born in the year 1160, and died in the year 1247, aged 87. He is said to have had, from ancestral connexion, some claims on the earldom of Huntingdon,—a point on which antiquaries are not agreed; he was styled however as such in an epitaph formerly to be seen on his tomb, at Kirkleys, in Yorkshire.

Hear undernead dis laiti stean
laies Robert earl of Huntingtun
near arcir ber aȝ hie sa geuð
an pipl kauld im robin heuð
siȝ utlawȝ aȝ hi an iȝ men
biȝ england nibr si agen.

Obiit 24 Kal: decembris 1247.

* MITISSIMUM PRÆDONUM.

*Here, underneath this little stone,
Lies Robert, Earl of Huntingdon.
Ne'er archer were as he so good,
And people called him Robin Hood.
Such outlaws, as he, and his men,
Will England never see again.
Obit 24 Cal. Decembris, 1347.*

This epitaph was perhaps inscribed a century or two later.

Two volumes of ballads, relating to Robin Hood, have been published by Mr. Ritson, in which much research is displayed ; but as these, like others of his publications, though in a greater degree, are deformed by licentiousness, and gross and low impiety, the Editor rather wishes to refer the reader to Mr. Evans's collection, in four volumes ; in the second of which will be found about thirty ballads of Robin Hood, in a modernized and legible form.

WHEN shaws * be sheen, and shradds full fair,
And leaves both large and long,
It is merry walking in the fair forest,
To hear the small birds' song.

The woodwele † sang, and would not cease,
Sitting upon the spray,
So loud, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the green wood where he lay.

Now, by my fay ! said jolly Robin,
A sweven I had this night ;
I dreamt me of two wighty yeomen,
That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did me beat and bind,
And took my bow me fro ;

* *Shaws*, little woods—spinnies. *Sheen*, shining. *Shradds*, swords—*i. e.* grass.—PERCY. *Shrobbs*, *i. e.* shrubs.—RITSON.

† The golden ouzle, a bird of the thrush kind.—*Glossary to Chaucer*.—PERCY.

If I be Robin alive in this land,
I'll be wroken on them two.

Swevens are swift, master, quoth John,
As the wind that blows o'er a hill ;
For if it be never so loud this night,
To-morrow it may be still.

Busk ye, bown ye, my merry men all,
And John shall go with me ;
For I'll go seek yon wight yeomen,
In green wood, where they be.

Then they cast on their gowns of green,
And took their bows each one ;
And they away to the green forest
A-shooting forth are gone.

Until they came to the merry green wood,
Where they had gladdest be,
There were they 'ware of a wight yeoman,
His body leaned to a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,
Of many a man the bane ;
And he was clad in his capull-hide, *
Top, and tail, and mane.

Stand you still, master, quoth little John,
Under this tree so green,
And I will go to yon wight yeoman,
To know what he doth mean.

Ah ! John, by me thou settest no store,
And that I farley † find :
How oft send I my men before,
And tarry myself behind ?

* Horse-hide.—PERCY.

† Wonder.—PERCY.

It is no cunning a knave to ken,
An' a man but hear him speak ;
An' it were not for bursting of my bow,
John, I thy head would break.

As often words they breeden bale,
So they parted Robin and John ;
And John is gone to Barnesdale,—
The gates * he knoweth each one.

But when he came to Barnesdale,
Great heaviness there he had ;
For he found two of his own fellows
Were slain both in a slade. †

And Scarlet, he was flying a-foot,
Fast o'er stock and stone ;
For the sheriff, with seven score men,
Fast after him is gone.

One shoot now I will shoot, quoth John,
With Christ his might and main ;
I'll make yon fellow, that flees so fast,
To stop he shall be fain.

Then John bent up his long bend-bow,
And settled him to shoot :
The bow was made of a tender bough,
And fell down to his foot.

Woe worth, woe worth thee, wicked wood,
That e'er thou grew on a tree ;
For now this day thou art my bale,
My boot when thou should be.

His shot it was but loosely shot,
Yet flew not the arrow in vain ;

* Ways,—a very common term still in the North.

† A breadth of green sward, between plough-lands or woods.—PARCY.

For it met one of the sheriff's men,—
Good William à Trent was slain.

It had been better of William à Trent,
To have been a-bed with sorrow,
Than to be that day in the green-wood slade,
To meet with little John's arrow.

But as it is said, When men be met,
Five can do more than three ;
The sheriff hath taken little John,
And bound him fast to a tree.

Thou shalt be drawn by dale and down,
And hanged high on a hill.
But thou mayest fail of thy purpose, quoth John,
If it be Christ his will.

Let us leave talking of little John,
And think of Robin Hood,
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,
Where under the leaves he stood.

Good morrow, good fellow, said Robin so fair ;
Good morrow, good fellow, quoth he,
Methinks by this bow thou bars't in thy hand,
A good archer thou shouldst be.

I am wilful of my way, quoth the yeoman,
And of my morning tide ;
I'll lead thee through the wood, said Robin,
Good fellow, I'll be thy guide.

I seek an outlaw, the stranger said,
Men call him Robin Hood ;
Rather I'd meet with that proud outlaw,
Than forty pound so good.

Now come with me, thou wighty yeoman,
And Robin thou soon shalt see ;

But first let us some pastime find,
Under the green-wood tree.

First let us some mastery make,
Among the woods so even ;
We may chance to meet with Robin Hood,
Here at some unset steven.

They cut them down two summer shrogs, *
That grew both under a brier,
And set them threescore rood † in twain,
To shoot the pricks y-fere. ‡

Lead on, good fellow, quoth Robin Hood,
Lead on, I do bid thee ;
Nay, by my faith ! good fellow he said,
My leader thou shalt be.

The first time Robin shot at the prick,
He missed but an inch it fro ;
The yeoman he was an archer good,
But he could never shoot so.

The second shoot had the mighty yeoman,
He shot within the garland ;
But Robin he shot better than he,
For he clave the good prick wand.

A blessing upon thy heart, he said,
Good fellow, thy shooting is good ;
For an' thy heart be as good as thy hand,
Thou wert better than Robin Hood.

Now tell me thy name, good fellow, said he,
Under the leaves of lyme ;

* Shrubs—wands. PARCY.

† About 470 yards, rather more than a quarter of a mile.

‡ Fellow wands.

Nay, by my faith ! quoth bold Robin,
Till thou have told me thine.

I dwell by dale and down, quoth he,
And Robin to take I am sworn ;
And when I am called by my right name,
I am Guye of good Gisborne.

My dwelling is in this wood, says Robin,
By thee I set right nought,—
I am Robin Hood of Barnesdale,
Whom thou so long hast sought !

He that had neither been kith nor kin,
Might have seen a full fair sight,
To see how together these yeomen went,
With blades both brown and bright.

To see how these yeomen together they fought,
Two hours of a summer's day,
Yet neither Robin Hood nor Sir Guy,
Them settled to fly away.

Robin was reckless of a root,
And stumbled at that tide ;
And Guy was quick and nimble withal,
And hit him in the left side.

Ah ! dear Lady, said Robin Hood, thou
That art both Mother and May,
I think it was never man's destiny,
To die before his day.

Robin thought on our Lady dear,
And soon leapt up again,
And straight he came with a backward stroke,
And he Sir Guy hath slain.

He took Sir Guy's head by the hair,
And sticked it on his bow's end :

Thou hast been a traitor all thy life,
Which thing must have an end.

Robin pulled forth an Irish knife,
And nicked Sir Guy in the face,
That he was never of woman born,
Could tell whose head it was.

Says, Lye there, lye there, now Sir Guy,
And with me be not wroth,
If thou have had the worse strokes at my hand,
Thou shalt have the better cloth.

Robin did off his gown of green,
And on Sir Guy did it throw,
And he put on that capull-hide,
That clad him top to toe.

The bow, the arrows, and little horn,
Now with me I will bear,
For I will away to Barnesdale,
To see how my men do fare.

Robin Hood set Guy's horn to his mouth,
And a loud blast in it did blow,
That beheard the sheriff of Nottingham,
As he leaned under a lowe.*

Hearken ! hearken ! said the sheriff,
I hear now tidings good,
For yonder I hear Sir Guy's horn blow,
And he hath slain Robin Hood.

Yonder I hear Sir Guy's horn blow,
It blows so well in tide,
And yonder comes that mighty yeoman,
Clad in his capull-hide.

* Little hill.—PERCY.

Come hither, come hither, thou good Sir Guy,

Ask what thou wilt of me :—

O I will none of thy gold, said Robin,

Nor I will none of thy fee.

But now I have slain the master, he says,

Let me go strike the knave ;

This is all the reward I ask, \

Nor no other will I have.

Thou art a madman, said the sheriff,

Thou shouldest have had a knight's fee •

But, seeing thy asking hath been so bad,

Well—granted it shall be.

When little John heard his master speak,

Well knew he it was his steven ; †

Now shall I be loosed, quoth little John,

With Christ his might in Heaven.

Fast Robin he hied him to little John

He thought to loose him belive :

The sheriff and all his company,

Fast after him did drive.

Stand back! stand back! said Robin,

Why draw you me so near ;

It was never the use in our country,

One's shrift another should hear.

But Robin pulled forth an Irish knife

And loosed John hand and foot,

And gave him Sir Guy's bow into his hand

And bade it be his boot.

Then John he took Guy's bow in his hand

His bolts and arrows each one,

• This was of different value in different king's reigns, perhaps it may be computed on an average at 400 acres.

† Voice.

When the sheriff saw little John bend his bow,
He settled him to be gone.

Towards his house, in Nottingham town,
He fled full fast away,
And so did all his company,—
Not one behind would stay.

But he could neither run so fast,
Nor away so fast could ride,
But little John with an arrow so broad,
He shot him into the ——side.

PERCY.

ROBIN HOOD

AND

*The Curtal * Friar of Fountain-Dale.*

IN summer-time, when leaves grow green,
And flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men
Were all disposed to play.

Then some would leap, and some would run,
And some would use artillery,—
Which of you can a good bow draw,
A good archer for to be?

Which of you can kill a buck,
Or who can kill a doe?
Or who can kill a hart of grease, †
Five hundred feet him fro'?

Will Scarlet he did kill a buck,
And Midge did kill a doe,
And little John killed a hart of grease
Five hundred feet him fro'.

God's blessing on thy heart! said Robin Hood,
That shot such a shot for me,
I would ride my horse a hundred miles,
To find one could match thee.

* Ritson derives this epithet from the *dogs* by which he was attended—curtalls, or *curs*.

† Hart of greece, or grease,—a technical appellation, given to a deer of a particular age and size.

That caused Will Scarlet to laugh—
He laughed full heartily,
There is a friar in Fountain's Abbey,*
Will beat both him and thee.

The Curtal Friar in Fountain's Abbey
Well draw can a strong bow ;
He will beat you and your yeomen,
Set them all in a row.

Robin Hood took a solemn oath,
It was by Mary free,
That he would neither eat nor drink
Till the friar he did see.

Robin Hood put on his harness good,
On his head a cap of steel,
Broad-sword and buckler by his side ;
And they became him weel.

He took his bow into his hand,
It was of a trusty tree,
With a sheaf of arrows by his side,
And to Fountain-dale went he.

And coming to fair Fountain-dale,
No further would he ride ;
Then he was aware of a Curtal Friar,
Walking by the water-side.

* " De Fontibus," or " Fountain's" Abbey, of the Cistercian order, was founded at the beginning of the twelfth century, in a place before called Skeldale, near Rippon. At the dissolution, its revenues amounted according to Dugdale, who gives the clear income, to 998*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*, and according to Speed, who reckons in all the outgoings and rent-charges, to 1173*l.* This valuation places it amongst the greater monasteries, though not Miltred. Its ruins are extensive, and highly picturesque and beautiful: they have been often engraved. Fountain's-abbey was the mother of an Abbey of some note, of the same order, at *Woburn*, in Bedfordshire.

The friar had on a harness good ;
On his head a cap of steel,
Broad-sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weel.*

Robin Hood lighted from off his horse,
And tied him to a thorn :
Carry me over the water, thou Curtal Friar,
Or else thy life 's forlorn.

The friar took Robin Hood on his back,
Deep water he did bestride,
And neither spoke good word nor bad,
Till he came on the other side.

Lightly stept Robin off the friar's back,
The friar said to him again :
Carry me over the water, thou fine fellow !
Or it will breed thee pain.

Robin Hood took the friar on his back,
Deep water he did bestride,
And spoke neither good word nor bad,
Till he came on the other side.

Lightly leapt the friar off Robin Hood's back,
Bold Robin said to him again :
Carry me over the water, thou Curtal Friar,
Or it shall breed thee pain.

The friar took Robin on his back again,
And stept up to his knee,

* As the Monks were accustomed to appoint some of their order to various offices connected with their domestic concerns,—as “cellarer,” “kitchener,” &c. &c.; it is not very unlikely that they might sometimes appoint one as overseer over their Chases and harbours for game: but whether delegated or not, they occasionally assumed such strange employments as this friar appears to have done.

And till he came to the middle stream,
Neither good nor bad spoke he.

And, coming to the middle stream,
Then he threw Robin in :
And choose thee, choose thee, fine fellow !
Whether thou wilt sink or swim.

Robin Hood swam to a bush of brooms,
The friar to the willow wand—
Bold Robin Hood is gone to the shore,
And took his bow in his hand.

One of the best arrows under his belt,
To the friar he let fly ;
The Curtal Friar with his steel buckler,
Did put his arrow by.

Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellow !
Shoot as thou hast begun,
If thou shoot here a summer's day,
Thy mark I will not shun.

Bobin Hood shot on so passing well,
Till his arrows all were gone,
They took their swords and steel bucklers,
And fought with might and main,

From ten o'clock that very day,
Till four in the afternoon ;
Then Robin Hood came on his knees,
Of the friar to beg a boon.

A boon ! a boon ! thou Curtal Friar,
I beg it on my knee ;
Give me leave to set my horn to my mouth,
And to blow blasts three.

That I will do, said the Curtal Friar,
Of thy blasts I have no doubt;
I hope thou wilt blow so passing well,
Till both thy eyes drop out.

Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
And blew out blasts three,—
Half a hundred yeomen, with their bows bent,
Came ranging over the lee.

Whose men are these, said the friar,
That come so hastily?
Those are mine, said Robin Hood,
Friar, what is that to thee!

A boon! a boon! said the Curtal Friar,
The like I gave to thee;
Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,
And to whute,* whutes three.

That will I do, said Robin Hood,
Or else I were to blame;
Three whutes in a friar's fist,
Would make me glad and fain.

The friar he set his fist to his mouth,
And whuted him, whutes three;
Half a hundred good band-dogs
Came running over the lee.

Here is for every man a dog,
And I myself for thee:
Nay, by my faith, said Robin Hood,
Friar, that may not be.

Two dogs at once to Robin did go,
The one behind, the other before;
Robin Hood's mantle of Lincoln green,
From off his back they tore.

* Whistle.

And whether his men shot east or west,
Or they shot north or south,
The Curtal dogs, so taught they were,
They caught the arrows in their mouth.

Take up thy dogs, said Little John,
Friar, at my bidding thee.
Whose man art thou, said the Curtal Friar,
Comes here to prate to me ?

I am Little John, Robin Hood's man,
Friar, I will not lie ;
If thou take not up thy dogs anon,
I'll take them up and thee.

Little John had a bow in his hand,
He shot with might and main ;
Soon half a score of the friar's dogs,
Laid dead upon the plain.

Hold thy hand, good fellow, said the Curtal Friar,
Thy master and I will agree ;
And we will have new orders ta'en,
With all the haste that may be.

If thou will forsake fair Fountain-dale,
And Fountain's Abbey free,
Every Sunday throughout the year,
A noble shall be thy fee.

Every Sunday throughout the year,
Changed shall thy garment be,
If thou will go to fair Nottingham,
And there remain with me.

The Curtal Friar had kept Fountain-dale,
Seven long years and more :
There was neither knight, lord, nor earl,
Could make him yield before.

THE NOBLE FISHERMAN;

OR,

Robin Hood's Preferment.

IN summer time, when leaves grow green,
When they do grow both green and long,
(Of a bold outlaw, called Robin Hood,—
It is of him I sing this song).

When the lily leaf, and the elephant,
Do bud and spring with a merry cheer,
This outlaw was weary of the wood-side,
And chasing of the fallow deer.

The fishermen brave, more money have
Then any merchants two or three,
Therefore I will to Scarborough go,
That I a fisherman brave may be.

This outlaw called his merry men all,
As they sat under the greenwood tree :
If any of you have gold to spend,
I pray you heartily spend it with me.

Now, quoth Robin Hood, I'll to Scarborough go,
It seems to be a very fair day—
He took up his journ at a widow woman's house,
Hard by, upon the water gray.

Who asked him, Where wert thou born ?

Or tell to me, where dost thou fare ?

I am a poor fisherman, said he then,

This day entrapped all in care.

What is thy name, then, fine fellow !

I pray thee heartily tell to me ?

In mine own country, where I was born,

Men call me Simon over the lee.

Simon, Simon, said the goodwife,

I wish thou may'st well brook thy name ; *

The outlaw was 'ware of her courtesy,

And rejoiced he had got such a dame.

Simon, wilt thou be my man,

And good round wages I'll give thee ?

I have a good ship of my own,

As any sails upon the sea.

Anchors and planks thou shalt want none,

Masts and ropes that are so long.—

And if that you thus furnish me,

Said Simon, nothing shall go wrong.

They plucked up anchor, and away did sail,

More of a day than two or three :

When others cast in their baited hooks,

The bare lines into the sea cast he.

It will be long, said the master then,

Ere this great lubber do thrive on the sea ;

He shall have no share in our fish,

For in truth he is in no part worthy.

O woe is me, said Simon then,

This day that I ever came here !

I wish I were in Plumpton-park,

A chasing of the nimble deer.

* Alluding, probably, to St. Peter, the patron of fishermen.

For every clown laughs me to scorn,
And they by me set nought at all :
If I had them in Plumpton-park,
I would set as little by them all.

They plucked up anchor, and away did sail,
More of a day than two or three ;
But Simon spied a ship of war,
That sailed toward them most valorously.

O woe is me, said the master then,
This day, that ever I was born !
For all our fish that we have got,
Is every bit lost and forlorn,

For yon French robbers on the sea,
They will not spare of us one man ;
But carry us to the coast of France,
And lay us in a prison strong.

But, Simon said, do not fear them,
Neither, master, take you care ;
Give me a bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare !

Hold thy peace, thou long lubber,
For thou art nought but brags and boast ;
If I should cast you overboard,
There is but a simple lubber lost.

Simon grew angry at these words,
And so angry then was he ;
Then he took his bent bow in his hand,
And in the ship hatch goeth he.

Master, tie me to the mast, he said,
That at my mark I may stand fair ;
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare !

He drew his arrow to the head,
And drew it with all might and main ;
And straight in the twinkling of an eye,
To the Frenchman's heart the arrow's gone.

The Frenchman fell down on the hatch,
And under the hatches down below ;
Another Frenchman that him espied,
The dead corpse into the sea did throw.

O master, loose me from the mast, he said,
And for them all take you no care ;
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare !

Then straight they boarded the French ship,
They lying dead all in their sight ;
They found within the ship of war,
Twelve thousand pounds of money bright.

The one half of the ship, said Simon, then,
I'll give to my dame and her children small ;
The other half of the ship I'll give,
To you that are my fellows all.

But now bespake the master then,
For so, Simon, it shall not be,
For you have won it with your own hands,
And the owner of it you shall be,

It shall be so, as I have said,
And with this gold, for the oppressed
An habitation will I build,
Where they shall live in peace and rest.

ROBIN HOOD'S CHASE.

COME, you gallants all ! to you I do call,
That now are in this place ;
For a song I will sing, of Henry our king,
How he did Robin Hood chase.

Queen Katherin * she a match did make,
As plainly doth appear,
For three hundred tun of good red wine,
And three hundred tun of beer.

But yet her archers she had to seek,
With their bows and arrows so good ;
But her mind it was bent, with a good intent,
To send for bold Robin Hood.

But when bold Robin Hood he came there,
Queen Katherin she did say :
Thou art welcome, Locksley, said the queen,
And all thy yeomen gay.

For a match of shooting I have made,
And thou on my part must be :—
“ If I miss the mark, be it light or dark,
Then hanged I will be.”

* There was no queen consort named Katherine before Henry V.'s time : consequently, this is a mere fancy of the ballad-writer. Mr. Ritson conceives that it might have been adopted on account of Henry VIII. having three queens of that Name, which would therefore be familiar to the author.

But when the game came to be played,
Bold Robin he then drew nigh;
With his mantle of green, most brave to be seen,
He let his arrows fly.

And when the game it ended was,
Bold Robin won it with a grace;
But after the king was angry with him,
And vowed he would him chase.

What though his pardon granted was,
While he with him did stay,
But yet the king was vexed with him,
When he was gone his way.

Soon after the king from the court did hye,
In a furious angry mood,
And often inquired both far and near,
After bold Robin Hood.

But when the king to Nottingham came,
Bold Robin was in the wood:
O come now, said he, and let me see,
Who will find me bold Robin Hood.

But when that bold Robin he did hear
The king had him in chase,
Then said little John, 'Tis time to be gone,
And go to some other place.

And away they went from merry Sherwood,
And into Yorkshire he did hye;
And the king did follow, with a whoop and a hallo,
But could not come him nigh.

Yet jolly Robin he passed along,
And went straight to Newcastle town;
And there stayed he hours two or three,
And then to Barwick is gone.

When the king did see, how Robin did flee,
He was vexed wondrous sore ;
With a hoop and a halloo, he vowed to follow,
And take him or never give o'er.

Come now let's away, then cries little John,
Let any man follow that dare ;
To Carlisle we'll hie, with our company,
And so then to Lancaster.

From Lancaster then to Chester they went,
And so did King Henry ;
But Robin went away, for he durst not stay,
For fear of some treachery.

Says Robin, Come let us for London go,
To see our noble Queen's face ;
It may be she wants our company,
Which makes the king so us chase.

When Robin he came Queen Katherin before,
He fell low upon his knee :
If it please your grace, I am come to this place,
For to speak with King Henry.

Queen Katherin answered bold Robin Hood again,
The king is gone to merry Sherwood ;
And when he went away, to me he did say,
He would go and see Robin Hood.

Then fare you well, my gracious queen :
For to Sherwood I will hie apace ;
For fain would I see, what he would with me,
If I could but meet with his grace.

But when King Henry he came home,
Full weary and vexed in mind,
And that he did hear, Robin had been there,
He blamed dame Fortune unkind.

You're welcome home, Queen Katherin cried,
Henry, my sovereign liege ;
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
Your person hath been to seek.

But when King Henry he did hear,
That Robin had been there him to seek,
This answer he gave, He is a cunning knave,
For I have sought him this whole three week.

A boon ! a boon ! Queen Katherin cried,
I beg it here of your grace,—
To pardon his life, and seek not strife :
— And so endeth Robin Hood's chase.

RITSON, & EVANS.

KING JOHN

AND

The Abbot of Canterbury.

SUPPOSED to have been modernized about the time of James I., from one much older, intitled, "King John and the Bishop of Canterbury;" from a copy of which, in Dr. Percy's possession, some lines have been inserted in this. There is another ballad, of inferior merit, called, "King Olfrey (supposed, to mean "*Alfred*") and the Abbot." St. Augustine's Abbey, at Canterbury, alluded to here, was founded in 978, and was one of the most considerable in the kingdom: the Abbot had the Mitre, and sat in Parliament as a Baron: he was also exempt from the Archbishop's jurisdiction, and subject only to the Pope. He had, at one period, the allowance of mintage and coinage of money, in right of his abbacy. At the Dissolution, when it is probable, from local circumstances, that its revenues had *decreased*, they were valued at 1478*l.* 4*s.* 7*d.*,—a sum equal to 30,000*l.* in the present day.—Ed.

AN ancient story I'll tell you anon,
Of a notable prince, that was called King John:
And he ruled England with main and with might,—
For he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story,—a story so merry,—
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury:
How, for his housekeeping, and high renown,
They rode post for him to fair London town.

An hundred men, the King did hear say,
The Abbot kept in his house every day:
And fifty gold Chains, without any doubt,
In velvet coats, waited the abbot about.

How now! Father Abbot, I hear it of thee,
Thou keepest a far better house than me :
And for thy housekeeping, and high renown,
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown.

My Liege, quoth the Abbot, I would it were known,
I never spend nothing but what is my own :
And I trust your Grace will do me no deere,
For spending my own true-gotten gear.

Yes, yes,—quoth he,—Abbot, thy fault it is high,
And now for the same thou needest must die ;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy body.

And first,—quo' the King,—when I'm in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birth,
Thou must tell me, to one penny, what I am worth.

Secondly, tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride the whole world about ;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly, what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow wit,
Nor I cannot answer your Grace as yet ;
But if you will give me but three weeks space,
I'll do my endeavour to answer your Grace.

Now three weeks space to thee I will give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live ;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to me.

Away rode the Abbot, all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge and Oxenford ;
But never a Doctor there was so wise,
That could, with his learning, an answer devise.

Then home rode the Abbot, of comfort so cold,
And he met his shepherd a-going to fold :
How now ! my Lord Abbot, you are welcome home,
What news do you bring us from good King John ?

Sad news, sad news, shepherd, I must give,—
That I have but three days more to live :
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my body.

The first is, to tell him, there in that stead,
With his crown of gold so fair on his head,
Among all his liege men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

The second, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soon he may ride this whole world about ;
And at the third question I must not shrink,
But tell him there truly what he does think.

Now cheer up, Sir Abbot,—did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learn a wise man wit ?
Lend me horse, and serving-men, and your apparel,
And I'll ride to London, to answer your quarrel.

Nay, frown not, if it hath been told unto me,
I am like your Lordship as ever may be :
And if you will but lend me your gown,
There is none shall know us at fair London town.

Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array, most gallant and brave,—
With crozier and mitre, and rochet and cope,—
Fit to appear 'fore our father the Pope.

Now welcome, Sir Abbot, the King he did say,
'Tis well thou 'rt come back to keep thy day :
For, and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crown of gold so fair on my head,
Among all my liege men so noble of birth,
Tell me, to one penny, what I am worth.

For thirty pence Our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jews, as I have been told,
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I think, thou art one penny worser than he.

The King he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,
I did not think I had been worth so little :
Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soon I may ride this whole world about.

You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
Until the next morning he riseth again,
And then your Grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you will ride it about.

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
I did not think it could be gone so soon:
Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think.

Yea, that shall I do, and make your Grace merry—
You think *I'm the Abbot of Canterbury*,
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me.

The king he laughed, and swore by the mass,
I will make thee Lord Abbot this day in his place :
Now stay, my liege, be not in such speed,
For alack! I can neither write nor read.

Four nobles a week then, I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast shewn unto me ;
And tell the old Abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King John.

PERCY.

VALENTINE AND URSINE.

THE common story of Valentine and *Orson*, was originally a translation from one of the oldest French romances, probably of the Thirteenth Century. It is likely that *some* facts were the groundwork, with a plentiful sprinkling of marvellous fable. In Dr. Percy's MS. was an old poem on this subject, in a very corrupt state, from which a few particulars were adopted by him, and the greater part of the rest taken from the prose story.

WHEN Flora 'gins to deck the fields
With colours fresh and fine,
Then holy clerks their matins sing,
To good Saint Valentine.

The King of France * that morning fair,
He would a hunting ride :
To Artoys forest prancing forth,
In all his princely pride.

To grace his sports, a courtly train
Of gallant peers attend ;
And with their loud and cheerful cries,
The hills and valleys rend.

* Afterwards called King Pepin ; he reigned in the middle of the Eighth Century, and was the father of the great Charlemagne.

Through the deep forest swift they pass,
Through woods and thickets wild ;
When down within a lonely dell,
They found a new-born child.

The sudden sight surprised them all,
The courtiers gathered round ;
They look, they call, the mother seek,—
No mother could be found.

At length the king himself drew near,
And as he gazing stands,
The pretty babe looked up and smiled,
And stretched his little hands.

Now, by the rood ! King Pepin says,
This child is passing fair ;
I wot he is of gentle blood,
Perhaps some prince's heir.

Go bear him home unto my court,
With all the care ye may ;
Let him be christened Valentine,
In honour of this day.

And look me out some cunning nurse,—
Well nurtured let him be ;
Nor aught be wanting that becomes,
A bairn of high degree.

They look him out a cunning nurse,
And nurtured well was he ;
Nor aught was wanting that became,
A bairn of high degree.

Thus grew the little Valentine,
Beloved of king and peers ;
And shewed in all he spake or did,
A wit beyond his years.

But chief in gallant feats of arms
He did himself advance,
That ere he grew to man's estate
He had no peer in France.

And now the early dawn began,
To shade his youthful chin ;
When Valentine was dubbed a knight,
That he might glory win.

A boon ! boon ! my gracious liege,
I beg a boon of thee ;
The first adventure that befalls
May be reserved for me.

The first adventure shall be thine,
The king did smiling say.—
Nor many days, when lo ! there came
Three Palmers clad in grey.

Help, gracious lord ! they weeping said,
And knelt, as it was meet ;
From Artoy's forest we be come,
With weak and weary feet.

Within those deep and dreary woods,
There wends a savage boy,
Whose fierce and mortal rage doth yield
Thy subjects dire annoy.

'Mong ruthless bears he sure was bred,
He lurks within their den ;
With bears he lives, with bears he feeds,
And drinks the blood of men.

To more than savage strength he joins,
A more than human skill ;
For arms, no cunning may suffice
His cruel rage to still.

Up then rose Sir Valentine,
And claimed that arduous deed :
Go forth and conquer, said the king,
And great shall be thy meed.

Well mounted on a milk-white steed,
His armour white as snow,
As well beseemed a virgin knight,
Who ne'er had fought a foe.*

To Artoy's forest he repairs,
With all the haste he may ;
And soon he spies the savage youth,
A rending of his prey.

His unkempt hair all matted hung
His shaggy shoulders round ;
His eager eye all fiery glowed,
His face with fury frowned.

Like eagles' talons grew his nails,—
His limbs were thick and strong ;
And dreadful was the knotted oak
He bore with him along.

Soon, as Sir Valentine approached,
He starts with sudden spring,
And yelling forth a hideous howl,
He made the forests ring.

As when a tiger, fierce and fell,
Hath spied a passing roe,
And leaps at once upon his throat,—
So sprung the savage foe.

So lightly leaped with furious force,
The gentle knight to seize ;

* Such was the rule of chivalry.

But met his tall uplifted spear,
Which sunk him on his knees.

A second stroke, so stiff and stern,
Had laid the savage low ;
But springing up, he raised his club,
And aimed a dreadful blow.

The watchful warrior bent his head,
And shunned the coming stroke ;
Upon his taper spear it fell,
And all to shivers broke.

Then lighting nimbly from his steed,
He drew his burnished brand :
The savage quick as lightning flew
To wrest it from his hand.

Three times he grasped the silver hilt,—
Three times he felt the blade,—
Three times it fell with furious force,—
Three ghastly wounds it made.

Now with redoubled rage he roared,
His eye-ball flashed with fire ;
Each hairy limb with fury shook,
And all his heart was ire.

Then closing fast, with furious gripe,
He clasped the champion round,
And with a strong and sudden twist,
He laid him on the ground.

But soon the knight, with active spring,
O'erturned his hairy foe :
And now between their sturdy fists
Passed many a bruising blow.

They rolled and grappled on the ground,
And there they struggled long :
Skilful and active was the Knight,—
The Savage he was strong.

But brutal force and savage strength
To art and skill must yield :
Sir Valentine at length prevailed,
And won the well-fought field.

Then binding straight the conquered foe
Fast with an iron chain,
He ties him to his horse's tail,
And leads him o'er the plain.

To Court, his hairy captive soon
Sir Valentine doth bring,
And kneeling down upon his knee,
Presents him to the King.

With loss of blood and loss of strength,
The Savage tamer grew,
And to Sir Valentine became
A servant tried and true. *

And 'cause with Bears † he erst was bred,—
Ursine † they call his name,—
A name which unto future times
The Muses shall proclaim.

* Similar to this was the case of the Giant Ascapart, who after being subdued, became a most zealous and trusty servant to Sir Bevis.—See the old Romance of Bevis of Hampton. Two ancient figures of these worthies are to be seen painted on the Bar Gate at Southampton.—ED.

† *Ursus*, a bear,—*Lat.* *Orson* is derived, in the same manner, from *Ours*,—*Fr.*

VALENTINE AND URSINE.

PART II.

IN high renown with prince and peer,
Now lived Sir Valentine ;
His high renown with prince and peer,
Made envious hearts repine.

It chanced, the King upon a day
Prepared a sumptuous feast,
And there came lords and dainty dames,
And many a noble guest.

Amid their cups, that freely flowed,
Their revelry and mirth,
A youthful knight taxed Valentine
With base and doubtful birth.

The foul reproach, so grossly urged,
His generous heart did wound,
And straight he vowed he ne'er would rest
Till he his parents found.

Then bidding King and Peers adieu,
Early one summer's day,
With faithful Ursine by his side,
From court he took his way.

Over hill and valley, moss and moor,
For many a day they pass,
At length, upon a moated lake,*
They found a bridge of brass.

Beyond it rose a castle fair,
All built of marble stone,
The battlements were gilt with gold,
And glittered in the sun.

Beneath the bridge, with strange device
A hundred bells † were hung,
That man, nor beast, might pass thereon,
But straight their larum rung.

This quickly found the youthful pair,
Who boldly crossing o'er,
The jingling sound bedeaft their ears,
And rung from shore to shore.

* A lake that served for a moat to a castle.—Dr. PENCY.

† "The circumstance of the Bridge of Bells is taken from the old metrical legend of Sir Beves, and has also been copied in the Seven Champions. The original lines are—

'Over the dyke a bridge there lay,
That man and beeste might passe away,
Under the brydge were sixty *balles*,
Right as the Romans (romance) tells,
That there might no man passe in,
But all they rang with a gyn.' "

Dr. PENCY

Gyn is probably *engine*; i. e. the machinery which caused the bells to sound.

Quick, at the sound, the castle gates
Unlocked and opened wide,
And straight a Giant huge and grim,
Stalked forth with stately pride.

Now yield you, caitiffs, to my will,
He cried with hideous roar,
Or else the wolves shall eat your flesh,
And ravens drink your gore.

Vain boaster ! said the youthful knight,
I scorn thy threats and thee—
I trust to force thy brazen gates,
And set thy captives free.

Then putting spurs unto his steed,
He aimed a dreadful thrust ;
The spear against the giant glanced,
And caused the blood to burst.

Mad and outrageous with the pain,
He whirled his mace of steel,—
The very wind of such a blow
Had made the champion reel.

It haply missed ; and now the knight
His glittering sword displayed,
And riding round with whirlwind speed,
Oft made him feel the blade.

As when a large and monstrous oak
Unceasing axes hew,
So fast around the giant's limbs
The blows quick darting flew.

As when the boughs with hideous fall
Some hapless woodman crush,
With such a force the enormous foe
Did on the champion rush.

A fearful blow, alas! there came,
Both horse and knight it took,
And laid them senseless in the dust,
So fatal was the stroke.

Then smiling forth a hideous grin,
The Giant strides in haste,
And, stooping, aims a second stroke—
“Now caitiff, breath thy last.”

But ere it fell, two thundering blows
Upon his skull descend;
From Ursine's knotty club they came,
Who ran to save his friend.

Down sunk the Giant, gaping wide,
And rolling his grim eyes;
The hairy youth repeats his blows—
He gasps, he groans, he dies.

Quickly, Sir Valentine revived,
With Ursine's timely care;
And now to search the castle walls
The venturous youths repair.

The blood and bones of murdered knights
They found where'er they came;
At length, within a lonely cell,
They saw a mournful Dame.

Her gentle eyes were dim with tears,
Her cheeks were pale with woe;
And long Sir Valentine besought,
Her doleful tale to know.

Alas! young knight, she weeping said,
Condole my wretched fate;
A childless mother here you see,
A wife without a mate.

These twenty winters here forlorn
I've drawn my hated breath,
Sole witness of a monster's crimes,
And wishing ay for death.

Know, I am sister of a king ;
And in my early years
Was married to a mighty prince,
The fairest of his peers.

With him I sweetly lived in love
A twelvemonth and a day,
When lo, a foul and treacherous priest
Upwrought our love's decay.


His seeming goodness won him power—
He had his master's ear ;
And long to me and all the world
He did a saint appear.

One day, when we were all alone,
He proffered odious love ;
The wretch with horror I repulsed,
And from my presence drove.

He feigned remorse, and piteous begg'd,
His crime I'd not reveal ;
Which, for his seeming penitence,
I promised to conceal.

With treason, villany, and wrong,
My goodness he repay'd ;
With jealous doubts he filled my lord,
And me to woe betrayed.

He hid a slave within my bed,
Then raised a bitter cry ;
My lord, possessed with rage, condemned
Me, all unheard to die.



But 'cause I then was great with child,
At length my life he spared,
But bade me instant quit the realm,
One trusty knight my guard.

Forth on my journey I depart,
Oppressed with grief and woe ;
And towards my brother's distant court,
With breaking heart I go.

Long time through sundry foreign lands,
We slowly pace along ;
At length, within a forest wild,
I fell in labour strong.

And while the knight for succour sought,
And left me there forlorn,
My childbed pains so fast increased,
Two lovely boys were born.

The eldest fair and smooth as snow,
That tips the mountain hoar ;
The younger's little body rough,
With hairs was covered o'er.

But here afresh begin my woes—
While tender care I took,
To shield my eldest from the cold,
And wrap him in my cloak,

A prowling Bear burst from the wood,
And seized my younger son ;
Affection lent my weakness wings,
And after them I run.

But all forewearied, weak and spent,
I quickly swooned away,
And there beneath the green-wood shade,
Long time I lifeless lay.

At length the knight brought me relief,
And raised me from the ground ;
But neither of my pretty babes
Could ever more be found.

And while in search we wandered far,
We met that Giant grim,
Who ruthless slew my trusty knight,
And bare me off with him.

But charmed by heaven, or else my griefs,
He offered me no wrong ;
Save that within these lonely walls,
I've been immured so long.

Now, surely, said the youthful knight,
You are Lady Bellisance,
Wife to the Grecian Emperor,
Your brother's King of France.

For in your royal brother's court
Myself my breeding had,
Where oft the story of your woes
Hath made my bosom sad.

If so, know your accuser's dead,
And dying owned his crime ;
And long your lord hath sought you out,
Through every foreign clime.

And when no tidings he could learn,
Of his much wronged wife,
He vowed thenceforth within his court,
To lead a hermit's life.

Now Heaven is kind, the lady said,
And dropped a joyful tear,
Shall I once more behold my lord !
That lord I love so dear.

But, madam, said Sir Valentine,
And knelt upon his knee ;
Know you the cloak that wrapped your babe,
If you the same should see ?

And pulling forth the cloth of gold,
In which himself was found,
The lady gave a sudden shriek,
And fainted on the ground.

But by his pious care revived,
His tale she heard anon ;
And soon by other tokens found,
He was indeed her son.

But who's this hairy youth, she said,
He much resembles thee ;
The bear devoured my younger son,
Or sure that son was he ?

Madam, this youth with bears was bred,
And reared within their den ;
But recollect ye any mark,
To know your son again ?

Upon his little side, quoth she,
Was stamped a bloody rose,—
Here lady, see the crimson mark,
Upon his body grows.

Then clasping both her new-found sons,
She bathed their cheeks with tears ;
And soon towards her brother's court,
Her joyful course she steers.

What pen can paint King Pepin's joy ?
His sister thus restored ;
And soon a messenger was sent,
To cheer her drooping lord.

Who came in haste, with all his peers,
To fetch her home to Greece,
Where many happy years they reigned,
In perfect love and peace.

To them Sir Ursine did succeed,
And long the sceptre bare ;
Sir Valentine he stayed in France,
And was his uncle's heir.

PERCY.

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

FROM the Pepysian Collection, and probably of the time of
James the First.

Of Hector's deeds did Homer sing,
And of the sack of stately Troy,
What griefs fair Helena did bring,
That was Sir Paris' only joy ;
And by my pen I will recite
St. George's deeds—an English knight.

Against the Saracens so rude,
Fought he full long and many a day,
Where many Giants he subdued,
In honour of the Christian sway ;
And after many adventures past,
To Egypt land he came at last.

Now, as the story plain doth tell,
Within that country then did rest
A dreadful Dragon fierce and fell,
Whereby they were full sore oppress ;
Who by his poisonous breath each day
Did many of the city slay.

The grief whereof did grow so great,
 Throughout the limits of the land,
 That they their wise men did intreat,
 To shew their cunning, out of hand,
 What way they might this fiend destroy
 That did the country thus annoy.

The wise men all before the king,
 This answer framed, incontinent,
 The Dragon none to death might bring,
 By any means they could invent :
 His skin more hard than brass was found,
 No sword or spear could pierce or wound.

When this the people understood,
 They cried out most piteously :
 The Dragon's breath infects their blood,
 That every day in heaps they die :
 Among them such a plague it bred,
 The living scarce could bury the dead.

No means there were, as they could hear,
 For to appease the Dragon's rage,
 But to present some virgin clear,*
 Whose blood his fury might appease.
 Each day he would a maiden eat,
 For to allay his hunger great.

* In the Chivalric ages, *dragons* formed a striking class in Natural History : they had a most unhappy and wicked custom of eating young ladies, which, however, was generally, in the most interesting cases, frustrated by the appearance of some gallant and generous Knight, who *spitted* the dragon instead, and was of course rewarded with the hand of the lady, who, in addition to perfect beauty, was adorned with every virtue. So far it is a pretty fable. But "the age of chivalry is gone," as said the eloquent Burke : and the dragons of romance are gone with it,—wings, tails, and all. Yet it is to be feared that the fair sex meet with too many *biped* ones, who would indeed devour them !—and against whom, in this selfish age, they may look in vain for a generous champion.

This thing by art the wise men found,
Which truly must observed be ;
Wherefore throughout the city round
A virgin pure of good degree,
Was, by the King's commission, still
Taken up to serve the Dragon's will.

Thus did the Dragon every day
Untimely crop some virgin flower,
Till all the maids were worn away,
And none were left him to devour,
Saving the King's fair daughter bright,
Her father's only heart's delight.

Then came the officers to the King,
That heavy message to declare,
Which did his heart with sorrow sting,—
She is, quoth he, my kingdom's heir ;
O ! let us all be poisoned here,
Ere she should die that is my dear.

Then rose the people presently,
And to the King in rage they went :
They said his daughter dear should die,
The Dragon's fury to prevent—
Our daughters are all dead, quoth they,
And have been made the Dragon's prey.

And by their blood we rescued were,
And thou hast saved thy life thereby,
And now, in sooth, it is but fair
For us thy daughter thus should die.
O, save my daughter, said the King,
And let me feel the Dragon's sting !

Then fell fair Sabra on her knees,
And to her father dear did say,

O father, strive not thus for me,
But let me be the Dragon's prey—
It may be, for my sake alone,
This plague upon the land was thrown.

'Tis better I should die, she said,
Than all your subjects perish quite ;
Perhaps the Dragon here was laid,
For my offence to work his spite,
And after he has sucked my gore,
Your land shall feel the grief no more.

What hast thou done, my daughter dear,
For to deserve this heavy scourge ?
It is my fault, as may appear,
Which makes the Gods our state to purge—
Then ought I die to stint the strife,
And to preserve thy happy life.

Like madmen, all the people cried,
Thy death to us can do no good ;
Our safety only doth abide
In making her the Dragon's food.*
Lo ! here I am—I come,—quoth she,
Therefore do what you will with me.

Nay, stay, dear daughter, quoth the Queen ;
And as thou art a virgin bright,
That hast for virtue famous been,
So let me clothe thee all in white,
And crown thy head with flowers sweet,
An ornament for virgins meet.

* Of such fabulous instances of exposure to monsters, the classical story of Andromeda, and more especially that of Hesione, afford instances in point, with many others. Abundance is also to be found in the early romancers, and in Ariosto, Spenser, &c.

And when she was attired so,
 According to her mother's mind,
 Unto the stake then did she go ;
 To which her tender limbs they bind.
 And being bound to stake a-thrall,
 She bade farewell unto them all.

Farewell, my father dear, quoth she,
 And my sweet mother, meek and mild ;
 Take you no thought, nor weep for me,
 For you may have another child—
 Since for my country's good I die,
 Death I receive most willingly.

The King and Queen, and all their train,
 With weeping eyes, went then their way,
 And let their daughter there remain
 To be the hungry dragon's prey ;
 But as she did the re weeping lie,
 Behold St. George came riding by.*

* Of this tutelar Champion of England, very little certain is known, beyond the fact of his having been a martyr in the reign of Diocletian, about A. D. 300. It is probable, from the traditions current of his history, that he was a person distinguished for valour, and perhaps an officer in the Roman army. Dr. Milner, a late titular Roman Catholic Bishop, published a treatise on his existence and exploits.

The outline of this legend is taken from the romance of *Sir Bevis*; in which are some particulars, not adopted here, which Mr. Ellis, in his prose epitome, has placed in rather a ludicrous light. At the first onset, the dragon whipped Sir Bevis with his tail, into a well; and *well* it was for the Knight he did so, as this was a sainted stream, and endowed with healing properties, by virtue of which Sir Bevis sprung up into the upper regions,—like Antæus from the earth,—with renewed vigour. Twice, or three times more was he flapped backwards into the same receptacle, by the irresistible tail; but at length he succeeded in disabling his truculent enemy, by slicing off a portion, several feet in length, of this useful and ornamental appendage,—thus *curtailing* the dragon of one of his most formidable weapons; and then attacking “the very head and front of his offending,” he put a final stop to all his outrages and gambols for the future.

And seeing there a lady bright
So rudely tied unto a stake,
As well became a valiant knight,
He straight to her his way did take.
Tell me, sweet maiden, then quoth he,
What caitiff thus abuseth thee?—

And lo! by Christ his cross I vow,
Which here is figured on my breast,
I will revenge it on his brow,
And break my lance upon his crest :—
And speaking thus, where as he stood,
The Dragon issued from the wood.

The lady that did first espy
The dreadful Dragon coming so,
Unto St. George aloud did cry,
And willed him away to go—
Here comes the cursed fiend, quoth she,
That soon will make an end of me.

St. George then looking round about,
The fiery Dragon soon espied,
And like a knight of courage stout,
Against him did most fiercely ride.
When with such blows he did him greet,
He fell beneath his horse's feet.

For with his lance that was so strong,
As he came gaping in his face,
In at his mouth he thrust along,—
For he could pierce no other place;
And thus within the lady's view
This mighty Dragon straight he slew.

The savour of his poisoned breath
Could do this holy knight no harm ;

Thus he the lady saved from death,
 And home he led her by the arm;
 Which when King Ptolemy did see,
 There was great mirth and melody.

When as that valiant champion there
 Had slain the Dragon in the field,
 To court he brought the lady fair,
 Which to their hearts much joy did yield.
 He in the court of Egypt staid,
 Till he most falsely was betrayed.

That lady dearly loved the knight,—
 He counted her his only joy;
 But when their love was brought to light,
 It turned unto their great annoy:
 The Morocco King was in the court,
 Who to the orchard* did resort

Daily, to take the pleasant air,—
 For pleasure so he used to walk,—
 Under a wall he oft did hear
 St. George with lady Sabra talk:
 Their love he shewed unto the King,
 Which to St. George great woe did bring.

Those Kings together did devise
 To make the Christian knight away—

* In our ancestors' days, *orchard* appears to have been the term for a large pleasure-garden, laid out in alleys and grass plots, with arbours and knots of flowers; and at the same time furnished with abundance of fruit-trees of various kinds;—a much more pleasant place, it is likely, than the more regular and ornamented inclosures now in use. We meet with perpetual instances of this expression in our ancient poets:—

“ ’Tis given out, that sleeping in mine ORCHARD,
 A serpent stung me.” *Hamlet*, i. v.

With letters him in courteous wise,
 They straightway sent to Persia :
 But wrote to the Sophy him to kill,
 And treacherously his blood to spill.*

Thus they for good did him reward
 With evil, and most subtilly,
 By such vile means they had regard
 To work his death most cruelly ;
 Who, as through Persia land he rode,
 With zeal destroyed each idol god.

For which offence he straight was thrown
 Into a dungeon dark and deep,
 Where, when he thought his wrongs upon,
 He bitterly did wail and weep :
 Yet, like a knight of courage stout,
 At length his way he digged out.

Three grooms of the King of Persia,
 By night, this valiant champion slew,
 Though he had fasted many a day ;
 And then away from thence he flew,
 On the best steed the Sophy had ;
 Which, when he knew, he was full mad.

* The classical reader will remember the story of Bellerophon,—Hom.
 Il. vi. 168,—from whence, perhaps, this idea was originally borrowed.

To Lycia, the devoted youth he sent,
 With tablets sealed, that told his dire intent.
 Now, bless'd by every power who guards the good,
 The chief arriv'd at Xanthus' silver flood :
 There Lycia's Monarch paid him honours due :
 Nine days he feasted, and nine bulls he slew.
 But when the tenth bright morning orient glow'd,
 The faithful youth his monarch's mandates shew'd.
 The fatal tablets, till that instant seal'd,
 The deathful secret to the king reveal'd.

POPE.

Towards Christendom he made his flight,
But met a Giant by the way,
With whom a combat he did fight
Most valiantly a summer's day :
Who yet, for all his bats of steel,
Was forced the sting of death to feel.

Back over the seas with many bands
Of warlike soldiers soon he past;
Vowing upon those heathen lands,
To work revenge,—which at the last,
Ere thrice three years were gone and spent,
He wrought unto his heart's content.

Save only Egypt land he spared,
For Sabra bright her only sake,
And, ere for her he had regard,
He meant a trial kind to make.
Meanwhile the King overcome in field,
Unto St. George did quickly yield.

Then straight Morocco's King he slew,
And took fair Sabra to his wife,
But meant to try if she were true,
Ere with her he would lead his life.
And though he had her in his train,
She did a virgin pure remain.

Toward England then, that lovely dame
The brave St. George conducted straight ;
An eunuch also with them came,
Who did upon the lady wait.
These three from Egypt went alone—
Now mark, St. George's valour shewn.

When as they in a forest were,
The lady did desire to rest;
Meanwhile St. George to kill a deer,
For their repast did think it best—

Leaving her with the eunuch there,
Whilst he did go to kill the deer.

But, lo! all in his absence came
Two hungry lions, fierce and fell,
And tore the eunuch on the same
In pieces small, the truth to tell;
Down by the lady then they laid,
Whereby this shewed she was a maid.

But when he came from hunting back,
And did behold this heavy chance,
Then for his lovely virgin's sake,
His courage straight he did advance,
And came into the lions' sight;
Who ran at him with all their might.

Their rage did him no whit dismay,
Who, like a stout and valiant knight,
Did both the hungry lions slay,
Within the lady Sabra's sight,
Who all the while, sad and demure,
There stood most like a virgin pure.

Now, when St. George did surely know
The lady was a virgin true,
His heart was glad that erst was woe,
And all his love did soon renew;
He set her on a palfrey steed,
And towards England came with speed.

Where having in short space arrived
Unto his native dwelling place;
Therein with his dear love he lived,
And fortune did his nuptials grace.
They many years of joy did see,
And led their lives at Coventry.

PERCY.

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

IN the year 1511, the father of this Knight having suffered at sea from the Portuguese, obtained letters of marque from James V., for his two sons, to make reprisals on the ships of that nation ; and under cover of this, they are said to have committed depredations on the English subjects ; it is not improbable that it was by connivance of the Scottish Court. The Earl of Surrey was at that time president at the council-board, where he was constantly annoyed by complaints from the English merchants, of Sir Andrew Barton's piracies. On these complaints being coldly received by Henry VIII., who was averse to a rupture with Scotland, the Earl, with generous warmth, offered to equip two ships at his own expense, and that these should be commanded by his sons, Sir Thomas and Sir Edward Howard. This offer was accepted, and two ships were immediately fitted out and put to sea, under letters of marque, which, after meeting with much foul weather, encountered the two ships of Sir Andrew Barton, when Sir Thomas attacked the *Lion*, commanded by Sir Andrew himself, and Sir Edward attacked the other ship, the " Union," or otherwise, " The Bark of Scotland." After a desperate conflict, and the death of Sir Andrew, the two ships were captured, and, with their crews, carried into the Thames. The indignation excited in King's James's mind by this exploit, is said to have been a material incitement to that expedition which ended in the fatal battle of Flodden.

Dr. Percy considers this ballad, in its present state, to have been written in the time of Elizabeth ; and, admitting that it contains some few deviations from the truth of history, he notices that it comprehends some lesser facts, omitted in the Chronicles, which he conceives to be real circumstances, more especially as one of them, which appears most unlikely, is confirmed by testimony ; viz. there being, before this capture, only *one* ship of war in the royal navy of England.

WHEN Flora with her fragrant flowers
Bedecked the earth so trim and gay,
And Neptune with his dainty showers
Came to present the month of May,

King Henry rode to take the air ;
 Over the river of Thames past he ,
 When eighty merchants of London came ,
 And down they knelt upon their knee .

O ! ye are welcome, rich Merchants,
 Good Sailors, welcome unto me.
 They swore by the rood, they were sailors good,
 But rich merchants they could not be :
 To France nor Flanders dare we pass,
 Nor Bourdeaux voyage dare we fare,
 And all for a rover that lies on the seas,
 Who robs us of our merchants' ware.

King Henry frowned, and turned him round,
 And swore by the Lord that was mickle of might,
 I thought he had not been in the world
 Durst have wrought England such unright.
 The merchants sighed, and said, Alas !
 And thus they did their answer frame :
 He is a proud Scot, that robs on the seas,
 And Sir Andrew Barton is his name,

The King looked over his left shoulder,
 And an angry look then looked he :
 Have I never a Lord in all my realm
 Will fetch yon traitor unto me ?
 Yea, that dare I, Lord Howard says,—
 Yea, that dare I with heart and hand ;
 If it please your Grace to give me leave,
 Myself will be the only man.

* Mr. Ritson has published a version of this ballad, rather different, and at the same time inferior in consequence of his using a common printed copy, whereas Dr. Percy improved his, by comparing it with a MS. In this place, the former copy says—

“ Unto a mountain top, also,
 Did walk some pleasure for to see.”

Probably intended to mean the hill, in Greenwich Park.

Thou art but young, the King replied,
 Yon Scot hath numbered many a year.
 Trust me, my liege, I'll make him quail,
 Or before my Prince I will never appear.
 Then bowmen and gunners thou shalt have,
 And choose them over my realm so free,
 Besides good mariners and ship-boys,
 To guide the Great Ship on the sea.

The first man that Lord Howard chose
 Was the ablest gunner in all the realm,
 Though he was threescore years and ten,
 Good Peter Simon was his name.
 Peter, says he, I must to the sea,
 To bring home a traitor, 'live or dead,
 Before all others I have chosen thee,
 Of a hundred gunners to be at the head.

If you, my Lord, have chosen me,
 Of a hundred gunners to be the head,
 Then hang me up on your main-mast tree,
 If I miss my mark one shilling braid.*
 My Lord then chose a bowman rare,
 Whose active hands had gain'd him fame ;
 In Yorkshire was this gentleman born,
 And William Horseley was his name.

Horseley, said he, I must with speed
 Go seek a traitor on the sea ;
 And now, of a hundred bowmen brave
 To be the head I have chosen thee.
 If you, quoth he, have chosen me,
 Of a hundred bowmen to be the head,
 On your main-mast I'll hanged be,
 If I miss twelvescore † one penny braid.

* Or *brode*, breadth.

† At the distance of twelve score paces.

With pikes and guns, and bowmen bold,
The noble Howard is gone to sea,
With a valiant heart and a pleasant cheer,
Out at Thames' mouth sailed he.
And days he scant had sailed three,
Upon the voyage he took in hand,
But there he met with a noble ship,
And stoutly made it stay and stand.

Thou must tell me, Lord Howard said,
Now who thou art, and what's thy name,
And show me where thy dwelling is,
And whither bound, and whence thou came.
My name is Henry Hunt, quoth he,—
With a heavy heart and a careful mind;
I and my ship do both belong
To the Newcastle, that stands upon Tyne.

Hast thou not heard, now, Henry Hunt,
As thou hast sailed by day and by night,
Of a Scottish rover on the seas,
Men call him Sir Andrew Barton, knight?
Then ever he sighed, and said, Alas!
With a grieved mind and well away,—
But over well I know that wight;—
I was his prisoner yesterday.

As I was sailing upon the sea,
A Bourdeaux voyage for to fare,
To his hatch-board he clasped me,
And robbed me of all my merchant-ware.
And mickle debts, God wot! I owe,
And every man will have his own,
And I am now to London bound,
Of our gracious King to beg a boon.

That shall not need, Lord Howard says,
Let me but once that robber see:

For every penny ta'en thee fro,
 It shall be doubled shillings three.—
 Now God forefend, the merchant said,
 That you should seek so far amiss;
 God keep you out of that traitor's hands,
 Full little ye wot what a man he is!

He is brass within, and steel without,
 With beams in his top-castle strong,
 And eighteen pieces of ordinance
 He carries on each side along—
 And he hath a pinnace deerly dight,
 St. Andrew's cross, that is his guide,
 His pinnace beareth ninescore men,
 And fifteen cannons on each side.

Were ye twenty ships, and he but one,
 I swear by kirk and bower and hall,
 He would overcome them every one,
 If once his beams they do down fall.
 This is cold comfort, said my lord,
 To welcome a stranger thus to sea;
 Yet I'll bring him and his ship to shore,
 Or to Scotland he shall carry me!

Then a noble gunner you must have,
 And he must aim well with his ee,
 And sink his pinnace into the sea,
 Or else he never o'ercome will be.
 And, if you chance his ship to board,
 This counsel I must give withal,
 Let no man to his top-castle go,
 To strive to let his beams down fall.*

* Dr. Percy thinks that the mode of defence here alluded to, was the relic of an ancient invention of the Romans, called *Dolphins*, which were heavy weights of lead or iron, or, in the present instance, beams, suspended

And seven pieces of ordinance,
I pray your Honour lend to me,
On each side of my ship along,
And I will lead you on the sea—
A glass I'll set, that may be seen,
Whether you sail by day or night;
And to-morrow, I swear, by nine of the clock,
You shall meet with Sir Andrew Barton, knight.

by ropes to the main-top-mast. On an enemy's ship being brought close alongside, the ropes were cut, and the beams falling on the deck of the hostile ship, with great force, either sunk or materially damaged it.

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

PART II.

THE Merchant set my Lord a glass,
So well apparent in his sight,
And on the morrow, by nine of the clock,
He shewed him Sir Andrew Barton, knight.
His hatchboard it was gilt with gold,
So dearly dight it dazzled the ee—
Now, by my faith ! Lord Howard says,
This is a gallant sight to see.

Take in your ancyents,* standards eke,
So close that no man may them see,
And put me forth a white willow wand,
As merchants use to sail the sea.
But they stirred neither top nor mast,†
Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by.
What English churls are yonder, he said,
'That can shew so little courtesy ?

Now, by the rood ! three years and more,
I have been Admiral over the sea,

* An old term for a flag, whence the officer who bore the colours, and who is now styled ensign, was termed *ancient*.

† Did not lower their topsails, in sign of saluting.

And never an English, nor Portingall,
 Without my leave can pass this way :
 Then called he forth his stout pinnace—
 Fetch back yon pedlars now to me ;
 I swear by the mass, yon English churls
 Shall all hang at my mainmast tree.

With that, the pinnace it shot off,—
 Full well Lord Howard might it ken,
 For it stroke down my Lord's foremast,
 And killed fourteen of his men !
 Come hither, Simon, says my Lord,
 Look that the word be true thou said,
 For at my mainmast thou shalt hang,
 If thou miss thy mark one shilling bra id.

Simon was old, but his heart it was bold,
 His ordinance he laid right low,
 He put in chain full nine yards long,
 With other great shot, less and moe ;*
 And he let go his great-gun's shot,
 So well he settled it with his ee,
 The first sight that Sir Andrew saw,
 He see his pinnace sink in the sea !

And when he saw his pinnace sunk,
 Lord ! how his heart with rage did swell :
 Now cut my ropes, it 's time to be gone,
 I'll fetch yon pedlars back mysell.
 When my Lord saw Sir Andrew loose,
 Within his heart he was full fain,—
 Now spread your ancients—strike up drums,
 Sound all your trumpets out amain.

Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew says,
 We all, however, this geer will sway,
 It 's my Lord Admiral of England
 Is come to seek me on the sea.

* More.

Simon had a son who shot right well,
That did Sir Andrew mickle scare ;
In at his deck he gave a shot,
Killed threescore of his men of war.

Then Henry Hunt, with vigour hot,
Came bravely on the other side,
Soon he drove down his foremast tree,
And killed fourscore men beside.
Now, out alas ! Sir Andrew cried,
What may a man now think or say,
Yonder merchant thief, that pierceth me,
He was my prisoner yesterday.

Come hither to me, thou Gordon good,
That aye wast ready at my call,
I will give thee three hundred marks
If thou wilt let my beams down fall.
Lord Howard he then called in haste,—
Horseley, see thou be true in stead,
For thou shalt at the mainmast hang,
If thou miss twelvescore one penny braid.

Then Gordon swarved* the mainmast tree—
He swarved it with might and main ;
But Horseley with a bearing arrow,
Stroke the Gordon through the brain—
And he fell unto the hatches again,
And sore his deadly wound did bleed :
Then word went through Sir Andrew's men,
How that the Gordon he was dead.

Come hither to me, James Hambilton,
Thou art my only sister's son,
If thou wilt let my beams down fall,
Six hundred nobles thou hast won—

* Climbed—in the same manner as the trunk of a tree. *Query*—Where there no rope ladders ?

With that, he swarved the main-mast tree,—
He swarved it with nimble art,
But Horseley with a broad arrow
Pierced the Hambilton through the heart.

And down he fell upon the deck,
That with his blood did stream amain;
Then every Scot cried, Well away!
Alas! a comely youth is slain!
All woe-begone was Sir Andrew then,
With grief and rage his heart did swell,—
Go, fetch me forth my armour of proof,
For I will to the top-castle mysell.

Go, fetch me forth my armour of proof,
That gilded is with gold so clear:
God be with my brother John of Barton!
Against the Portingalls he it wear;
And when he had on this armour of proof,
He was a gallant sight to see,—
Ah! ne'er didst thou meet with living wight,
My dear brother, could cope with thee.

Come hither, Horseley, says my Lord,
And look your shaft that it go right;
Shoot a good shoot in time of need,
And for it thou shalt be made a Knight.
I'll shoot my best, quoth Horseley then,
Your Honour shall see, with might and main;
But if I were hanged at your main-mast,
I have now left but arrows twain.

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,—
With right good will he swarved then,
Upon his breast did Horseley hit,
But the arrow bounded back again!

Then Horseley spied a privy place,
With a perfect eye, in a secret part,—
Under the spole of his right arm,
He smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew says,
A little I'm hurt, but yet not slain:
I'll but lie down and bleed a-while,
And then I'll rise and fight again.
Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew says,
And never flinch before the foe;
And stand fast by St. Andrew's cross,
Until you hear my whistle blow.

They never heard his whistle blow,
Which made their hearts wax sore a-dread:
Then Horseley said, Aboard, my Lord,
For well I wot Sir Andrew's dead.
They boarded then his noble ship,—
They boarded it with might and main:
Eighteen score Scots alive they found,
The rest were either maimed or slain.

Lord Howard took a sword in his hand,
And off he smote Sir Andrew's head,—
I must have left England many a day,
If thou wert alive as thou art dead.
He caused his body to be cast
Over the hatch-board into the sea;
And about his middle three hundred crowns;—
Where'er thou land, this will bury thee.

Thus from the wars Lord Howard came,
And back he sailed o'er the main,—
With mickle joy and triumphing,
Into Thames' mouth he came again.

Lord Howard then a letter wrote,
 And sealed it with a seal and ring,—
 Such a noble prize have I brought to your Grace,
 As never did subject to a King.

Sir Andrew's ship I bring with me,—
 A braver ship was never none :
 Now hath your Grace two ships of war,—
 Before in England was but one.*
 King Henry's Grace, with royal cheer
 Welcomed the noble Howard home,—
 And where, said he, is this rover stout,
 That I myself may give the doom?

The rover he is safe, my Liege,
 Full many a fathom in the sea ;
 If he were alive as he is dead,
 I must have left England many a day.
 And your Grace may thank four men in the ship,
 For the victory we have won :
 These are William Horseley, Henry Hunt,
 And Peter Simon, and his son.

To Henry Hunt, the King then said,
 In lieu of what was from thee ta'en,
 A noble a-day now thou shalt have,—
 Sir Andrew's jewels, and his chain.
 And Horseley, thou shalt be a Knight,
 And lands and livings shalt have store ;

* This is an instance which Dr. Percy has alleged in confirmation of the authenticity of this ballad ; the account being confirmed by historical record. Seven years before, in the year 1504 (19th Hen. VII.), was built the *Great Harry*, at the expense of 14,000*l.* ; which was, in fact, as Hume observes, the first beginning, at that period, of an armed royal navy ; before which, the King was accustomed to hire ships from the merchants. Of this ship, the *Great Harry*, otherwise "*Harry Grace a Dieu*," the Editor has somewhere seen a painting, in which it appears to have had *four* masts,—he believes in the hall of Greenwich Hospital.

Howard shall be Earl Surrey * hight,
As Howards, erst, have been before.

Now, Peter Simon, thou art old,—
I will maintain thee and thy son : †
And the men shall have five hundred marks,
For the good service they have done. ♀
Then in came the Queen, with Ladies fair,
To see Sir Andrew Barton, knight :
They weened that he were brought on shore,
And thought to have seen a gallant sight.

But when they see his deadly face,
And eyes so hollow in his head,—
I would give, quoth the King, a thousand marks,
This man were alive as he is dead.
Yet for the manful part he played,
Which fought so well with heart and hand,—
His men shall have twelve pence a-day,
Till they come to my brother King's high land.

PERCY.

* Father to the noble Poet ; and, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Lord High Admiral at the time of the Spanish Armada, when his services proved very valuable.

† In Mr. Ritson's copy, the sums are specified ;—a *crown* a-day to Peter Simon, and *half-a-crown* to his son ; and to the sailors, *seven shillings* each, (or more probably, a *noble*,—6s. 8d.). At this rate, in the division of five hundred marks, there would have been one thousand men. This bounty, even if we multiply it *twenty* times, to correspond with the present day, does not seem very munificent.

BALLAD,
ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS MARGARET,
(DAUGHTER OF HENRY VII.), TO JAMES IV.
OF SCOTLAND.

1503.

O FAIR! fairest of every fair!
Princess, most pleasant and preclare,
The lustiest alive that been ;—
Welcome to Scotland to be Queen !

Young tender plant of pulchritude,
Descended of imperial blood !
Fresh pageant flower of fairhood sheen !
Welcome, of Scotland to be Queen !

Sweet lusty* imp of beauty clear !
Most mighty King's daughter dear,
Born of a princess most serene ;—
Welcome, of Scotland to be Queen !

Welcome the Rose, both Red and White !
Welcome, the flower of our delight !
Our spirit rejoicing from the spleen ;—
Welcome ! of Scotland to be Queen !

EVANS.

* This did not, at that time, imply what would now be called *en bon point*; it was intended to express perfect vigour and health, both of mind and body; and was therefore applicable to the slightest and most graceful proportions.

JOHNNY ARMSTRONG'S GOOD-NIGHT.

THE hero of the following ballad lived in Westmoreland, near the river Ewse; and subsisted, himself, and a large body of men, by levying contributions and tribute on his neighbours, both Scotch and English;—he was, in short, a moss-trooper. James V. raised a small army, and encamped near the river Ewse, with the purpose of destroying the banditti; when John Armstrong, being aware of his danger, held a converse with some of the king's officers, who persuaded him to make his submission, assuring him of a favourable reception. He accordingly set out, with an attendance of sixty men unarmed, and, anticipating no hostility, neglected to provide passes and a safe conduct; when these treacherous advisers laid an ambush for him, and carried him and his men to the king as prisoners, where they not only denounced him for the offences he had actually committed, but added a false accusation,—that he had plotted to deliver up that part of the country to the English. On this deceptive suggestion, and from this instance of truly *Punic* faith, the unhappy man was hanged, with fifty-four of his companions; the remaining six being retained as hostages. Mr. Evans observes, that the author of the ballad has thought proper to elevate the catastrophe of his hero, by causing him to die in fight, assigning to him eight score attendants, instead of three, and laying the scene in Edinburgh; which are the only deviations from the truth of history. This ballad is a standard and popular one.

Is there never a man in all Scotland,
From the highest estate to the lowest degree,
That can shew himself before our King,
Scotland is so full of treachery?

Yes ! there is a man in Westmoreland,
And Johnny Armstrong they do him call ;
He has no lands or rents coming in,
Yet he keeps eightscore men within his hall.

He has horses and harness for them all,
And goodly steeds that be milk white,
With their goodly belts about their necks,
With their hats and feathers all alike.

The King he writes a loving letter,
And with his own hand so tenderly—
And hath sent it unto Johnny Armstrong,
To come and speak with him speedily.

When John he looked this letter upon,
He looked as blithe as a bird in a tree :
I was never before a king in my life,—
My father, my grandfather ; not one of us three.

But seeing we must go before the king,
Lord !—we will go most gallantly ;
Ye shall every one have a velvet coat,
Laid down with golden laces three.

And every one shall have a scarlet cloak,
Laid down with silver laces five ;
With your golden belts about your necks,
With hats and feathers all alike.

But when Johnny went from Gillnock-hall,
The wind it blew hard, and full fast it did rain,—
Now fare thee well, thou Gillnock-hall,
I fear I shall never see thee again.

Now Johnny he is to Edinborough gone,
With his eightscore men so gallantly ;
And every one of them on a milk-white steed,
With their swords and bucklers hanging to their knee.

But when John came the King before,
With his eightscore men so gallant to see;
The king he moved his bonnet to him,
He thought he had been a king as well as he!

O pardon, pardon, my sovereign liege,
Pardon for my eightscore men and me;
For my name it is Johnny Armstrong,
And subject of yours, my liege, said he.

Away with thee, thou false traitor,
No pardon will I grant to thee;
But to-morrow morning by eight of the clock,
I will hang up thy eightscore men and thee.

Then Johnny looked over his left shoulder,
And to his merry men thus said he,—
I have asked grace of a graceless face,
No pardon there is for you and me.

Then Johnny pulled out his good broad-sword,
That was made of the mettle so free:
Had not the King moved his foot as he did,
John had taken his head from his fair body.

Come, follow me, my merry men all,
We will scorn one foot for to fly;
It shall never be said we were hanged like dogs—
We will fight it out most manfully.

Then they fought on like champions bold,
For their hearts were sturdy, stout, and free,
Till they had killed all the King's good guard;
There were now left alive but one, two, or three.

But then rose up all Edinborough,
They rose up by thousands three;
A cowardly Scot came John behind,
And run him through the fair body.

Said John, Fight on, my merry men all,
I am a little wounded, but am not slain ;
I will lay me down and bleed awhile,
Then I'll rise and fight again.

Then they fought on like madmen all,
Till many a man lay dead on the plain ;
For they were resolved before they would yield,
That every man would there be slain.

So there they fought courageously,
Till most of them dead lay there and slain ;
But little Musgrave, that was his foot page,
With his bonny grissel got away unta'en.

But when he came to Gillnock-hall,
The Lady 'spied him presently ;
What news, what news, thou little foot-page,
What news from thy master and his company ?

My news is bad, Lady, he said,
Which I do bring, as you may see :
My master, Johnny Armstrong, is slain,
And all his gallant company.

" Yet thou art welcome home, my bonny grissel,
Full oft thou hast been fed with corn and hay ;
But now thou shalt be fed with bread and wine,
And thy sides shall be spurred no more, I say."

O then bespake his little son,
As he sat on his nurse's knee :
" If ever I live to be a man,
My Father's death revenged shall be !"

EVANS.

THE CHILD OF ELLE.

SEVERAL stanzas of this old Ballad being wanting in Dr. PERCY's Manuscript Copy, he has supplied them, with his usual elegance.—*Child*, in the old Romances, was a common term for a young knight.

On yonder hill a castle stands,
With walls and towers bedight,
And yonder lives the Child of Elle,
A young and comely knight.

The Child of Elle to his garden went,
And stood at his garden pale,
When, lo! he beheld fair Emmeline's page
Come tripping down the dale.

The Child of Elle he hied him thence,
I wis he stood not still,
And soon he met fair Emmeline's page
Come climbing up the hill.

Now, Christ thee save, thou little foot-page,
Now Christ thee save and see!
O tell me how does thy lady gay,
And what may the tidings be?

My lady she is all woe-begone,
And the tears they fall from her eyne;
And aye she laments the deadly feud
Between her house and thine.

And here she sends thee a silken scarf,
Bedewed with many a tear,
And bids thee sometimes think on her,
Who loved thee so dear.

And here she sends thee a ring of gold,
The last boon thou mayest have,
And bids thee wear it for her sake,
When she is laid in grave.

For ah ! her gentle heart is broke,
And in grave soon must she be,
Sith her father hath chose her a new love,
And forbid her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a churlish knight,—
Sir John of the North country ;
And within three days she must him wed,
Or he vows he will her slay.

Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,
And greet thy lady from me :
And tell her that I, her own true love,
Will die or set her free.

Now hie thee back, thou little foot-page,
And let thy fair lady know,
This night I will be at her bower-window,
Betide me weal or woe.

The boy he tripped, the boy he ran,
He neither stint nor stayed,
Until he came to fair Emmeline's bower,
When kneeling down, he said,

O lady, I've been with thy own true love,
And he greets thee well by me ;
This night will he be at thy bower window,
And die or set thee free.

Now day was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleep,—
All, save the Lady Emmeline,
Who sat in her bower to weep.

And soon she heard her true lover's voice
Low whispering at the wall,—
Awake, awake, my dear Lady !
'Tis I, thy true love, call.

Awake, awake, my Lady dear !
Come mount this fair palfrey :
This ladder of ropes will let thee down,
I'll carry thee hence away.

Now nay, now nay, thou gentle Knight,
Now nay, this may not be ;
For aye should I tint my maiden fame,
If alone I should wend with thee.

O lady, thou with a knight so true
May'st safely wend alone ;
To my lady mother I will thee bring,
Where marriage shall make us one.

My father is a Baron bold,
Of lineage proud and high,
And what would he say if his daughter
Away with a knight should fly ?

Ah ! well I wot, he never would rest,
Nor his ment should do him no good,
Till he had slain thee, Child of Elle !
And seen thy dear heart's blood.

O lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,
And a little space him fro,
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that he could do.

O lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,
And once without this wall;
I would not care for thy cruel father,
Nor the worst that might befall.

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe :
At length he seized her lily-white hand,
And down the ladder he drew.

And thrice he clasped her to his breast,
And kissed her tenderly :
The tears that fell from her fair eyes,
Ran like the fountain free.

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
And her on a fair palfrey ;
And slung his bugle about his neck ;
And roundly they rode away.

All this beheard her own damsel,
In her bed whereas she lay.
Quoth she, My lord shall know of this,
So I shall have gold and fee.

Awake, awake, thou Baron bold !
Awake, my noble dame !
Your daughter has fled with the Child of Elle,
To do the deed of shame.

The Baron he woke, the Baron he rose,
And called his merry men all :
And come thou forth, Sir John the Knight,
The lady is carried to thrall.

Fair Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,—
A mile forth of the town,
When she was aware of her father's men
Come galloping over the down.

And foremost came the carlish Knight,
Sir John of the North country;
Now stop, now stop, thou false traitor!
Nor carry that lady away.

For she is come of high lineage,
And was of a lady born,
And ill it beseems thee, a false churl's son,
To carry her hence to scorn.

Now, loud thou liest, Sir John the Knight,
Now thou dost lie of me;
A knight me got, and a lady me bore—
So never did none by thee.

But light now down, my lady fair!
Light down, and hold my steed,
While I and this discourteous knight
Do try this arduous deed.

But light now down, my dear lady!
Light down, and hold my horse,
While I and this discourteous knight
Do try our valour's force,

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And aye her heart was woe,
While 'twixt her love and the carlish knight,
Past many a baleful blow.

The Child of Elle he fought so well,
As his weapon he waved amain,
That soon he had slain the carlish knight,
And laid him upon the plain.

And now the Baron and all his men,
Full fast approached nigh:
Ah! what may Lady Emmeline do?
"T were now no boot to fly.

Her lover he put his horn to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill;
And soon he saw his own merry men
Come riding over the hill.

Now hold thy hand, thou bold Baron,
I pray thee, hold thy hand;
Nor ruthless rend two gentle hearts,
Fast knit in true-love's band.

Thy daughter I have dearly loved
Full long, and many a day,—
But with such love as holy Church
Hath freely said we may.

O give consent she may be mine,
And bless a faithful pair;
My lands and livings are not small,
My house and lineage fair:

My mother she was an Eerl's daughter;
A noble knight my sire.
The Baron he frowned, and turned away,
With mickle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline sighed, fair Emmeline wept,
And did all trembling stand:
At length she sprang upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.*

Pardon, my Lord and father dear,
This fair young Knight and me:
Trust me, but for the carlish Knight,
I ne'er had fled from thee.

Oft have you called your Emmeline
Your darling and your joy:
O, let not, then, your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroy!

* See FRONTISPIECE.

The Baron he stroked his dark-brown cheek,
And turned his head aside,
To wipe away the starting tear
He proudly strove to hide.

In deep revolving thought he stood,
And mused a little space ;
Then raised fair Emmeline from the ground,
With many a fond embrace.

Here ! take her, Child of Elle, he said ;
And gave her lily white hand,—
Here, take my dear and only child,
And with her, half my land.

Thy father once mine honour wronged,
In days of youthful pride :
Do thou the injury repair,
In fondness for thy bride !

And as thou love, and hold her dear,
Heaven prosper thee and thine !
And now my blessing wend with thee,
My lovely Emmeline !

PERCY.

HARDYKNUTE.

THIS celebrated and beautiful ballad first appeared anonymously in 1719. The date of the story refers to 1263; when Haco, king of Norway, made a descent on Scotland, and was defeated. Like many other beautiful compositions, it is, however, a modern forgery; and has been ascertained to be either the production of Lady Wardlaw, or of Sir John Nichols, who made use of her intervention in its publication. A second part, by Mr. Pinkerton, was published in 1781; which is inferior, upon the whole, but shews much ingenuity in seizing on a prominent point to establish a connexion between the two.

STATELY stept he east the Ha',
And stately stept he west;
Full seventy years he now had seen,
With scarce seven years of rest:
He lived when Britons' breach of faith
Wrought Scotland mickle woe,
And aye his sword told to their cost,
He was their deadly foe.

High on a hill his Castle stood,
Wi' halls and towers aheight,
And goodly chambers fair to see,
Where he lodged many a knight.

His dame, so peerless once, and fair,
 For chaste, and beauty, shewn,
 No marrow * had in all the land,
 Save Emergard the Queen.

Full thirteen sons to him she bare,
 All men of valour stout ;
 In bloody fight, wi' sword in hand,
 Nine lost their lives no doubt.
 Four yet remained ; long mote they live
 To stand by liege and land !
 High was their fame, high was their might,
 And high was their command.

Great love they bare to Fairly fair,
 Their sister soft and dear,
 Her girdle show'd her middle jimp,
 And golden glist her hair.
 What woeful woe her beauty bred !
 Woeful to young and old ;
 Woeful I trow to kith and kin,
 As story ever told.

The King of Norse, in summer tide,
 Puft up with power and might,
 Landed in fair Scotland the isle,
 With many a hardy knight.
 The tidings to our good Scot's King
 Came as he sat at dine,
 With noble chiefs, in brave array,
 Drinking the blood-red wine.

To horse, to horse, my royal liege !
 Your foes stand on the strand ;
 Full twenty thousand glittering spears
 The Chiefs of Norse command.

* Equal.

Bring me my steed Madge dapple grey,
Our good king rose and cried:
A trustier beast in all the land
A Scot's King never did ride.

Go, little page, tell Hardyknute,
Who lives on hill so high,
To draw his sword, the dread of foes!
And haste and follow me.
The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his master's arm;
Come down, come down, Lord Hardyknute,
And rid your King from harm.

Then red, red grew his dark-brown cheeks,
So did his dark-brown brow;
His looks grew keen as they were wont
In danger great to do.
He has ta'en a horn as green as grass,
And given five sounds so shrill,
That trees in green-wood shook thereat,
So loud rang ilka hill.

His sons in manly sport and glee
Had past the summer's morn;
When lo! down in a grassy dale
They heard their father's horn.
That horn, quoth they, ne'er sounds in peace,
We've other sport to bide;
And soon they hied them up the hill,
And soon were at his side.

Late yestere'en, I ween'd in peace
To end my lengthened life;
My age might well excuse my arm
From manly feats of strife:

But now that Norse does proudly boast
Fair Scotland to enthrall,
It's ne'er be said of Hardyknute,
He feared to fight or fall.

Robin of Rothsay bend thy bow;
Thy arrows shoot so leil,
That many a comely countenance
They've turned to deadly pale.
Brave Thomas, take ye but your lance,
Ye need nae weapons mair,
If ye fight with it as ye did once,
'Gainst Westmoreland's fierce heir.

And Malcolm, light of foot as stag
That runs in forest wild,
Get me my thousands three of men
Well bred to sword and shield:
Bring me my horse and harnisine,
My blade of metal clear;
If foes but kenn'd the hand it bare,
They soon had fled for fear.

Farewell, my dame, so peerless good,—
And took her by the hand;
Fairer to me in age you seem,
Than maids for beauty famed:
My youngest son shall here remain,
To guard these stately towers,
And shoot the silver bolt that keeps
So fast your painted bowers.

And first she wet her comely cheeks,
And then her bodice green:
The silken cords of twirtle twist
Were plait with silver sheen;

And apron set with many a dyce
Of needle-work so rare,
Wove by no hand, as ye may guess,
Save that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden o'er moor and moss,
O'er hills and many a glen,
When he came to a wounded knight,
Making a heavy moan :
Here maun I lie, here maun I die,
By treachery's false guiles ;
Witless I was, that ere gave faith
To wicked woman's smiles.

Sir Knight, if ye were in my bower,
To lean on silken seat,
My lady's kindly care you'd prove,
Who never kenn'd deadly hate ;
Herself would watch you all the day,
Her maids, at dead of night ;
And Fairly fair your heart would cheer,
As she stands in your sight.

Arise, young knight, and mount your steed,
Bright lows the shyning day ;
Choose from my menzie whom ye please,
To lead ye on the way.
With smile-less luck, and visage wan,
The wounded knight replied,—
Kind chieftain, your intent pursue,
For here I must abide.

To me no after day nor night,
Can e'er be sweet or fair ;
But soon, beneath some drooping tree,
Cold death shall end my care.

Still him to win strove Hardyknute,
Nor strove he long in vain ;
Short pleading eithly might prevail,
Him to his lure to gain.

I will return with speed, to bide
Your plaint, and mend your woe :
But private grudge must ne'er be quelled,
Before our country's foe.
Mordac, thy eild may best be spared,
The fields of strife frae amang ;
Convey Sir Knight to my abode,
And nurse his eager pang.

Now he is gone far yond out-o'er
Lord Chattan's land so wide ;
That lord a worthy wight was aye,
When foes his courage try'd :
Of Pictish race, by mother's side ;
When Picts ruled Caledon,
Lord Chattan claimed the princely maid
When he saved the Pictish crown.

Now with his fierce and stalwart train,
He reached a rising height,
Where brade encamped on the dale,
Norse army lay in sight :
Yonder, my valiant sons, full fierce
Our raging rovers wait,
On the unconquered Scottish sward,
To try with us their fate.

Make orisons to Him that saved
Our souls upon the Rood ;
Then bravely shew your veins are filled
With Caledonian blood.

Then forth he drew his trusty glaive,
While thousands all around,
Drawn from their sheaths glanced in the sun,
And loud the bugils sound.

To join his King, adown the hill
In haste his march he made,
While play and pibrochs, minstrels meet,
Afore him stately strade.
Thrice welcome, valiant Stay of War,
Thy nation's shield and pride!
Thy king no treason has to fear,
When thou art by his side.

When bows were bent, and darts were thrown,
For throng scarce could they fly;
The darts clave arrows as they met,
Ere foes their dint mote drie.
Long did they rage, and fought full fierce,
With little skaith to man;
But bloody, bloody was the field,
Or that long day was done!

The King of Scots that scarcely brooked
The war that looked like play,
Drew his broad-sword, and brake his bow,
Since bows seemed but delay.
Quoth noble Rothsay, Mine I'll keep,
I wat its bled a score.
Haste up, my merry men, cried the King,
As he rode on before.

The King of Norse he sought to find,
With him to mense the fight;
But a sharp unsonsie shaft there did
Upon his forehead light:

As he his hand put up to feel
 The wound, an arrow keen,
 O woeful chance! there pinned his hand
 In midst, atweene his eyne.

Revenge! revenge! cried Rothsay's heir,
 Your mail-coat shall not bide
 The strength and sharpness of my dart,
 Whilk shone the river's pride.
 Another arrow well he marked,
 It pierced his neck in twa ;
 His hands then caught the silver reins,
 He low as earth did fa'.

Sore bleeds my liege! Sore, sore he bleeds!
 —Again with might he drew,
 And gesture dread his sturdy bow;
 Fast the broad arrow flew:
 Woe to the knight he ettled * at;
 Lament now Queen Elgreid;
 Hire dames to wail your darling's fall,
 His youth, and comely meed.

Tak aff, tak aff his costly jupe,
 (Of gold well was it twined,
 Knit like the fowler's net, through whilk
 His steely harness shined).
 Bear Norse that gift frae me, and bid
 Him 'venge the blood it wears;
 Say, if he face my bended bow
 He sure nae weapon fears.

Proud Norse, with giant body tall,
 Braid shoulder, and arms strong,
 Cry'd, Where is Hardyknute sae famed,
 And fear'd at Britain's throne?

Though Britons tremble at his name,
 I soon sall make him wail
 That eir my sword was made sae sharp,
 Sae soft his coat of mail.

- That brag his stout heart cou'dna bide,
 It lent him youthfu' might :
 I'm Hardyknute !—this day, he cried,
 To Scotland's king I hight,
 To lay thee low as horse's hoof ;
 My word I mean to keep :
 Soon with the first dint, eir he strake,
 He gar'd his body bleed.

Norse' eyn like grey gosehawk stared wild,
 He sigh'd with shame and spite ;
 Disgraced is now my far-famed arm,
 That left thee power to strike.
 Soon gied his helm a blow sae fell,
 It made him down to stoop,
 Sae low as he to ladies used
 In courtly gyse to lout.

Full soon he raised his bent body ;
 His bow he marveld sair,
 S'n blows till then on him but dared
 As touch of Fairly fair.
 Norse ferlied too, as sair as he,
 To see his stately look ;
 Sae sune as eir he strake a foe,
 So soon his life he took.

Where, like a fire to hether set,
 Bold Thomas did advance,
 A sturdy foe, wi' look enraged,
 Up towards him did prance :

• Wondered.

He spurred his steed through thickest ranks,
The hardy youth to quell;
Wha stude unmoovit at his approach,
His fury to repell.

That short brown shaft, sae meanly trimm'd,
Looks like poor Scotland's geir;
But dreadfu' seems the rusty point!
And loud he laugh in jeir.
Aft Britons' blude has dimm'd its shine,
Its point cut short their vaunt—
Soon pierc'd the boaster's bairded cheek,
Nae time he took to taunt.

Short while he in his saddle swang,
His stirrup was nae stay;
But feible hang his unbent knee,
Sure taken he was fey!
Swyth on the harden'd clay he fell,
Right far was heard the thud;*
But Thomas looked not as he lay
All weltering in his blude.

Wi' careless gesture, mind unmov'd,
On rade he, north the plain,
The same in peace, or fiercest strife,
Aye reckless, and the same.
Nor yet his heart dame's dimpled cheek
Could meise saft love to brook;
Till vengefu' Ann returned his scorn,
Then languid grew his look.

In throes of death, with weltering cheek,
All panting on the plain,
The bleeding corpse of warriors lay,
Never to rise again.

Ne'er to return to native land ;
 No more with blithsome sounds,
 To boast the glories of that day,
 And show their shining wounds.

On Norway's coast the widowed dame
 May wash the rocks with tears,
 May long look over the shipless seas
 Before her mate appears.
 Cease, Emma, cease to hope in vain,
 Thy lord lies in the clay ;
 The valiant Scots no rovers thole *
 To carry life away.

There on a lee, where stands a Cross,
 Set up for monument,
 Thousands fu' fierce, that summer's day,
 Fill'd keen war's black intent.
 Let Scots, while Scots, praise Hardyknute,
 Let Norse the name aye dread ;
 Aye, how he fought, aft how he spair'd,
 Sall latest ages read.

Loud and chill blew the westling wind,
 Sair beat the heavy shower ;
 Mirk grew the night ere Hardyknute
 Wan neir his stately tower :
 His tour, that us'd wi' torches blaze
 To shine sae far at night,
 Seim'd now as black as mourning weed :
 Nae marvel sair he sigh'd.

There's nae light in my lady's bower,
 There's nae light in my ha' ;
 Nae blink shines round my Fairly fair,
 Nae ward stands on my wa'.

* Suffer.

What bodes it? Robert, Thomas, say?
Nae answer fits their dread.
Stand back, my sons, I'll be your guide!—
But by they past wi' speed.

“As fast I hae sped owre Scotland's faes”—
There ceas'd his brag of war;
Sair sham'd to mind aught but his dame,
And maiden Fairly fair.
Black fear he felt,—but what to fear
He wistna:—yit wi' dread
Sair shook his body, sair his limbs,
And a' the warriour fled!

• • • • •

KEMPION.

OUR ideas of Dragons are probably derived from the Scandinavians. The legends of Regnar Lodbrog, and of the huge snake in the Edda by whose folds the earth is encircled, are well known. Griffins and dragons are fabled by the Danes as watching over and defending hoards of gold. From these authorities, and that of Herodotus, our Milton derives his simile :—

“ As when a *gryphon*, through the wilderness,
With winged course o’er hill and mossy dale,
Pursues the Arimaspiān, who, by stealth,
Had, from his wakeful custody, purloined
The guarded gold.”

In Boiardo’s *ORLANDO INAMORATO*, c. xxv. xxvi. is a story somewhat similar to the present. The renowned Sir John Mandeville recounts another, which, he says, occurred in one of the Grecian Islands. And a third, of more modern date, is traditionally current at Basil in Switzerland.

The manor of Sockburn, in the county of Durham, is held of the Bishop, as palatine, by presenting to him on his first arrival, at a certain spot in his diocese, an ancient sword, with which one Pollard is said to have killed, in times of yore, a dragon, or “fiery flying serpent,” and the Bishop has to hear the legend formally recounted, with as much gravity as he may.—[*From the Introduction*].

COME here, come here, ye freely feed,
And lay your head low on my knee;
The heaviest weird I will you read,
That ever was read to gay lady.

O, mickle dolour shall ye dree,*
 And aye the salt seas o'er ye'se swim,
 And far more dolour shall ye dree
 On Estmere † Crag, when ye them climb.

I weird ye to a fiery beast,
 And relieved shall ye never be,
 Till Kempion, the King his son,
 Come to the crag, and thrice kiss thee.

O, mickle dolour did she dree,
 And aye the salt seas o'er she swam,
 And far more dolour did she dree
 On Estmere Crag, ere she them clamb.

And aye she cried for Kempion,
 Gin he would but come to her hand.—
 Now word has gone to Kempion,
 That such a beast was in his land.

Now by my sooth, said Kempion,
 This fiery beast I'll gang and see.—
 And, by my sooth, said Segramour,
 My only brother, I'll gang with thee.

Then builded have they a bonny boat,
 And they have set her to the sea;
 But a mile before they reached the shore,
 Around them she gar'd ‡ the red fire flee.

O Segramour, keep the boat afloat
 And let her not the land o'er near;
 For this wicked beast will sure go mad,
 And set fire to a' the land and mair. .

Soon has he bent an arblast bow,
 And aimed an arrow at her head,

* Suffer.

† Estmere crags are probably intended to represent the cliffs of Northumberland, in opposition to Westmoreland.—W. S.

‡ Caused.

And swore, if she did not quit the land,
With that same shaft to shoot her dead.

O out of my stythe I winna rise,
(And it is not for the a' of thee),
Till Kempion, the King his son,
Come to the crag, and thrice kiss me.

He has louted him o'er the dizzy crag,
And given the monster kisses ane ;
Awa she gaed, and again she came,
The fieriest beast that ever was seen !

O out of my stythe I winna rise,
(And not for a' thy bow nor thee),
Till Kempion, the King his son,
Come to the crag, and thrice kiss me.

He's louted him o'er the Estmere crags,
And he has given her kisses twa :
Awa she gaed, and again she came,
The fieriest beast that ever you saw !*

O out of my den I winna rise,
Nor flee it for the fear of thee,
Till Kempion, that courteous knight,
Come to the crag, and thrice kiss me.

He's louted him o'er the lofty crag,
And he has given her kisses three ;

* Sir Walter Scott has taken a hint from this, in one of the episodes in the *Lady of the Lake* :—

“ She Crossed him once, she Crossed him twice,
That lady was so brave ;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

“ She Crossed him thrice,—that lady bold,—
He rose beneath her hand ;
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
Her brother, Ethert Brand.”

Away she gaed, and again she came,
The loveliest lady e'er could be!

And by my sooth, says Kempion,
My own true love (for this is she),
They surely had a heart of stone
Could put thee to such misery.

O was it warwolf in the wood,
Or was it mermaid on the sea ;
Or was it man, or vile woman,
My ain true love, that misshaped thee ?

It was no warwolf in the wood,
Nor was it mermaid in the sea ;
But it was my wicked step-mother,
And wae and weary may she be.

O ! a heavier weird shall light her on
Than ever fell on vile woman ;
Her hair shall grow rough, and her teeth grow lang,
And on her four feet shall she gang.

None shall take pity her upon :
In Wormeswood she aye shall wan,
And relieved shall she never be,
Till Saint Mungo come over the sea :—
And, sighing, said that weary wight,
“ I doubt that day I'll never see.”

WILLIE OF KINMONT.

THIS, which Sir Walter Scott characterises as one of the last and most gallant achievements performed upon the Border, took place in the year 1596.

O HAVE ye na heard of the false Sakelde?—
O have ye na heard of the keen Lord Scroop?—
How they have taken bold Kinmont Willie,
On Hairibee * to hang him up?

Had Willie had but twenty men ;
But twenty men as stout as he,
False Sakelde had never the Kinmont ta'en,
With eightscore in his company.

They bound his legs beneath the steed,—
They tied his hands behind his back,—
They guarded him fivesome on each side,
And they brought him over the Liddel-rack.

They led him through the Liddel-rack,
And also through the Carlisle sands,—
They brought him to Carlisle castle,
To be at my Lord Scroop's commands.

* The place of execution for the English Marches, at Carlisle.

My hands are tied, but my tongue is free ;
 And who will dare this deed avow,
 Or answer by the Border law,
 Or answer to the bold Buccleugh ?

Now hold thy tongue, thou rank rover,
 There's never a Scott shall set ye free ;
 Before ye cross my castle-gate,
 I trow ye shall take farewell of me.

Fear na ye that, my Lord, quoth Willie ;
 By the faith of my body, Lord Scroop, he said,
 I never yet lodged in a hostelrie, *
 But I paid my lawing † before I gaed.

Now word is gane to the bold Keeper,
 In Branksome Ha', where that he lay,
 That Lord Scroop has taken the Kinmont Willie,
 Between the hours of night and day.

He has taken the table with his hand,
 He gar'd the red wine spring on hie :
 Now Christ's curse on my head, he said,
 But avenged of Lord Scroop I'll be !

O is my basnet ‡ a widow's curch, §
 Or my lance a wand of the willow tree—
 Or my arm a lady's lily hand,
 That an English lord should lightly || me ?

And have they ta'en him—Kinmont Willie,
 Against the truce of Border tide,
 And forgotten that the bold Buccleugh
 Is keeper here on the Scottish side ?

And have they e'en ta'en him—Kinmont Willie,
 Withouten either dread or fear,

* Inn. † Reckoning. ‡ Helmet.
 § Colf. || Set light by.

And forgotten that the bold Buccleuch
Can back a steed, or shake a spear?

O were there war between the lands,
As well I wot that there is none,
I would slight Carlisle castle high,
Though it were builded of marble stone.

I would set that castle in a low, *
And sloken it with English blood :
There 's never a man in Cumberland
Should ken where Carlisle castle stood.

But since no war 's between the lands,
And there is peace, and peace should be,
I'll neither harm English lad or lass,
And yet the Kinmont freed shall be.

He has called him forty marchmen bauld ;
I trow they were of his ain name,
Except Sir Gilbert Elliot, called
The Laird of Stobs, I mean the same.

He has called him forty marchmen bauld,
Were kinsmen to the bold Buccleuch ;
With spur on heel, and splent on spauld, †
And glaives of green, and feathers blue.

There were five and five before them a',
With hunting horns and bugles bright ;
And five and five came with Buccleuch,
Like warder's men arrayed for fight.

And five and five, like a mason gang,
That carried the ladders long and high ;
And five and five, like broken men,—
And so they reached the Woodhouselee.

* Flame.

† Armour on shoulder.

And as we crossed the Bateable Land,
When to the English side we held,
The first of men that we met wi',
Who should it be but false Sakelde!

Where be ye going, ye hunters keen,
Quo' false Sakelde, come tell to me?
We go to hunt an English stag
Has trespassed on the Scots' countrie.

Where be ye going, ye marshalmen,
Quo' false Sakelde, come tell me true?
We go to catch a rank rover,
Has broken faith with the bold Buccleuch.

Where are ye going, ye mason lads,
With all your ladders, long and hie?
We gang to herry a corbie's nest,
That wons not far from Woodhouselee.

Where be ye going, ye broken men,
Quo' false Sakelde, come tell to me?
Now Dickie of Deghope led that band,
And the never a word of lear * had he.

Why trespass ye on the English side?
Raw-footed outlaws, stand! quo' he.
The never a word had Dickie to say,—
So he thrust the lance through his false bodie.

Then on we held for Carlisle town,
And at Staneshaw bank the Eden we crossed:
The water was great and mickle of space,
But the never a horse nor man we lost.

And when we reached the Staneshaw bank,
The wind was rising loud and high,

* Learning; ability to speak.

And there the Laird gar'd leave our steeds,
For fear that they should stamp and neigh.

And when we left the Staneshaw bank,
The wind began full loud to blaw ;
But 'twas wind and weet, and fire and sleet,
When we came beneath the castle wa'.

We crept on knees, and held our breath,
Till we placed the ladders against the wa' ;
And so ready was Buccleuch himsell,
To mount the first before us a'.

He has taken the watchman by the throat,
He flung him down upon the lead ;—
Had there not been peace between our land,
Upon the other side thou hadst gaed.

Now sound our trumpet, quo' Buccleuch,
Let 's waken Lord Scroop right merrily :
Then loud the warder's trumpet blew,
" O wha dare meddle wi' me ? "

Then speedily to work we gaed,
And raised the slogan ane and a',
And cut a hole through a sheet of lead ;
And so we won to the castle ha'.

They thought King James and all his men,
Had won the house with bow and spear :
It was but twenty Scots and ten
That put a thousand in such a stear !*

With coulters and with fore-hammers
We gar'd the bars bang merrily,
Until we came to the inner prison,
Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie.

* Stir.

And when we came to the lower prison,
 Where Willie o' Kinmont he did lie,—
 O sleep ye, wake ye, Kinmont Willie,
 Upon the morn that thou'st to die?

O I sleep saft, and I wake aft,
 It's lang since sleeping was fleyed * from me ;
 Give my service back to my wife and bairns,
 And a' good fellows that spier † for me.

Then Red Rowan has hente him up,
 The starkest man in Teviotdale—
 Abide! abide! now Red Rowan,
 Till of my Lord Scroop I take farewell.

Farewell! farewell! my gude Lord Scroop—
 My gude Lord Scroop, farewell! he cried,
 I'll pay you for my lodging maill, ‡
 When first we meet on the Border side.

Then shoulder high, with shout and cry,
 We bore him down the ladder lang ;
 At every stride Red Rowan made,
 I wot the Kinmont's irons played clang.

O mony a time, quoth Kinmont Willie,
 I have ridden horse, baith wild and wood ;
 But a rougher beast than Red Rowan,
 I ween my legs have ne'er bestrode.

And mony a time, quoth Kinmont Willie,
 I've pricked a horse out o'er the furs ; §
 But since the day I backed a steed,
 I never wore sic cumbrous spurs.

We scarce had won the Staneshaw bank,
 When a' the Carlisle bells were rung,

* Driven.

† Ask.

‡ Rent.

§ Furrows.

And a thousand men, in horse and foot,
Came wi' the keen Lord Scroop along.

Buccleuch has turned to Eden water,
Even where it flowed frae bank to brim,
And he has plunged in with a' his band,
And safely swam them through the stream.

He turned him on the other side,
And at Lord Scroop his glaive flung he :
“ If ye like na my visit in merry England,
In fair Scotland come visit me.”

All sore astonished stood Lord Scroop,
He stood as still as rock of stone ;
He scarcely dared to turn his eyes,
When through the water they had gone.

“ He is either himself a devil frae hell,
Or else his mother a witch maun be,—
I wad na have ridden that wan * water
For all the gold in Christentie !”

SCOTT'S BORDER MINSTRELSY.

THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY.

Rise up, rise up now, Lord Douglas, she says,
And put on your armour so bright ;
Let it never be said, that a daughter of thine
Was married to a Lord under night.

Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,
And put on your armour so bright ;
And take better care of your youngest sister,
For your eldest's awa the last night.

He 's mounted her on a milk-white steed,
And himself on a dapple gray,
With a buglet horn hung down by his side,
And lightly he rode away.

Lord William looked over his left shoulder,
To see what he could see,
And there he 'spied her seven brethren bold,
Come riding over the lee.

Light down, light down, Lady Margaret, he said,
And hold my steed in your hand,
Until that against your seven brethren bold,
And your father, I make a stand.

She held his steed in her milk-white hand,
And never shed one tear,
Until that she saw her seven brethren fall,
And her father hard fighting, that she loved so dear.

O hold your hand, Lord William, she said,
For your strokes they are wondrous sore;
True lovers I can get many a one,
But a Father I can never get more.

O she 's taken out her handkerchief,
It was of the Holland so fine,
And aye she dighted her father's bloody wounds,
That were redder than the wine.

O choose, O choose, Lady Margaret, he said,
O whether will ye gang or bide?
I'll gang, I'll gang, Lord William, she said,
For ye have left me no other guide.

He has lifted her on a milk-white steed,
Himself on a dapple gray,
With a buglet horn hung down by his side,
And slowly they both rode away.

O they rode on, and on they rode,
And all by the light of the moon,
Until that they came to yon wan water,
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to take a drink
Of the spring that ran so clear,
And down the stream ran his good heart's blood,
And sore she began to fear.

Hold up, hold up, Lord William, she says,
For I fear that you are slain!
'T is nothing but the shadow of my scarlet cloak,
That shines in the water so plain.

O they rode on, and on they rode,
And all by the light of the moon,
Until they came to his mother's ha' door,
And there they lighted down.

Get up, get up, lady mother, he says,
Get up, and let me in—
Get up, get up, lady mother, he says,
For this night my fair Lady I have won.

O make my bed, lady mother, he says,
O make it broad and deep!
And lay Lady Margaret close at my back,
And the sounder I will sleep.

Lord William was dead lang ere midnight—
Lady Margaret, long ere day:
And all true lovers that go together,
May they have more luck than they!

Lord William was buried in St. Marie's kirk,
Lady Margaret in Marie's quire;
Out of the lady's grave grew a bonny red rose,
And out of the knight's, a brier.

And they two met, and they two plait,
And fain they would be near;
And all the world might ken right well,
They were two lovers dear.

But bye and rade the black Douglas,
And wow, but he was rough!
For he pull'd up the bonny brier,
And flang 't in St. Marie's loch.

JAMIESON.

THE GAY GOSS-HAWK.

O waly, waly, my gay goss-hawk,
Gin • your feathering be sheen !
And waly, waly, my master dear,
Gin ye look pale and lean !

O have ye tint at tournament
Your sword, or yet your spear ;
Or mourn ye for the southern lass,
Whom ye may not win near ?

I have not tint at tournament
My sword, nor yet my spear ;
But sore I mourn for my true love,
With many a bitter tear.

But weel's me on ye, my gay goss-hawk,
You can both speak and flee ;
Ye shall carry a letter to my true love,
Bring an answer back to me.

But how shall I your true love find,
Or how should I her know ;
I bear a tongue ne'er with her spake,
An eye that ne'er her saw ?

• But.

O weel shall ye my true love ken,
So soon as ye her see ;
For, of all the flowers of fair England,
The fairest flower is she.

The red that's on my true love's cheek
Is like blood drops on the snaw ;
The white that is on her breast so fair,
Like the down of the white sea-maw.

And even at my love's bower door
There grows a flowering birk ;
And ye may sit and sing thereon,
As she gangs to the Kirk.

And four-and-twenty fair ladies
Will to the Mass repair ;
But well may ye my true love ken,
The fairest lady there.

Lord William has written a love letter,
Put it under his pinion gray ;
And he's away to Southern land
As fast as wings can gae.

And even at that lady's bower
There grew a flowering birk ;
And he sat down and sang thereon,
As she gaed to the kirk.

And when he kent that lady fair
Among her maidens free ;—
For the flower that springs in May morning
Was never so fair as she ;—

He lighted at that lady's gate,
And sat him on a pin ;
And sang full sweet the notes of love,
Till all was still within.

And first he sung a low, low note,
And syne he sang a clear ;
And aye the o'erword of the sang
Was—"Your love canna win here."

Feast on, feast on, my maidens all,
The wine flows you among ;
While I gan to my shot window,
And hear yon bonny bird's song.

Sing on, sing on, my bonny bird,
The song ye sung yest'reen ;
For well I ken, by your sweet singing,
Ye've with my true love been.

O, first he sang a merry song,
And syne he sang a grave ;
And syne he picked his feathers gray,
To her the letter gave.

Hae there a letter from Lord William ;
He says he's sent you three :
He cannot wait your love longer,
And for your sake he'll die.

Go bid him bake his bridal bread,
And brew his bridal ale ;
And I shall meet him at Mary's kirk,
Long, long ere it be stale.

The lady is gone to her chamber,
And a mournful woman was she ;
As gin she had ta'en a sudden brash,
And were about to die.

A boon ! a boon ! my father dear,
A boon I beg of thee !—
—Ask not that paughty Scottish lord,
For him you ne'er shall see :

But for your honest asking else,
Well granted it shall be.—
Then gin I die in Southern land,
In Scotland bury me.

And the first Kirk that ye come to,
Ye's gar the Mass be sung;
And the next kirk that ye come to,
Ye's gar the bells be rung;

And when ye come to St. Mary's kirk,
Ye's tarry there till night.—
And so her father pledged his word,
And so his promise plight.

She's ta'en her to her bigly bower,
As fast as she could fare;
And she has drank a sleepy draught,
That she had mixed with care.—

And pale, pale, grew her rosy cheek,
That was so bright of blee;
And she seemed to be as surely dead
As any one could be.

Then spake her cruel step-mother,
Take ye the burning lead,
And drop a drop on her bosom,
To try if she be dead.

They took a drop of boiling lead,
They dropped it on her breast:
Alas! alas! her father cried,
She's dead without the Priest.

She neither chattered with her teeth,
Nor shivered with her chin:
Alas! alas! her father cried,
There is no breath within.

Then up arose her seven brethren,
And hewed to her a bier ;
They hewed it from the solid oak,
Laid it o'er with silver clear.

Then up and got her seven sisters,
And sewed to her a kell ;
And every steek that they put in
Sewed to a silver bell.

The first Scotch Kirk that they came to,
They gar'd the Bells be rung ;
The next Scotch Kirk that they came to,
They gar'd the Mass be sung.

But when they came to St. Mary's kirk,
There stood spearman all in a row ;
And up and started Lord William,
The chieftain among them a'.

Set down, set down the bier, he said,
Let me look her upon :
But as soon as Lord William touched her hand
Her colour began to come.

She brightened like the lily,
Till her pale colour was gone :
With rosy cheek, and ruby lip,
She smiled her love upon.

A morsel of your bread, my Lord,
And one glass of your wine ;
For I have fasted three long days,
All for your sake and mine.

Go home, go home, my seven bold brothers,
Go home, and blow your horn !
I trow ye would have given me the skaith,
But I've given you the scorn.

Commend me to my gray Father,
That wished my soul good rest ;
But woe be to my cruel step-dame,
Gar'd burn me on my breast.—

Ah ! woe to you, you light woman !
An ill death may you die !
For we left father and sisters at home,
Breaking their hearts for thee.

SCOTT'S BORDER MINSTRELSY.

LADY ELSPAT.

How brent's your brow, my Lady Elspat!
How golden yellow is your hair!
O' a' the maids o' fair Scotland,
There's nane like Lady Elspat fair.

Perform your vows, sweet William, she says,
The vows which ye have made to me;
And at the back o' my mither's castle,
This night I'll surely meet with thee.

But wae be to her brother's page,
That heard the words thir twa did say;
He 's told them to her lady mother,
Who wrought sweet William mickle wae.

For she has taken him, sweet William,
And she 's gar'd bind him with his bow-string,
Till the red blood of his fair body
From ilka nail of his hand did spring

O, it fell once upon a time,
That the Lord-Justice came to town;
Out has she taken him, sweet William,
Brought him before the Lord-Justice boun'.

And what is the crime now, lady, he says,
That has by this young man been done?
O, he has broken my bonny castle,
That was weel built wi' lime and stane;

And he has broken my bonny coffers,
That was weel banded wi' oaken ban';
And he has stolen my rich jewels;
I wot he has stolen them every ane.

Then out it spake her Lady Elspat,
As she sat by Lord-Justice' knee :
Now ye have told your tale, mother,
I pray, Lord-Justice, ye'll now hear me.

He hasna broken her bonny castle,
That was weel built wi' lime and stane ;
Nor has he stolen her rich jewels,
For I wot she has them every one.

But though he was my first true love,
And though I had sworn to be his bride,
'Cause he had na a great estate,
She would this way our loves divide.

Syne out and spake the Lord-Justice,
I wot the tear was in his ee :
I see no fault in this young man ;
So loose his bands, and set him free :

And take your love, now, Lady Elspat ;
And my best blessing you both upon ;
For if he be your first true love,
He is my eldest sister's son.

There stands a steed in my stable,
Cost me both gold and white money ;
Ye's get as mickle of my free land
As he'll ride about in a summer's day.

JAMIESON.

SWEET WILLIE OF LIDDESDALE.

SWEET WILLIE, the flower of Liddesdale,
Has taken him o'er the salt-sea faem,
And he 's doen him to foreign lands,
And he 's wooed a wife and brought her hame.

And many a may in Liddesdale
Did sadly sigh to see that tide ;
But never a may in Liddesdale
Was half so comely as his bride.

For lovely-sweet fair Alice was,
And bonnie yellow was her hair ;
And happy, happy might she been,
But his mother wrought her mickle care.

His mother wrought her mickle care,
And mickle dolour gart her dree ;
For her young bairnie maun be born,
And lighter can she never be.

Sad in her bower fair Alice sits,
And sore, oh, sore! sore is her pain !
And sore and woeful is his heart,
While Willie mourns o'er her in vain.

And he has hied him to his mother,
That vilest Witch of vilest kin ;
He says, My lady has a girdle,
All diamonds out, and gold within ;

And ay at every silver hem
Hangs fifty silver bells and ten :
Oh, let her be lighter of her young bairn,
And that goodly gift shall be your ain !

Of her young bairn she's ne'er be lighter,
Nor ever see an end of wae ;
But she shall die and turn to clay,
And ye shall wed another may.

Another may I'll never wed !
Another love I'll never ken !
But sadly sighed that weary wight,
I wish my days were at an en' !

He did him tell his mother again,
And said,—My lady has a steed,
White as the drift, as roebuck swift,
His like is not in the lands of Leed ;

For he is silver-shod before,
And he is golden-shod behin' ;
And at ilka tate of that horse's mane
Is a golden chess and bell ringin' ;

And mickle did ye praise his speed,
When at the ring he ran so swift :
Oh, let her be lighter of her young bairn,
And yours shall be that goodly gift.

Of her young bairn she's never be lighter,
Nor ever see an end of wae ;
But she shall die, and go to clay,
And ye shall wed anither may.

Oh, mother! a woman's heart ye bear,
Take ruth upon a mother's pine;
Take ruth on your own flesh and blood,
Nor let her sakeless bairnie tine:

And it shall live your oye to be;
To cheer your eild in many a stead;
And sain with benisons your truff,
When in the mould your bones are laid,

Away! away! for never she
Or imp or oye to me shall be;
But she shall die and turn to clay,
And ye shall wed anither may.

Oh! mother pree'd ye e'er of love,
And can ye bid me love again?
And can *she* break her Willie's heart,
For him who dree'd a mother's pain?

And can ye thole to kill your son,
Your only hope! with ruthless rage;
Syne fa' yourself, like blasted tree,
Withered with curses, in your age?

Away! away! what blacker curse
Nor uncomplying bairn can be!
O' her young bairn she's never be lighter,
Nor ever an end of dolour see!

Then out it speak the Billy Blin,*
Of Liddes' lord that aye took care:
Then ye do buy a leaf of wax,
And kiauve it weel, and mould it fair;

And shape it bairn and bairnlie-like,
And in twa glazen een ye pit;

* A kind of domestic fairy or sprite, supposed to interest itself in the welfare of the family.

With holy water synd * it o'er,
 And by the holy Rood sain it ;
 And carry it to fair Alice's bower,
 And "*Ave Mary !*" nine times say ;
 Syne in the Lady Mother's name,
 In Alice' arms the image lay ;
 And ilka knot and bolt undo,
 Fair Alice's bower that is within ;
 And do you to your mother then,
 And bid her to your boy's christ'ning ;
 For dear's the boy to you he's been !
 Then notice weel what she will dae ;
 And do you stand a little for-by,
 And listen weel what she will say.
 Now Willie has all his bidden done ;
 In good time aye he gae warning ;
 And he's doen him to his mother then,
 And bidden her to his boy's christ'ning.
 " O who has loosed the nine witch-knots
 Among that lady's locks so fair ?
 And who the kembs of care ta'en out,
 That was among that lady's hair ?
 And who has killed the master kid,
 That ran aneath the lady's bed ?
 And who has loosed her left-foot shoe,
 And that young lady lighter made ? " †
 Then out it spake the Billy Blin,
 As, aye at hand, he harkit near ;
 (And the witch did quake in lith and limb,
 The weird of Billy Blin to hear) :

* Sprinkle.

† Deceived by the false intelligence, the witch lays open her machinations, which the sprite on the instant counteracts.

O, Willie has loosed the nine witch-knots,
Among that lady's locks so fair;
And the kembs of care he has taken out,
That was among that lady's hair;

And he has killed the master kid,
That ran aneath that lady's bed;
And he has loosed her left-foot shoe,
And his dear lady lighter made:

And thou, the fellest Hag on mold,
A mother's name that ever bure!
Time never shall slock the fiery pangs
I'll gar thy burning heart endure.

JAMIESON.

THE DOWIE * DENS OF YARROW.

LATE at even, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between,
To fight it in the dawning.

O stay at hame, my noble lord!
O stay at hame, my marrow!
My cruel brother will you betray,
On the dowie howms of Yarrow.

O fare ye weel, my lady gay!
O fare ye weel, my Sarah!
For I maun gae, though I ne'er return
Frae the dowie howms of Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
As oft she had done before, O!
She belted him with his noble brand,
And he's awa to Yarrow.

As he gaed up the Tinnes' bank,
I wat he gaed with sorrow,
Till down in a den he 'spied nine armed men,
On the dowie howms of Yarrow.

• Dreary.

O come ye here to part your land,
The bonnie Forest thorough?
Or come ye here to wield your brand
On the dowie howms of Yarrow?

I come not here to part my land,
And neither to beg nor borrow;
I come to wield my noble brand
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.

If I see all, ye 're nine to ane,
And that 's an unequal marrow;
Yet will I fight, while lasts my brand,
On the bonnie banks of Yarrow.

Four has he hurt, and five has slain,
On the bloody braes of Yarrow,
Till that stubborn knight came him behind,
And ran his body thorough.

Gae hame, gae hame, good brother John,
And tell your sister Sarah
To come and lift her leafu' lord;
He 's sleeping sound on Yarrow.—

Yest'reen I dreamed a doleful dream;
I fear there will be sorrow!
I dreamed I pu'd the heather green,
With my true love, on Yarrow.

O gentle wind! that bloweth south,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a kiss frae his dear mouth,
And tell me how he fareth!

But in the glen strive armed men,
They 've wrought me dool and sorrow;
They 've slain—the comeliest knight they 've slain—
He bleeding lies on Yarrow!

As she gaed down yon high, high hill,
She gaed wi' dool and sorrow,
And in the den 'spied ten slain men,
On the dowie banks of Yarrow.

She kissed his cheek, she kaimed his hair,
She searched his wounds all thorough ;
She kissed them till her lips grew red,
On the dowie howms of Yarrow.

Now hold your tongue, my daughter dear !
For a' this breeds but sorrow !
I'll wed ye to a better lord
Than him ye lost on Yarrow.

O hold your tongue, my father dear !
Ye mind me but of sorrow ;
A fairer rose did never bloom
Than now lies cropped on Yarrow !

JAMIESON.

GEORGE BARNWELL.

GEORGE LILLO, a jeweller of London, who died in 1739, *Æt.* 47, a moral and affecting writer, the author of "The Fatal Curiosity," and "Arden of Feversham," wrote a tragedy on this subject, which is sufficiently known. It appeared in 1730: but the following ballad is supposed to be about a hundred years older, and therefore has some claim on the score of antiquity. The events mentioned in both are believed to have actually occurred.

ALL youth of fair England,
That dwell both far and near,
Regard my story that I tell,
And to my song give ear.

A London lad I was—
A merchant's 'prentice bound,
My name George Barnwell; that did spend
My master many a pound.

Take heed of harlots then,
And their enticing trains;
For by that means I have been brought
To hang alive in chains.

As I upon a day
Was walking through the street,
About my master's business,
A wanton I did meet.

A gallant, dainty dame,
And sumptuous in attire;
With smiling look she greeted me,
And did my name require.

Which when I had declared,
She gave me then a kiss,
And said, if I would come to her,
I should have more than this.

Fair mistress, then quoth I,
If I a place may know,
This evening I will be with you,
For I abroad must go,

To gather monies in,
That are my master's due,
And ere that home I do return,
I'll come and visit you,

George Barnwell, then, quoth she,
Do then to Shoreditch come,
And ask for Mrs. Millwood's house,
Next door unto the Gun.

And trust me on my truth,
If thou keep touch with me,
My dearest friend, as my own heart
Thou shalt right welcome be.

Thus parted we in peace,
At home I passed right,
Then went abroad, and gathered in
By six o'clock at night,

An hundred pound and one :
With bag under my arm,
I went to Mrs. Millwood's house,
And thought on little harm ;

And knocking at the door,
Straightway herself came down,
Rustling in most brave attire,
With hood and silken gown.

Who through her beauty bright
So gloriously did shine,
That she amazed my dazzling eyes,
She seemed so divine.

She took me by the hand,
And with a modest grace —
Welcome, sweet Barnwell! then quoth she,
Unto this homely place.

And since I have thee found
As good as thy word to be,
A homely supper, ere we part,
Thou shalt take here with me.

O pardon me, quoth I,
Fair mistress, I you pray,
For why, out of my master's house
So long I dare not stay.

Alas! good sir, she said,
Are you so strictly tied,
You may not with your dearest friend
One hour or two abide?

Faith! then the case is hard,
If it be so, quoth she,
I would I were a 'prentice bound,
To live along with thee.

Therefore, my dearest George!
List well what I shall say,
And do not blame a woman much,
Her fancy to bewray.

Let not affection's force
Be counted lewd desire,
Nor think it not immodesty
I should thy love require.

With that she turned aside,
And with a blushing red,
A mournful motion she bewrayed,
By hanging down her head.

A handkerchief she had,
All wrought with silk and gold,
Which she, to stay her trickling tears,
Before her eyes did hold.

This thing unto my sight
Was wond'rous rare and strange,
And in my soul and inward thought
It wrought a sudden change :

That I so hardy grew,
To take her by the hand,
Saying, Sweet mistress, why do you
So dull and pensive stand ?

Call me no mistress now,
But Sarah thy true friend,
Thy servant Millwood, honouring thee,
Until her life hath end.

If thou wouldst here allege,
Thou art in years a boy—
So was Adonis,—yet was he
Fair Venus' only joy.

Thus I, who ne'er before
Of woman found such grace,
But seeing now so fair a dame
Give me a kind embrace.

I supped with her that night,
With joys that did abound,
And for the same paid presently,
In money twice three pound.

A hundred kisses then,
For my farewell, she gave ;
Crying, sweet Barnwell, when shall I
Again thy company have ?

O! stay not hence too long,
Sweet George, have me in mind.
Her words bewitched my childishness,
She uttered them so kind.


So that I made a vow,
Next Sunday, without fail,
With my sweet Sarah once again
To tell some pleasant tale.

When she heard me say so,
The tears fell from her eye :
O, George! quoth she, if thou dost fail,
Thy Sarah sure will die.

Though long, yet lo! at last
The appointed day was come,
That I must with my Sarah meet,—
Having a mighty sum

Of money in my hand,
Unto her house went I ;
Where my love upon her bed,
In saddest sort did lie.

What ails my heart's delight,
My Sarah dear? quoth I ;
Let not my love lament and grieve,
Nor sighing, pine and die.



But tell me, dearest friend,
What may thy woes amend,
And thou shalt lack no means of help,
Though forty pound I spend ?

With that she turned her head,
And sickly thus did say ;
O my sweet George ! my grief is great,
Ten pound I have to pay

Unto a cruel wretch ;
And God he knows, quoth she,
I have it not.—Tush ! rise, I said,
And take it here of me.

Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,
Shall make my love decay :
Then from my bag into her lap,
I cast ten pounds straightway.

All blithe and pleasant then,
To banqueting we go ;
She proffered me to lie with her,
And said it should be so.

And after that same time,
I gave her store of coin ;
Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once ;
All which I did purloin.

And thus I did pass on ;
Until my master then,
Did call to have his reckoning in,
Cast up among his men.

The which when as I heard,
I knew not what to say,
For well I knew that I was out,
Two hundred pound that day.

Then from my master straight
I ran in secret sort ;
And unto Sarah Millwood there,
My case I did report.—

But how she used this youth,
In this his care and woe ;
And all a strumpet's wily ways,
The *second* part will shew.

GEORGE BARNWELL.

PART II.

YOUNG BARNWELL comes to thee,
Sweet Sarah, my delight !
I am undone, unless thou stand
My faithful friend this night.

Our Master to account
Hath just occasion found,
And I am caught behind the hand
Above two hundred pound.

And now his wrath to 'scape,
My love ! I fly to thee,
Hoping some time I may remain
In safety here with thee.

With that she knit her brows ;
And looking all aquoy,
Quoth she, What should I have to do,
With any 'prentice boy ?

And seeing you have purloined
Your master's goods away,
The case is bad, and therefore here
You shall no longer stay.

Why, dear! thou knowest, I said,
How all which I could get,
I gave it and did spend it all
Upon thee, every wit.

Quoth she, Thou art a knave,
To charge me in this sort;
Being a woman of credit fair,
And known of good report.

Therefore, I tell thee flat,
Be packing with good speed;
I do defy thee from my heart,
And scorn thy filthy deed.

Is this the friendship, that
You did to me protest?
Is this the great affection which
You so to me exprest?

Now, fie on subtle shrews!
The best is, I may speed
To get a lodging any where
For money in my need.

False woman! now farewell,
Whilst twenty pound doth last.
My anchor in some other haven,
With freedom I will cast.

When she perceived by this,
I had store of money there;
Stay, George, quoth she, thou art too quick:
Why, man! I did but jeer.

Dost think, for all my speech,
That I would let thee go?
Faith, no! said she, my love to thee,
I wis is more than so.

You scorn a 'prentice boy,
I heard you just now swear;
Wherefore I will not trouble you.—
Nay, George ! hark in thine ear :

Thou shalt not go to night,
What chance soe'er befall ;
But, man ! we'll have a bed for thee,
Or else the devil take all.

So I, by wiles bewitched,
And snared with fancy still,
Had then no power to get away,
Or to withstand her will.

For wine on wine I called,
And cheer upon good cheer ;
And nothing in the world I thought,
For Sarah's love too dear.

Whilst in her company
I had such merriment,
All, all too little I did think,
That I upon her spent.

A fig for care and thought !
When all my gold is gone,
In faith, my girl ! we will have more,
Whoe'er I light upon.

My father's rich—why then
Should I want store of gold ?
Nay, with a father sure, quoth she,
A son may sure make bold !

I 've a sister richly wed,
I 'll rob her ere I 'll want :
Nay then, quoth Sarah, they may well
Consider of your scant.

Nay, I an uncle have,
At Ludlow he doth dwell;
He is a grazier, which in wealth
Doth all the rest excel.

Ere I will live in lack,
And have no coin for thee,
I'll rob his house and murder him ;—
Why should you not ! quoth she.

Was I a man, ere I
Would live in poor estate,
On father, friends, and all my kin,
I would my talons grate.

For without money, George,
A man is but a beast ;
But bringing money, thou shalt be
Always my welcome guest.

For shouldst thou be pursued
With twenty hues and cries,
And with a warrant searched for
With Argus' hundred eyes ;

Yet here thou shalt be safe,—
Such private ways there be,
That if they sought an hundred years,
They could not find out thee.

And so carousing both,
Their pleasures to content,
George Barnwell had in little space
His money wholly spent.

Which done, to Ludlow straight
He did provide to go,
To rob his wealthy uncle there,—
His minion would have it so.

And once he thought to take
 His father by the way ;*
 But that he feared his master had
 Took order for his stay.†

Unto his uncle then,
 He rode with might and main ;
 Who with a welcome and good cheer,
 Did Barnwell entertain.

One fortnight's space he stayed,
 Until it chanced so,
 His uncle with his cattle did
 Unto a market go.

His kinsman rode with him,
 Where he did see right plain,
 Great store of money he had took ;
 When, coming home again,

Sudden, within a wood,
 He struck his uncle down,
 And beat his brains out of his head,
 So sore he cracked his crown.

* It is thus not impossible that even *parricide*,—a crime which, amongst the Athenians, was held to be so incredible that no punishment was appointed for it, might have crowned the career of this unhappy debauchee.

"Principiis obsta."—*Hor.*

When the genial spirit of filial affection and reverence is extinguished, the prospect of all other virtues becomes dreary, and the hope clouded ; and if that ennobling influence be not recovered, no limit can be fixed to the hardness and depravity of heart which may ensue. It is like one of the main *buttresses* of an ancient and beautiful edifice, of the *first* and best architecture : when *that* is struck away, the fall of the whole structure, on its reckless disturbers, may be speedy and irretrievable. Or (to pursue a similar fancy), it is as one of the *piers* of a bridge, of more safe and certain construction than the Mahometan "*Al Strat*," and which will lead to a better paradise.—*Ed.*

† For apprehending him, if he went to his father's.—*Dr. PARRY.*

Then seizing fourscore pound,
To London straight he hied,
And unto Sarah Millwood all
The cruel fact descried.

Tush! 't is no matter, George,
So we the money have,
To have good cheer in jolly sort,
And deck us fine and brave.

Thus lived in filthy sort,
Until their store was gone;
When means to get them any more,
I wis poor George had none.

Therefore, in railing sort,
She thrust him out of door;
Which is the just reward of those
Who paths like these explore.

O, do me not disgrace!
In this my need, quoth he.—
She called him thief and murderer,
With all the spite might be.

To the constable she sent,
To have him apprehended;
And showed how far, in each degree,
He had the laws offended.

When Barnwell saw her drift,
To sea he got straightway;
Where fear and sting of conscience,
Continually on him lay.

Unto the Lord Mayor then,
He did a letter write,
In which his own and Sarah's fault
He did at large recte.

Whereby she seized was,
And then to Ludlow sent,
Where she was judged, condemned, and hanged,
For murder, incontinent.

There died this gallant quean,
Such was her greatest gains :
For murder, in Polonia,*
Was Barnwell hung in chains.

Lo ! here 's the end of youth,
That after harlots haunt ;
Who in the spoils of other men,
About the streets do flaunt.

PERCY.

* Poland :—The ship was probably bound to Dantzic.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

BY CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.*

COME, live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hill and valley, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield !

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant poesies ;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle.

* This song has been sometimes printed as Shakspeare's ; but there is now very little doubt that it is rightly attributed to Marlow. It is assigned to him by Walton (who lived very near to his time), in his " Complete Angler," wherein it is inserted, and described as " old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good ;" and also an answer, by Sir Walter Raleigh ; but this last is of inferior merit. A pleasing but extravagant poem was written in imitation of Marlow's, by Dr. Donne, who died in 1631. Christopher Marlow was a poet of very superior talents, but unhappily of unusually evil principles ; and, in consequence, of very dissolute habits. This, however, the reader would hardly discover from his noble tragedy of " Faustus : " the conclusion of which, in particular, is very finely worked up. Marlow died, disgracefully, in 1593.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we'll pull;
Slippers lined choicely for the cold;
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs :—
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love !

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning :—
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love !

PERCY.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.*

BY J. WITHERS.

[About 1630.]

So, now is come our joyfullest feast,
Let every man be jolly—
Each room with ivy leaves is dressed,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine—
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine!
And let us all be merry!

Now, all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas-blocks are burning—
Their ovens they with bak'd meats choak,
And all their spits are turning:

* This song has been inserted, as containing a curious and faithful description of the *Christmas manners* of our ancestors: in some points, doubtless, degenerating sadly into evil and intemperance, and therefore open to animadversion; but in others, exhibiting a benevolence and simplicity of character which, it is much to be lamented, in our more advanced days is becoming obsolete and neglected, and in danger of complete extinction.

Without the door let sorrow lie ;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We 'll bury 't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry !

Now every lad is wond'rous trim,
And no man minds his labour—
Our lasses have provided them
A bagpipe and a tabour !
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys,
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun,
Their hall of music soundeth ;
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run—
So all things there aboundeth.
The country folks themselves advance,
With croudy muttons out of France ;
And Jack shall pipe, and Jill shall dance,
And all the town be merry !

Ned Squash hath fetched his bands from pawn,
And all his best apparel ;
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn,
With droppings of the barrel.
And those that hardly, all the year,
Had bread to eat or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry !

Now poor men to the Justices
With capons make their errants,
And if they hap to fail of these,
They plague them with their warrants ;—

But now they feed them with good cheer,
 And what they want they take in beer,—
 For Christmas comes but once a year,
 And then they shall be merry!

Good farmers in the country nurse
 The poor, that else was undone ;
Some landlords spend their money worse,
 On lust and pride in London.
 There the roysters they do play—
 Drab and dice their lands away,
 Which may be our's another day,
 And therefore let 's be merry!

The client now his suit forbears—
 The prisoner's heart is eased ;
 The debtor drinks away his cares,
 And for the time is pleased.
 Though others' purses be more fat,
 Why should we pine or grieve at that?
 Hang sorrow ! care will kill a cat,
 And therefore let 's be merry !

Hark ! how the wags abroad do call
 Each other forth to rambling—
 Anon you 'll see them in the hall,
 For nuts and apples scrambling.
 Hark ! how the roofs with laughter sound,
 Anon they 'll think the house goes round,
 For they the cellar's depth have found,
 And there they will be merry !

The wenches with their wassel bowls,
 About the streets are singing—
 The boys are come to catch the owls,
 The wild mare in it bringing.

Our kitchen-boy hath broke his box ;
 And to the *dealing of the Ox*,
 Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
 And here they will be merry !

Now kings and queens poor sheep-cotes have,
 And mate with every body ; *
 The honest now may play the knave,
 And wise men play the noddie.
 Some youths will now a mumming go—
 Some others play at Rowland-bo,
 And twenty other games boys mo',
 Because they will be merry !

Then, wherefore in these merry days,
 Should we, I pray, be duller ?—
 No !—let us sing some roundelay,
 To make our mirth the fuller.
 And, whilst we thus inspired do sing,
 Let all the streets with echoes ring—
 Woods and hills, and every thing,
 Bear witness we are merry !

JAMIESON.

* "This was the festival of Christmas in its original institution. Then were the house, the board, the arms, and the heart, open to the stranger, the friendless, the fatherless, and the widow ; and the poor tenant was welcomed and levelled with his lord. Alas ! these happy times are now vanished : the great era of the Christian redemption is now remembered in nothing but the name. That spirit of irreligion which is gone out into the world, together with its vile and genuine offspring—the sordid, selfish, insatiable spirit of avarice and private luxury,—have either devoured or driven away the generous and the God-like spirit of public hospitality, attended with innocent and social mirth. Or, if there be yet any remains of the ancient and hospitable festivity, they are, for the most part, such only as are seen in *revells* and *riots*, bringing reproach and infamy upon this sacred and solemn Festival."—*From Dr. Delaney's Works*. 1754. It is perhaps needless to add, that this extract has no connexion with the preceding.

THE KINGES BALADE.

A song of the time of Henry VIII. ; said to have been, at some period of his reign, a great favourite with that monarch. It has even been deemed his own composition ; but this Mr. Evans thinks unfounded.

PASTIME, with good company,
I love ; and shall unto * I die,
Grudge so † will, but none deny ;
So God be pleased, so live will I.

For my pastance ‡
Hunt, sing, and dance,
My heart is set ;
All godly sport,
To my comfort,
Who shall me let. §

Youth will have needs dalliance,
Of good or ill some pastance ;
Company me thinketh them best,
All thoughts and fantasies to digest.

* Until.

† Whoso.

‡ Pastime.

§ Hinder.

For idleness
Is chief mistress
Of vices all :
Then who can say,
But, pass the day,
Is best of all !

Company with honesty,
Is virtue and vice to flee ;
Company is good or ill ;
But every man hath his free will.

The best t' ensue, *
The worst t' eschew,
My mind shall be.
Virtue to use,
Vice to refuse,
I shall use me.

EVANS.

* Seek after—lay hold of.

A SONG TO THE LUTE IN MUSIC.

Composed by Richard Edwards, who was gentleman of the chapel, and master of the choir, to Queen Elizabeth : the song is, however, said to have been written in the time of Henry VIII. The first four lines are quoted by Shakspeare, in "Romeo and Juliet," act 4, sc. 5.

WHEN griping griefs the heart would wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
There Music, with her silver sound,
With speed is wont to send redress :
Of troubled minds, in every sore,
Sweet Music hath a salve in store.

In joy, it makes our mirth abound ;
In woe, it cheers our heavy sprights ;
Be-straughted heads relief hath found,
By Music's pleasant, sweet delights :
Our senses all, what shall I say more ?
Are subject unto Music's lore.

The gods by Music have their praise ;
 The life, the soul, therein doth joy :—
 For, as the Romayn poet * says :
 In seas, whom pirates would destroy,
 A dolphin saved from death most sharp,—
 Arion playing on his harp.

O heavenly gift ! that rules the mind,
 Ev'n as the stern doth rule the ship !
 O Music ! whom the gods assigned
 To comfort man, whom cares would nip !
 Since thou both man and beast dost move,
 What beast is he, will thee disprove ?

PERCY.

* Ovid—from Herodotus. The Delphin editor of Virgil seriously asserts, that this fish has been known to be enticed and tamed by the power of music.—Every one has read Shakspeare's rather too highly-coloured picture, of the heart which

“ Is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus !—
Let no such man be trusted.”

Our great reformer, Luther, expresses his admiration of music in very naïve and forcible language. “ Music is one of the most beautiful and glorious gifts of God, to which the Evil One is a bitter enemy. By music, many tribulations and evil thoughts are driven away. It is one of the best arts ; the notes give life to the text. It expelleth melancholy, as we see in King Saul. Music is the best solace for a sad and sorrowful mind. By means of music the heart is comforted, and settles again to peace. It is said in Virgil,

‘ Tu calamos inflare leves, ego dicere versus.’

Play thou the notes, and I will sing the words.

Music is one half of discipline, and a schoolmistress that makes men more gentle and meek—more modest and intelligent. Music is a gift of God, and nearly allied to theology. I would not for a great deal be destitute of the small skill in music I have.” — LUTHER'S *Colloquia Mensalia* ; or, *Table Talk*. By Dr. AURIFABER. 1560.—Ed.

SONNET

In Praise of the Fair Geraldine.

BY HENRY HOWARD EARL OF SURREY.

[About 1540.]

FROM Tuscané came my lady's worthy race,
Fair Florence was sometime her ancient seat;
The Western Isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.
Fostered she was, with milk of Irish breast:
Her sire, an earl; her dame, of prince's blood;
From tender years, in Britain she doth rest,
With King's child, * where she tasteth costly food.
Honsdon did first present her to mine eyn;
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight.
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
And Windsor, alas! doth chase me from her sight.
Her beauty of kind, † her virtue from above;
Happy is he that can obtain her love!

RITSON.

* Maid of honour to the Princess Mary.

† Of Consanguinity, *i. e.* derived from her ancestors.

DESCRIPTION OF SPRING.

BY THE SAME.

THE soote * Season that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale ;
The nightingale, with feathers new she sings ;
The turtle to her mate † hath told her tale.
Summer is come ! for every spray now springs :
The hart hath hung his old head ‡ on the pale ;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings ;
The fishes fleet § with new repaired scale ;
The adder all her slough away she flings ;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies small ;
The busy bee her honey now she mings : ||
Winter is worn, that was the flower's bale.—
And thus I see, among these pleasant things,
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs !

CAMPBELL.

* Sweet.

† Mate.

‡ Horns.

|| Swim fleetly.

§ Mixes.

ON MUSIC.

BY WILLIAM STROUD.

[*About 1620.*]

WHEN whispering winds that creeping steal,
Distil soft passions through the heart ;
And when at every touch we feel
Our senses join and bear a part ;
When threats can make
A heart-string ache ;—
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
Our souls are made of harmony.

When unto heavenly joys we fain
Whate'er the soul affecteth most ;
Which only thus we can explain,
By Music of the heavenly host ;
Whose lays, we think,
Make stars to wink ;—
Philosophy
Will ne'er deny
Our souls consist of harmony.

O lull me, lull me, charming Air !
My senses rock with wonders sweet :
Like snow on wool thy fallings are ;
Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet !—
Grief, who needs fear,
That hath an ear ?—
Down let him lie,
And slumb'ring die,
And change his soul for harmony !

JAMIESON.

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.*

Blow, Warder! blow thy sounding horn,
And thy banner wave on high;
For the Christians have fought in the Holy Land,
And have won the victory!
Loud, loud the warder blew his horn,
And his banner waved on high:
“ Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
And the feast eat merrily!”

Then bright the castle banners shone
On every tower on high,
And all the minstrels sang aloud
For the Christians' victory:
And loud the warder blew his horn,
On every turret high,—
“ Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
And the feast eat merrily!”

The warder he looked from the tower on high,
As far as he could see:
“ I see a bold Knight! and by his red cross,
He comes from the East country.”

* The preceding Ballads of this Selection may be distinguished by the term, “ Ancient Ballads;” being supposed to be, generally speaking, and in their original state, not *less* than *two hundred* years old. Those that follow, have, for the most part, been written within the last *seventy* years; and several of them, since the commencement of the present Century.


Then loud that warder blew his horn ;
And called, till he was hoarse,—
“ There comes a bold Knight, and on his shield bright
He beareth a flaming cross.”

Then down the Lord of the castle came,
The Red-cross Knight to meet ;
And when the Red-cross Knight he 'spied,
Right loving he did him greet :
“ Thou 'rt welcome here, Sir Red-cross Knight,
For thy fame 's well known to me !
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,
And we 'll feast right merrily ! ”

“ Oh, I am come from the Holy Land,
Where Christ did live and die ;
Behold the device I bear on my shield,
The Red-cross Knight am I :
And we have fought in the Holy Land.
And we 've won the victory ;
For with valiant might, did the Christians fight,
And made the proud Pagans fly.”

“ Thou 'rt welcome here, dear Red-cross Knight !
Come, lay thy armour by ;
And, for the good tidings thou dost bring,
We 'll feast us merrily :
For all in my castle shall rejoice,
That we 've won the victory ;
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,
And the feast eat merrily ! ”

“ Oh, I cannot stay ” (cried the Red-cross Knight),
But must go to my own country ;
Where manors and castles will be my reward,
And all for my bravery.”



" Oh ! say not so, thou Red-cross Knight !
But if you'll bide with me,
With manors so wide, and castles beside,
I'll honour thy bravery."

" I cannot stay (cried the Red-cross Knight),
Nor can I bide with thee :
But I must haste to my king and his knights,
Who 're waiting to feast with me."
" Oh ! mind them not, dear Red-cross Knight !
But stay and feast with me ;
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,
And we'll banquet merrily !"

" I cannot stay (cried the Red-cross Knight),
Nor can I feast with thee :
But I must haste to a pleasant bower,
Where a lady 's waiting for me !"
" O say not so, dear Red-cross Knight,
Nor heed that fond lady ;
For she can't compare with my daughter so rare,
And she shall attend on thee."

" Now must I go (said the Red-cross Knight),
For that lady I'm to wed ;
And the feast-guests and bride-maids all are met,
And prepared the bridal bed !"
" Now nay ! now nay ! thou Red-cross Knight,
My daughter shall wed with thee :
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,
And we'll feast right merrily !"

And now the silver lute's sweet sound
Re-echoed through the hall,
And in that lord's fair daughter came,
With her ladies clad in pall ;

That lady was decked in costly robes,
And shone as bright as day;
And with courtesy sweet the knight she did greet,
And pressed him for to stay.

“ Right welcome, brave Sir Red-cross Knight!
Right welcome unto me :
And here I hope long time thou 'lt stay,
And bear us company ;
And for thy exploits in the Holy Land,
That hath gained us the victory,
The mass shall be sung, and the bells be rung,
And we 'll feast right merrily !”

“ Though ever thou press me, lady fair !
I cannot stay with thee.”
That lady frowned, to hear that knight
So slight her courtesy.
“ It grieves me much, thou lady fair !
That here I cannot stay ;
For a beauteous lady is waiting for me,
Whom I 've not seen many a day.”

“ Now fie on thee, uncourteous knight !
Thou shouldst not say me nay :
As for the lady that 's waiting for thee,
Go see her another day.
So say no more; but stay, brave knight !
And bear us company ;
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,
And we 'll feast right merrily !”

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

PART II.

AND, as the lady pressed the knight,
With her ladies clad in pall ;
Oh ! then bespake a pilgrim-boy,
As he stood in the hall.
“ Now Christ thee save ! Sir Red-cross Knight,
I ’m come from the North country ;
Where a lady is laid all on her death-bed,
And evermore calls for thee.”

“ Alas ! alas ! thou pilgrim-boy,
Sad news thou tellest me ;
Now must I ride full hastily,
To comfort that dear lady !
“ Oh—heed him not ! (the ladies cried),
But send a page to see ;
While the mass is sung, and the bells are rung,
And we feast merrily !”

Again bespake the pilgrim-boy,
“ Ye need not send to see :
For know, Sir Knight, that lady’s dead,
And died for love of thee !”

Oh! then the Red-cross Knight was pale,
And not a word could say!
But his heart did swell, and his tears down fell,
And he almost swoon'd away.

“ Now, fie on thee! thou weakly knight,
To weep for a lady dead :
Were I a noble knight like thee,
I'd find another to wed.
So, come cheer and comfort thy heart,
And be good company ;
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells be rung,
And we 'll feast thee merrily !”

In vain that wily lady strove
The sorrowing knight to cheer ;
Each word he answered with a groan,
Each soothing with a tear.
“ And now, farewell, thou noble lord,
And farewell, lady fair !
In pleasure and joy, your hours employ,
Nor think of my despair.

“ And where is her grave? (cried the Red-cross Knight),
The grave where she doth lay !”
“ Oh! I know it well (cried the pilgrim-boy),
And I 'll shew thee on the way.”
The knight was sad, the pilgrim sighed,
While the warder loud did cry,
“ Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
And the feast eat merrily !”

Meanwhile arose the lord's daughter,
And to her ladies did call :
“ Oh! what shall we say, to stay the knight,
For he must not leave the hall !”

For much that lady was in love
With the gallant Red-cross Knight;
And ere many a day, with this knight so gay,
Had hoped her troth to plight.

Oh! then bespake these ladies gay,
As they stood clad in pall:
" Oh! we'll devise how to make this knight
Stay in the castle hall."
" Now that's well said, my ladies dear;
And if he'll stay with me,
Then the mass shall be sung, and the bells be rung,
And we'll feast right merrily!"

Then softly spake those ladies fair,
Low whispering at the wall:
" Oh, we've devised how to keep the knight
In thy fair castle hall:
Now, lady, command the warder blithe,
To come from yon tower high,
With tidings to say to inveigle away
Yon wily pilgrim-boy!"

" Go, run! go, run! my foot-page dear,
To the warder take thy way,
And one of my ladies shall go with thee,
To tell thee what to say:
And now, if we can but compel the knight
To stay in the castle with me,
Then the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,
And we'll all feast merrily."

The warder came, and blew his horn,
And thus aloud did cry:
" Ho! is there a pilgrim in the hall,
Come from the North country?"

For there's a foot-page waits without,
To speak with him alone."
Thus the warder did call, till out of the hall
The pilgrim-boy is gone.

Meanwhile bespake the ladies gay,
As they stood clad in pall,
"Right glad, brave knight, we welcome thee
Unto our castle hall."
But the knight he heeded not their talk,
Although they cried with glee,
"Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
And feast thee merrily!"

"But where's the pilgrim-boy (he cried),
To shew me my lady's grave?"
That he should be sought for throughout the place,
The knight full oft did crave.
Then loud replied the ladies gay,
"Now foul that knave befall;
For lucre he hath beguiled thee,
And now hath fled the hall.

"And now, Sir Knight, do not give heed
To what he said to thee,
But send a page to the North country,
That lady fair to see;
And, while he's gone to comfort her,
O, thou shalt share our glee;
While the mass is sung, and the bells are rung,
And the feast eat merrily!"

But while those ladies, blithe and gay,
Attuned their lutes to joy,
The knight was sad, and searched around,
To find the pilgrim-boy:

He searched the castle hall about,
Through every turn and wind ;
But all in vain his toil and pain,
The pilgrim-boy to find.

In vain the lord's fair daughter sent
Her messengers to call
The knight; he would not heed their words,
Nor enter the castle hall.
In vain the wanton ladies sung,
And clamorous warders cry,—
“ Let the mass be sung, and the bells be rung,
And the feast eat merrily !”

O, then bespake those ladies gay,
As they stood clad in pall,
“ Weep not, weep not, dear lady,
Though he'll not enter the hall ;
But send the warder from the tower,
To bring the pilgrim-boy,
Whom we'll persuade to lend his aid,
This proud knight to decoy.

“ We'll make that boy, on pain of death,
The Red-cross Knight deceive :
So that no more on his account
The fair young Knight shall grieve ;
And then we'll keep the Red-cross Knight,
To bear us company ;
And the mass shall be sung, and the bells shall be rung,
And we will feast merrily !”

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

PART III.

AND now 't was night, all dark and drear,
And cold, cold blew the wind,
While the Red-cross Knight sought all about,
The pilgrim-boy to find.
And still he wept, and still he sighed,
As he mourned his lady dear!—
And where 's the feast; and where 's the guest,
Thy bridal bed to cheer?

Again he sighed; and wept forlorn,
For his lady that was dead!—
Lady, how sad thy wedding-tide!
How cold thy bridal bed!
Thus the Red-cross Knight roamed sore and sad,
While all around did cry,—
“ Let the minstrels sing, and the bells 'ying,
And the feast be eat merrily!”

And now the gentle moon around
Her silver lustre shed,
Brightened each ancient wall and tower,
And distant mountain's head;

By whose sweet light the knight perceived,
 (A sight which gave him joy !)
From a dungeon dread, the warder led,
 The faithful pilgrim-boy !

In vain the warder strove to hide
 The pilgrim-boy from him :
The knight he ran and clasped the youth,
 In spite of the warder grim.
The warder, though wrath, his banner waved ;
 And still aloud did cry,
“ Let the minstrels sing, and the bells ’yring,
 And the feast eat merrily.”

“ I ’m glad I ’ve found thee, pilgrim-boy !
 And thou shalt go with me ;
And thou shalt lead to my lady’s grave,
 And great thy reward shall be.”
The affrighted pilgrim wrung his hands,
 And shed full many a tear :—
“ Her grave,” he cried, and mournful sighed,
 “ I dread ’s — not far from here !”

The knight he led the pilgrim-boy
 Into the castle hall,
Where sat the lord, and his daughter fair,
 And the ladies clad in pall.
“ I go ! (he cried), with the pilgrim-boy,
 So think no more of me ;
But let your minstrels sing, and your bells all ring,
 And feast ye merrily !”

Up then arose the lord’s daughter,
 And called to the pilgrim-boy—
“ Oh ! come to me ! for I ’ve that to say
 Will give to thee much joy.”

Full loath the pilgrim was to go,
Full loath from the knight to part :
And lo ! out of spite, with a dagger bright,
She hath stabbed him to the heart !

“ Why art thou pale, thou pilgrim-boy ? ”
The knight, all wondering, cried ;
“ Why dost thou faint, thou pilgrim-boy,
When I am by thy side ? ”
“ Oh ! I am stabbed, dear Red-cross Knight,
Yet grieve not thou for me ;
But let the minstrels sing, and the bells ’yring,
And feast thee merrily ! ”

The knight he ran and clasped the youth,
And op’d his pilgrim-vest ;
And, lo ! it was his lady fair,—
His lady dear, he pressed !
Her lovely breast, like ermine white,
Was panting with the fright ;
Her dear heart’s blood, in crimson flood,
Ran pouring in his sight.

“ Grieve not for me, my faithful knight ! ”
The lady, faint, did cry ;
“ I ’m well content, my faithful knight,
Since in thy arms I die !—
Then comfort thee, my constant love !
Nor think thee more of me ;
But let the minstrels sing, and the bells ’yring,
And feast thee merrily !

“ Like pilgrim-boy, I ’ve followed thee,
In truth, full cheerfully ;
Resolved, if thou shouldst come to ill,
Dear knight ! to die with thee :

And much I feared, some wily fair
Would keep thee from my sight;
And by her bright charms, lure from my arms
My dear-loved Red-cross Knight!"

"Oh, Heaven forbend!" the knight replied,
"That thou shouldst die for me;
But if so hapless is thy fate,
Thy knight will die with thee!"
"O, say not so! for well my knight
Hath proved his love to me!
But let the minstrels sing, and the bells 'ying,
And feast thee merrily!"

The knight he pressed her to his heart,
And bitterly he sighed:
The lovely lady strove to cheer,
Till in his arms she died!
The knight he laid her corpse adown,
And his deadly sword drew forth;
Then looked he around, and grimly frowned,
All woe-begone with wrath.

O, then bespake the ladies fair,
As they stood clad in pall,
"Oh! this will be our burial place
That was our castle hall.—
No more to our silver lute's sweet sound
Shall we dance with revelry;
Nor the mass be sung, nor the bells be rung,
Nor the feast be eat merrily!"

Then up arose the lord's daughter,
And never a word spake she,
But quick upon the knight's drawn sword
She flung her, frantically:

The knight to his own dear lady turned,
And laid him by her side ;
With tears embraced her bleeding corpse,
Sighed her dear name — and died !

O, then bespake the affrighted lord,
And full of woe, spake he :
“ Foul fall the hour this Red-cross Knight
Did come to visit me !
For now no more will my daughter fair
Rejoice my guests and me ;
Nor the mass be sung, nor the bells be rung,
Nor the feast held merrily ! ”

And then he spake to the ladies fair,
As they stood clad in pall,
“ Lo ! this thy lady’s burial place,
That was her castle hall !
Oh then be warned, from her sad fate,
And hate the wanton love ;
But in Him confide who for thee died
And now sits throned above !

“ Warder, no more resound thy horn,
Nor thy banner wave on high ;
Nor the mass be sung, nor the bells be rung,
Nor the feast eat merrily. ”
No more the warder blows his horn,
Nor his banner waves on high,
Nor the mass is sung, nor the bells ’yrung,
Nor the feast eat merrily.

EVANS.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

A Legendary Tale.

BY THOMAS HULL.

"THE poem is written in a descriptive strain of elegiac verse, and exhibits a venerable example of passive fortitude and resignation to the will of Heaven."—*Critical Review*, April, 1774.

"THE work is done ! the structure is complete.—
Long may this produce of my humble toil
Uninjured stand : and echo long repeat,
Round the dear walls, Benevolence and MOYLE !" *

So Richard spake, as he surveyed
The dwelling he had raised ;
And, in the fulness of his heart,
His generous patron praised.

* Sir Thomas Moyle, possessor of Eastwell-Place, in Kent, in the year 1546, gave Richard Plantagenet (who for many years had been his chief bricklayer) a piece of ground, and permission to build himself a house thereon. The poem opens, just when Richard is supposed to have finished this task. Eastwell-Place has since been in the possession of the Earls of Winchilsea.

Him Moyle o'erheard, whose wandering step
Chance guided had that way ;
The workman's mien he ey'd intent,
Then earnest thus did say :

" My mind, I see, misgave me not ;
My doubtings now are clear ;
Thou oughtest not, in poor attire,
Have dwelt a menial here.

" To drudgery, and servile toil,
Thou couldst not be decreed
By birth and blood ; but thereto wrought
By hard o'er-ruling need.

" Is it not so ? That crimson glow,
That flushes o'er thy cheek,
And down-cast eye, true answer give,
And thy tongue need not speak.

" Oft have I marked thee, when unseen
Thou thought'st thyself by all,
What time the workman from his task
The evening bell did call,

" Hast thou not shunned thy untaught mates,
And to some secret nook,
With drooping gait and musing eye,
Thy lonely step betook ?

" There has not thy attention dwelt
Upon the lettered page ;
Lost, as it seemed, to all beside,
Like some sequestered sage ?

" And wouldst thou not, with eager haste,
The precious volume hide,
If sudden some intruder's eye
Thy musings had descried ?

" Oft have I deemed thou couldst explore
The Greek and Roman page ;
And oft have yearned to view the theme,
That did thy hours engage.

" But sorrow,—greedy, grudging, coy,
Esteems of mighty price
Its treasured cares, and to the world
The scantiest share denies ;

" All as the miser's heaped boards,
To him alone confined,
They serve, at once, to sooth and pain
The wretched owner's mind.

" Me had capricious fortune doomed
Thine equal in degree,
Long, long ere now, I had desired
To know thine history ;

" But who their worldly honours wear
With meekness chaste and due,
Decline to ask, lest the request
Should bear commandment's hue.

" Yet now thy tongue hath spoke aloud
Thy grateful piety,
No longer be thy story kept
In painful secrecy.

" Give me to know thy dawn of life ;
Unfold, with simple truth,
Not to thy master, but thy friend,
The promise of thy youth.

" Now, late in life, 't is time, I ween,
To give thy labours o'er ;
Thy well-worn implements lay by,
And drudge and toil no more.

“ Here shalt thou find a quiet rest
For all thy days to come ;
And every comfort, that may serve
To endear thy humble home.

“ Hast thou a wish, a hope to frame,
Beyond this neat abode ?—
Is there a good, a higher bliss,
By me may be bestowed ?—

“ Is there within thy aged breast
The smallest aching void ?
Give me to know thy longings all,
And see them all supplied !

“ All I entreat, in lieu, is this, —
Unfold, with simple truth,
Not to thy master, but thy friend,
The promise of thy youth.”

So generous Moyle intent bespake
The long-enduring man ;
Who raised, at length, his drooping head,
And sighing,—thus began :

RICHARD PLANTAGENET • RECITES HIS TALE.

HARD task to any, but thyself, to tell
The story of my birth and treacherous fate,
Or paint the tumults in my breast that swell,
At recollection of my infant state!

Oft have I laboured to forget my birth,
And checked remembrance, when, in cruel wise,
From time's abyss she would the tale draw forth,
And place my former self before my eyes.

Yet I complain not, though I feel anew
All as I speak, fell fortune's bitter spite,
Who once set affluence, grandeur in my view,
Then churlish snatched them from my cheated sight.

And yet it may be — is — nay, must be, best,
Whate'er heaven's righteous laws for man ordain ;—
Weak man! who lets one sigh invade his breast,
For earthly grandeur, fugitive as vain !—

Perchance contentment had not been my mate,
If in exalted life my feet had trod;
Or my hands borne, in transitory state,
The victor's truncheon, or the ruler's rod.

* Such a person, who was a natural son of Richard Duke of Gloucester, the Usurper, actually lived and died in the parish of Eastwell in Kent. His death is recorded in the Parish Register, at the year 1550, and in the eighty-first year of his age. Without any derogation from the excellence and exemplary patience of the innocent son, the Editor cannot help observing, that the character of the truly unprincipled and sanguinary Richard III. has been in vain attempted to be glossed over in the poem.

My course, perchance, had been one dazzling glare
Of splendid pride, and I in vain had sought
The quiet comforts of this humble sphere,—
Rest undisturbed, and reason's tranquil thought.

But whither roam I? Oh! forgive, my kind,
My honoured lord, this undesigned delay;
Forgive, while in my newly-'wakened mind
A thousand vague ideas fondly play.

Enough!—they 're flown: and now my tongue prepares,
Thou source of every good by me possest!
To pour a tale into thy wondering ears,
Full *threescore* years close-locked within my breast.

Of those care-woven, long-protracted years,
Some sixteen summers passed obscurely on,—
A stranger to the world, its hopes and fears,
My name, birth, fortunes, to myself unknown.

Placed in a rural, soft, serene retreat,
With a deep-learned divine I held abode,
Who sought, by pious laws and conduct meet,
The way to immortality and God!

By him instructed, I attained the sweet,
The precious blessings that from learning flow;
He fanned in my young breast the genial heat,
That bids the expanding mind with ardour glow.

He taught me with delighted eye to trace
The comely beauties of the Mantuan page;
Enraptured, mix with Tully's polished grace,
Or catch the flame of Homer's martial rage.

Nor stopped he there, preceptor excellent!
Nor deemed that wisdom lay in books alone;
But would explain what moral virtue meant,
And bid us make our neighbour's woes our own.

Heaven's genuine pity glistening in his eyes,
 The sweets of charity he would instil ;
 And teach what blessedness of comfort lies
 In universal mercy and good will.

So taught this pious man,—so thought,—so did ;
 Squaring his actions to his tenets true ;
 His counsel or relief to none denied,—
 A general good, like Heaven's all-cheering dew !

Thus guided, thus informed, thus practice-drawn,
 In guileless peace my spring of life was spent ;
 My leisure-hours I sported o'er the lawn,
 Nor knew what restless care or sorrow meant.

A courteous stranger, ever and anon,
 My kind instructor's due reward supplied ;
 But still my name, my birth, alike unknown,
 Wrapt in the gloom of secrecy, lay hid.

One autumn-morn (the time I well recall)
 That stranger drew me from my soft retreat,
 And led my footsteps to a lofty hall,
 Where state and splendour seemed to hold their seat.

Through a long range of spacious gilded rooms
 Dubious I passed, admiring as I went,
 On the rich woven labours of the looms,
 The sculptured arch, or painted roof, intent.

My guide, at length, withdrew ;—wrapt in suspense
 And fear I stood, yet knew not what I feared ;
 When straight to my appalled, astounded sense,
 A man of noble port and mien appeared !

His form commanded, and his visage awed ;
 My spirit sunk as he advanced nigh ;
 With stately step along the floor he trod—
 Fixed on my face his penetrating eye.

The dancing plumage o'er his front waved high,
Thick-studded ribs of gold adorned his vest ;
In splendid folds his purple robe did fly,
And royal emblems glittered on his breast.

I sought to bend me, but my limbs refused
Their wonted office—motionless and chill ;
Yet somewhat, as the figure I perused,
A dubious joy did in my mind instil.

While thus I cowered beneath his piercing eye,
He saw, and strove to mitigate my fear
Soft'ning the frown of harsh austerity
In his bold brow, which nature grafted there.

With speeches kind, he cheered my sinking heart,
Questioned me much, and stroked my drooping head ;
Yet his whole mind he seemed not to impart,
His looks implied more than his speeches said.

A 'broidered purse, which weighty seemed with gold,
He gave me then, and kindly pressed my hand ;
And thus awhile did stay me in his hold,
And on my face did meditating stand.

His soul worked hugely, and his bosom swelled,
As though some mighty thing he yearned to say ;
But (with indignant pride the thought repelled)
He started, frowned, and snatched himself away.

My guide returned, and re-conducted me
Toward the abode of my preceptor kind :
A man he seemed of carriage mild and free,
To whom I thought I might unload my mind.

Without reserve I told him all that passed,
Striving, by mine, his confidence to gain ;
Then my inquiries frank before him cast,
Hoping some knowledge of myself t' attain.

I asked what wondrous cause, yet undescried,
 Urged him his time and zeal for me t' employ;
 And why that man of dignity and pride,
 Had deigned his notice to a stranger-boy?

Confused, yet undispleased my guide appeared,
 Nought he divulged (though much he seemed to know)
 Save this, which he with earnest look averred,
 ' No obligation, youth, to me you owe.

' I do but what my place and duty bid ;
 With me, no kindred drops of blood you share ;
 Yet (hard to tell !) your birth must still be hid :
 Inquire no farther—Honour bids forbear.'

Thus he reproved ; yet did it with a look,
 As though he pitied my sensations keen :
 Patient, I bowed me to his mild rebuke,
 And pledged obedience with submissive mien.

He left me at my tutor's soft abode ;
 And parting, blessed me by the *Holy Cross* ;—
 My heart waxed sad, as he retraced the road,
 And seemed to have sustained some mighty loss.

But soon tumultuous thoughts 'gan to give way,
 Lulled by the voice of my preceptor sage ;
 Unquiet bosoms he could well allay,
 His looks could soften, and his words assuage.

Unruly care from him was far removed,
 Grief's wildest murmurs at his breath would cease ;
 Oh ! in his blameless life how well he proved,
 The house of goodness is the house of peace !

Here I again enjoyed my sweet repose ;
 And taught my heart, with pious wisdom filled,
 No more with anxious throb to seek disclose
 What stubborn fate had doomed to lie concealed.

But long these fond delusions did not last,
Some sterner power my rising life controlled,
My visionary hopes too swiftly past,
And left my prospects dreary, dark, and cold.

When rugged March o'er-rules the growing year,
Have we not seen the morn with treacherous ray
Shine out awhile, then instant disappear,
And leave to damp and gloom the future day?

So dawned my fate, and so deceived my heart,
Nor weaned me from my hopes, but cruel, tore;
In one unlooked-for moment, bade me part
From all my comforts, to return no more.

My guide once more arrived, though, as of late,
Of soft deportment he appeared not now;
But wild impatience fluttered in his gait,
And care and thought seemed busy on his brow.

'Rise, youth,' he said, 'and mount this rapid steed,'—
I argued not; his bidding straight was done;
Proud-crested was the beast, of warlike breed,
Armed at all points, with rich caparison.

We communed not—such heat was in our speed,
Scantly would it allow me power of thought,
Till eve, deep-painted with a burning red,
To Bosworth Field our panting coursers brought.

Who hath not heard of Bosworth's fatal plain,
Where base adventurers did in compact join
'Gainst chiefs of prowess high, and noble strain,
And lowered the crest of York's imperial line?

Now verging on that memorable ground,
Our course we stayed—yet we alighted not:
Filled with astonishment, I gazed around,
While in my glowing breast my heart grew hot.

Thick-stationed tents, extended wide and far,
To the utmost stretch of sight, I could behold ;
And banners fluttering in the whistling air,
And archers trimly dight, and prancers bold.

The sinking sun, with richly-burnished glow,
Now to his western chamber made retire,
While pointed spears, quick shifting to and fro,
Seemed all as spiral flames of hottest fire.

Promiscuous voices filled the floating gale,
The welkin echoed with the steeds' proud neigh :
The hands oft turned, and eyed the western vale,
Watching the closure of departing day.

Light vanished now apace, and twilight gray
With speed unusual mantled all the ground ;
The chieftains to their tents had ta'en their way,
And sentinels thick posted, watched around.

As sable night advanced more and more,
The mingled voices lessened by degrees,
Sounding at length, as, round some craggy shore,
Decreasing murmurs of the ebbing seas.

Now toward the tents awhile we journey'd on
With wary pace, then lighted on the ground,
Befriended by the stars, that glimmering shone,
And fires, that cast a trembling gleam around.

With hasty foot we pressed the dewy sod,
Fit answer making to each stationed guard ;
When full before us, as we onward trod,
A martial form our further progress barr'd.

He seemed as though he there did listening stand,
His face deep muffled in his folded cloak ;
Now threw it wide,—snatched quick my dubious hand,
And to a neighbouring tent his speed betook.

With glowing crimson the pavilion shone,
Reflected by the lofty taper's ray;
The polished armour, bright and deft to don,
Beside the royal couch in order lay.

The crown imperial glittered in mine eye,
With various gems magnificently graced;
Nigh which, as meant to guard its dignity,
A weighty curtel-axe unsheathed was placed.

The chief unbonnetted, and drew me nigh,—
Wrapt in a deepened gloom his face appeared,
Like the dark lowerings of the cloudy sky,
Ere the big, bursting tempest's voice is heard.

Revenge, impatience, all that mads the soul,
All that despair and frenzy's flame inspires,
Shewn by the tapers, in his eyes did roll,—
Hot meteors they amid the lesser fires.

Though each dark line I could not truly scan;
Yet through the veil of his distempered mien
Broke forth a likeness of that lofty man,
Whom, whilom, at the Palace I had seen.

To quell his feelings huge, he sternly tried,
Strong combat holding with his fighting soul,
Cresting himself with more than earthly pride,
As though from power supreme he scorned control.

At length (in part subdued his troubled breast),
On my impatient ear these accents broke :
(I, pale and trembling as the attentive priest,
Who waits the inspirings of his mystic oak !)

' Wonder no more why thou art hither brought,
The secret of thy birth shall now be shewn ;
With glorious ardour be thy bosom fraught,
For know, thou art Imperial Richard's son !

' Thy father, I, who fold thee in my arms,
 Thou royal issue of Plantagenet ! *
 Soon as my power hath quelled these loud alarms,
 Thou shalt be known, be honoured, and be great !

' Rise from the ground, and dry thy flowing tears,
 To nature's dues be other hours assigned !
 Beset with foes, solicitude and cares,
 Far other thoughts must now possess the mind.

' To-morrow, boy ! I combat for my crown,
 To shield from soil my dignity and fame :
 Presumptuous Richmond seeks to win renown,
 And on my ruin, raise his upstart name :

' He leads yon shallow, renegado band,
 Strangers to war and hazardous emprise,
 And 'gainst the mighty chieftains of the land,
 Vain and unskilled, a desperate conflict tries.

' Yet, since assurance is not given to man,
 Nor can e'en kings command th' event of war ;
 Since peevish chance can foil the subtlest plan
 Of human skill, and hurl our schemes in air ;

* It rather should be called *Plantagenest*, being derived from the two words *Planta Genesta*, or *Genista*,—that is, the *Plant Broom*. It was first given to Fulke, Earl of Anjou, who lived a hundred years before the Norman Conquest. He having been guilty of some enormous crime, was enjoined, by way of penance, to go to the Holy Land, and submit to a severe castigation. He readily acquiesced, dressed himself in a low attire, and, as a mark of humility, wore a piece of *broom* in his cap, of which virtue this plant is a symbol, in the hieroglyphic language ; and Virgil seems to confirm it, by calling it *humilis genista*,—the *humble broom*. This explanation finished, Fulke, in remembrance of it, adopted the title of Plantagenet, and lived many years in honour and happiness. His descendants accordingly inherited the name, and many successive nobles of the line of Anjou not only did the same, but even distinguished themselves by wearing a sprig of *broom* in their bonnets.—T. H.

- ‘ To-morrow’s sun beholds me conqueror,
Or sees me low among the slaughtered lie ;—
Richard shall never grace a victor’s car ;
But glorious win the field, or glorious die !
- ‘ But thou, my son, heed and obey my word :
Seek not to mingle in the wild affray ;
Far from the winged shaft and gleaming sword,
Patient, await the issue of the day.
- ‘ North of our camp there stands a rising mound,
(Thy guide awaits to lead thee on the way)
Thence shalt thou rule the prospect wide around,
And view each chance, each movement of the fray.
- ‘ If righteous fate to me the conquest yield,
Then shall thy noble birth to all be known ;
Then boldly seek the centre of the field,
And midst my laurelled bands my son I ’ll own !
- ‘ But if blind chance, that seld’ determines right,
Rob me at once of empire and renown,
Be sure thy father’s eyes are closed in night,—
Life were disgrace, when chance had reft my crown.
- ‘ No means are left thee then, but instant flight ;
In dark concealment must thou veil thy head :
On Richard’s friends their fellest rage and spite
His foes will wreak, and fear e’en Richard dead.
- ‘ Begone, my son ! this one embrace ! Away !
Some short reflections, claims this awful night :
Ere from the East peep forth the glimm’ring day,
My knights attend to arm me for the fight.’
- Once more I knelt : he clasped my lifted hands,
Blessed me, and seemed to check a struggling tear ;
Then led me forth to follow his commands,
O’erwhelmed with tenderest grief, suspense, and fear.

What need of more? who knows not the event
Of that dread day, that desperate-foughten field,
Where, with his wondrous deeds and prowess spent,
By numbers overpowered, my Sire was killed!

A son no more, what course was left to tread?
To whom apply, or whither should I wend?
Back to my tutor's roof, by instinct led,
My orphan footsteps did I pensive bend.

O'er-ruling fate against my wishes wrought:
That pious man, snatched from this frail abode,
Had found the blessing he so long had sought,—
The way to immortality and God!

With flowing eyes, I left the sacred door,
And with relying heart to heaven did bend;
To God my supplication did I pour,
To God,—the mourner's best and surest friend;—

That he would guide me to some safe retreat,
Where daily toil my daily bread might earn;
Where pious peace might soothe ambition's heat,
And my taught heart sublimer ardour learn.

He heard me;—all I asked, in thee was lent,
'Thou lib'ral proxy of my gracious God!
'Thou paid'st my industry with rich content,
And giv'st my weary age this soft abode.

*"The work is done, the structure is complete.—
Long may the produce of my humble toil
Uninjured stand: and echo long repeat,
Round the dear walls, Benevolence and Moyle!"*

HENGIST AND MEY.

BY W. MICKLE.

IN ancient days, when Arthur reigned,
Sir Elmer had no peer;
And no young knight in all the land
The ladies loved so dear.

His sister, Mey, the fairest maid
Of all the virgin train,
Won every heart at Arthur's court;
But all their love was vain.

In vain they loved, in vain they vowed;
Her heart they could not move:
Yet, at the evening hour of prayer,
Her mind was lost in love.

The abbess saw — the abbess knew,
And urged her to explain:
"O name the gentle youth to me,
And his consent I'll gain."

Long urged, long tried, fair Mey replied,
"His name — how can I say?
An angel from the fields above
Has 'rapt my heart away."

" But once, alas ! and never more,
His lovely form I 'spied ;
One evening, by the sounding shore,
All by the green-wood side.

" His eyes to mine the love confest,
That glowed with mildest grace ;
His courtly mien and purple vest
Bespoke his princely race.

" But when he heard my brother's horn,
Fast to his ships he fled ;
Yet, while I sleep, his graceful form
Still hovers round my bed.

" Sometimes, all clad in armour bright,
He shakes a warlike lance ;
And now, in courtly garments dight,
He leads the sprightly dance.

" His hair, as black as raven's wing ;
His skin—as Christmas snow ;
His cheeks outvie the blush of morn,
His lips like rose-buds glow.

" His limbs, his arms, his stature shaped
By nature's finest hand ;
His sparkling eyes declare him born
To love, and to command."

The live-long year, fair Mey bemoaned
Her hopeless, pining love :
But when the balmy spring returned,
And summer clothed the grove,

All round by pleasant Humber side,
The Saxon banners flew,
And to Sir Elmer's castle gates
The spearmen came in view.

Fair blushed the morn, when Mey looked o'er
The castle walls so sheen ;
And lo ! the warlike Saxon youth
Were sporting on the green.

There Hengist, Offa's eldest son,
Leaned on his burnished lance,
And all the armed youth around
Obeyed his manly glance.

His locks, as black as raven's wing,
Adown his shoulders flowed ;
His cheeks outvied the blush of morn,
His lips like rose-buds glowed.

And soon, the lovely form of Mey
Has caught his piercing eyes ;
He gives the sign, the bands retire,
While big with love he sighs.

" Oh, thou ! for whom I dared the seas,
And came with peace or war ;
Oh ! by that cross that veils thy breast,
Relieve thy lover's care !

" For thee, I'll quit my father's throne ;
With thee, the wilds explore ;
Or with thee share the British crown ;
With thee, the Cross adore."

Beneath the timorous virgin blush,
With love's soft warmth she glows ;
So, blushing through the dews of morn,
Appears the opening rose.

'T was now the hour of morning prayer,
When men their sins bewail,
And Elmer heard King Arthur's horn,
Shrill sounding through the dale.

The pearly tears from Mey's bright eyes,
Like April dew-drops fell,
When, with a parting, dear embrace,
Her brother bade farewell.

The cross with sparkling diamonds bright,
That veiled the snowy breast,
With prayers to Heaven her lily hands
Have fixed on Elmer's vest.

Now, with five hundred bowmen true,
He's marched across the plain;
Till with his gallant yeomandrie,
He joined King Arthur's train.

Full forty thousand Saxon spears
Came glittering down the hill,
And with their shouts and clang of arms
The distant valleys fill.

Old Offa, dressed in Odin's garb,*
Assumed the hoary god;
And Hengist, like the warlike Thor,
Before the horsemen rode.

* *Odin*, the celebrated head of the Northern Mythology, was probably, at some very early period, a conqueror or monarch, whom the seal of his subjects deified after death. According to the opinions of those who assign to him the highest antiquity, he existed in the first Scythian empire,—Seven Hundred, or perhaps One Thousand years B.C. Others suppose him to have been the person who led the Asiatic Scythians (now Tartarians, Siberians, &c.) into Europe, when they conquered Scandinavia (Sweden, Denmark, &c.)—about Five Hundred years B.C. In answer to this, it has again been urged, that it was only the name and worship of Odin which they brought with them, and under whose banners they marched to conquest. To one or other, however, of these dates must be referred the era of the first and real Odin, unless he had, as a *fourth* party thinks, only an *allegorical* existence. He was styled the God of War, and was held to be the Supreme Deity, by a people who placed their principal and almost their only virtues in conquest and slaughter. Hence, in conformity with this, their Mythology and ideas of a future state, were amongst the worst corruptions of the primitive truths

With dreadful rage the combat burns,
The captains shout amain ;
And Elmer's tall victorious spear
Far glances o'er the plain.

To stop its course young Hengist flew,
Like lightning, o'er the field ;
And soon his eyes the well known cross
On Elmer's vest beheld.

The slighted lover swelled his breast,
His eyes shot living fire !
And all his martial heat before,
To this was mild desire.

On his imagined rival's front,
With whirlwind speed he pressed,
And glancing to the sun, his sword
Resounds on Elmer's crest.

The foe gave way ;—the princely youth
With heedless rage pursued,
Till trembling in his cloven helm
Sir Elmer's javelin stood.

that the annals of the world have presented. They had none of those romantic beauties which were thickly strewn throughout the systems of Greece and Rome ; nor of those *occasional* instances of fidelity of principle which shone through their veiling tissue of fantastic absurdity.

A *second* Odin is said to have appeared about the year 70, B. C.—a warrior and priest, who assumed the name and some of the properties of his prototype, and obtained the sovereignty of Scandinavia, where he established a new code, which, like Mahomet, he confirmed by pretended communications with Heaven.

Thor, an early Northern monarch (of whom an ancient statue or idol is preserved in the cathedral of Upsal), was styled the offspring of Odin ; in the same manner as Romulus was called the son of Mars, and was also deified.

From *Odin* (corruptly called *Woden*), *Thor*, and *Freya* (a female deity), were derived the ancient Northern names of *three* days in the week, introduced into England by the Saxons, before their conversion to Christianity ; viz., *Wodensday*, *Thorsday*, and *Fryday*.—ED.

He bowed his head,— slow dropped his spear;
The reins slipped through his hand;
And, stained with blood— his stately corse
Lay breathless on the strand.

“ O bear me off, (Sir Elmer cried);
Before my painful sight
The combat swims— yet Hengist's vest
I claim as victor's right.”

Brave Hengist's fall the Saxons saw,
And all in terror fled;
The bowmen to his castle gates
The brave Sir Elmer led.

“ O, wash my wounds, my sister dear;
O, pull this Saxon dart,
That, whizzing from young Hengist's arm,
Has almost pierced my heart.

“ Yet in my hall his vest shall hang;
And Britons yet unborn,
Shall with the trophies of to-day
Their solemn feasts adorn.”

All trembling, Mey beheld the vest;
“ O, Merlin!” loud she cried;
“ Thy words are true— my slaughtered love
Shall have a breathless bride!

“ Oh! Elmer, Elmer, boast no more
That low my Hengist lies!
Oh! Hengist, cruel was thine arm!
My brother bleeds and dies!”

She spake, — the roses left her cheeks,
And life's warm spirit fled:
So, nipt by winter's withering blasts,
The snow-drop bows its head!

Yet parting life one struggle gave,—
She lifts her languid eyes ;

“ Return, my Hengist ! oh, return,
My slaughtered love ! ” she cries.

“ Oh—still he lives—he smiles again,
With all his grace he moves :
I come—I come, where bow nor spear
Shall more disturb our loves ! ”

She spake—she died ! The Saxon dart
Was drawn from Elmer's side ;
And thrice he called his sister Mey,
And thrice he groaned,—and died !

Where in the dale a moss-grown Cross
O'ershades an aged thorn,
Sir Elmer's and young Hengist's corse
Were by the spearmen borne.

And there, all clad in robes of white,
With many a sigh and tear,
The village maids to Hengist's grave
Did Mey's fair body bear.

And there, at dawn and fall of day,
All from the neighbouring groves
The turtles wail, in widowed notes,
And sing their hapless loves.

THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR.

BY THOMAS WARTON.

THE fabled disappearance of King Arthur, has been before treated of; but the particular mention of his removal to a distant island, deserves a further elucidation. This happy spot was called the "Fortunate Island," and the "Island of Apples," and was governed by nine sisters, the chief of whom—Morgen, or Morgana—was eminently skilled in *medicine, mathematics, and magic*. Taliessin gravely relates King Arthur's voyage to this island, after the ordinary method of human sailing,—“our pilot being Barinthus, to whom were well known the seas, and the stars of heaven.” Morgen pronounced that the King might recover, if left for a considerable time to her care and medicaments, which, accordingly, is said to have been done.

These were the Hesperides and “Happy Islands” of the ancients; the receptacle, as was supposed, of happy spirits.* Tasso has placed in them his luxurious bower of the dissolute Armida. To descend, however, to sober fact—they are now known as the Canaries.—ED.

STATELY the feast, and high the cheer,
Girt with many an armed peer,
And canopied with golden pall,
Amid Cilgarran's Castle-hall,

* “The Happy Isles,” “The Fortunate,” so styled
By the fond lyrists of the antique age.—TASSO.

Sublime, in formidable state
 And warlike splendour, Henry * sate;
 Prepared to stain the briny flood
 Of Shannon's lakes, with rebel blood.

Illumining the vaulted roof,
 A thousand torches flamed aloof:
 From massy cups, with golden gleam,
 Sparkled the Metheglin's stream : †
 To grace the gorgeous festival,
 Along the lofty-windowed hall
 The storied tapestry was hung ;
 With minstrelsy the rafters rung,
 Of harps, that with reflected light
 From the proud gallery glittered bright ;
 While gifted bards, a rival throng,
 (From distant Moná, nurse of song !
 From Teivi, fringed with umbrage brown ;
 From Elvy's vale, and Cader's crown ;
 From many a shaggy precipice,
 That shades Ierne's hoarse abyss,
 And many a sunless solitude
 Of Radnor's inmost mountains rude),
 To crown the banquet's solemn close,
 Themes of British glory chose ;

* Henry II.—A.D. 1171. On his expedition to suppress a rebellion raised by Roderick, King of Connaught, commonly called O'Conner *Dun*,—i. e., the *Brown* Monarch,—he is said to have been informed by a Welsh harper, in a song, of the real site of King Arthur's burial-place ; till then, generally unknown. After his return, on searching at Glastonbury Abbey, they actually found the royal remains. Cilgarran Castle, where the discovery is supposed to have been made, stands on a rock, above the river Teine, in Pembrokeshire, and was built about the beginning of the Eleventh century, by Roger de Montgomery, who led the van of the Norman army, at the battle of Hastings.—W.

† Antiquaries mention, also, two other preparations of *honey*,—*oxymel* and *hydromel* ; the composition of both of which may, in some measure, be guessed at from their Greek derivations, *οξυ*, *υδωρ*, and *μελι*.—ED.

And to the strings of various chime,
Attempered thus the fabling rhyme :

“ O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roared,
High the screaming seamew soared ;
On Tintagel's * topmost tower,
Darksome fell the sleety shower ;
Round the rough castle shrilly sung
The whirling blast, and wildly flung
On each tall rampart's thundering side,
The surges of the trembling tide :

“ When Arthur ranged his red-cross ranks,
On conscious Camlan's crimsoned banks :
By Mordred's faithless guile decreed
Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed !
Yet in vain a Panyrn foe,
Arm'd with fate the mighty blow ;
For when he fell, an elfin queen,
All in secret, and unseen,
O'er the fainting hero threw
The mantle of ambrosial blue ;
And bade her spirits bear him far,
In Merlin's agate-axled car,
To her green isle's enamell'd steep,
Far in the navel of the deep.
O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew,
From flowers that in Arabia grew ;
On a rich enohanted bed
She pillowed his majestic head ;
O'er his brow with whispers bland,
Thrice she waved an opiate wand ;

* Tintagel, or Tintadgel Castle, where King Arthur is said to have been born, and to have chiefly resided. Some of its huge fragments still remain, on a rocky peninsular cape, of a prodigious declivity towards the sea, and almost inaccessible from the land side, on the northern coasts of Cornwall.—W.

And to soft music's airy sound,
Her magic curtains closed around.
There, renewed the vital spring,
Again he reigns a mighty King!
And many a fair and fragrant clime,
Blooming in immortal prime,
By gales of Eden ever fanned,
Owns the monarch's high command :
Thence to Britain shall return,
(If right prophetic rolls I learn),
Borne on Victory's spreading plume,
His ancient sceptre to resume ;
Once more, in old heroic pride,
His barbed courser to bestride,
His knightly table to restore,
And brave the tournaments of yore!"

They ceased—when on the tuneful stage
Advanced a bard, of aspect sage ;
His silver tresses thin besprent,
To age a graceful reverence lent !
His beard, all white as spangles froze,
That clothe Plinlimmon's forests hoar,
Down to his harp descending flowed :
With Time's faint rose his features glowed,
His eyes diffused a softened fire,—
And thus he waked the warbling wire :

" Listen, Henry, to my rede !
Not from fairy realms I lead
Bright-robed Tradition, to relate
In forged colours Arthur's fate ;
Though much of old romantic lore
On the high theme I keep in store :
But boastful Fiction should be dumb,
Where Truth the strain might best become :

If thine ear may still be won
 With songs of Uther's glorious son,
 Henry, I a tale unfold,
 Never yet in rhyme enrolled,
 Nor sung nor harped in hall or bower ;
 Which in my youth's full early flower,
 A minstrel, sprung of Cornish line,
 Who spoke of kings from old Lochrine,
 Taught me to chant, one vernal dawn,
 Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn,
 What time the glistening vapours fled
 From cloud-enveloped Clyder's * head ;
 And on its sides the torrents gray
 Shone to the morning's orient ray.

" When Arthur bowed his haughty crest,
 No princess, veiled in azure vest,
 Snatched him, by Merlin's potent spell,
 In groves of golden bliss to dwell ;
 Where, crowned with wreaths of Mistletoe,
 Slaughtered kings in glory go :
 But when he fell, with winged speed,
 His champions, on a milk-white steed,
 From the battle's hurricane,
 Bore him to Joseph's towered Fane, †

* Or Glyder, a mountain in Caernarvonshire.—W.

† Glastonbury Abbey.*—" It was built or rebuilt by Ina, King of the West Saxons, about the year 720 ; a very ancient church remaining, adjacent to the foundation, which was said to have been erected at the primary introduction of Christianity, and by the followers of JOSEPH OF ARIMATHEA.—This point, however, is very doubtful; although it is certain, from authoritative evidence, that Christianity had been introduced into Britain at the end of the *first* century. The original abbey estates were, in the year 1700, valued at 250,000*l.* per annum.—See Warner's "*Walks in the West*," chap. 1 ; and for some authentic particulars, a pleasing romance, entitled "*The Tor-Hill*," by H. Smith.—ED.

* The Abbey Church was celebrated for possessing one of the first *Organs* seen in England. It was given by Archbishop Dunstan, A.D. 950. William

In the fair vale of Avelon:
 There, with chanted orison,
 And the long blaze of tapers clear,
 The stoled fathers met the bier:
 Through the dim aisles, in order dread
 Of martial woe, the chief they led,
 And deep entombed in holy ground,
 Before the Altar's solemn bound.
 Around no dusky banners wave,
 No mouldering trophies mark the grave:
 Away the ruthless Dane has torn
 Each trace that Time's slow touch had worn;
 And long o'er the neglected stone,
 Oblivion's vale its shade has thrown:
 The faded tomb, with honour due,
 'T is thine, O Henry! to renew.
 Thither, when conquest has restored
 Yon recreant Isle, and sheathed the sword,—
 When peace with palm has crowned thy brows,—
 Haste thee to pay thy pilgrim vows.
 There, observant of my lore,
 The pavement's hallowed depth explore;
 And thrice a fathom underneath
 Dive into the vaults of death.

of Malmesbury, who wrote about 1140, describes it minutely,— mentioning pipes of brass, "*caneas fistulas*," and also, that Dunstan's gift was commemorated by a Latin distich, engraved on the organ-pipes. While on this head, it may not be inappropriate to relate the origin of one of the most noble of human inventions. There were Organs, so styled, two thousand years ago; but these were instruments of very different and humble properties, being portable, and probably not exceeding the *classical* number of *seven* pipes, with a small bellows attached, which was worked by one hand, whilst the other struck the notes; thus they seem to have resembled one species of *bagpipe*. But that magnificent *edifice* of music, which we now call the *organ*, was invented in Arabia, in the Eighth century; and the first introduced into Enrope, was sent as a present from Constantine V., surnamed Copronymus, a Grecian Emperor, to King Pepin of France, A. D. 756. It was placed in the church of St. Corneille, at Compeigne, near one of the royal palaces.—ED.

There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,
 On his gigantic stature gaze ;
 There shalt thou find the monarch laid,
 All in warrior-weeds arrayed ;
 Wearing in death his helmet crown,
 And weapons, huge, of old renown.
 Martial prince ! 't is thine to save
 From dark oblivion, Arthur's grave.
 So may thy ships securely stem
 The Western Frith : thy diadem
 Shine victorious in the van,
 Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan :
 Thy Norman pikemen win their way
 Up the dun rocks of Harald's bay ; *
 And from the steepes of rough Kildare,
 Thy prancing hoof the falcon scare :
 So may thy bow's unerring yew
 Its shafts in Roderick's heart imbrue." †

Amid the pealing symphony,
 The spiced goblets ‡ mantled high ;

* Dublin. Harald, Harsager, the "Fair-haired," King of Norway, is said, in the *Life of Gryffudh ap Conan*, Prince of North Wales, to have conquered Ireland, and to have founded Dublin.—W.

† Henry is supposed to have succeeded in this enterprise, chiefly by the use of the long bow, with which the Irish were entirely unacquainted. A nearly similar degree of superiority contributed materially to the triumphs of the English over the Scots.

‡ Our ancestors, whose ideas of luxury were principally confined to the solid and the costly, were wont to imbibe divers and sundry mixed and compound potations, of which the principal were *piment* (a word of very odd sound !) and *hipocras*, or *ypocras* ; the latter said to have been originally invented by the great physician Hippocrates, and also to have received its name from the Greek, *υπο* and *κραννυμι*, *to mix* ; was introduced into England about the end of the fourteenth century. It consisted of wine, highly medicated, and enriched with various spices and sugar (*speciosus et sugar*). This expensive delicacy was sold as high as 18*d.* a quart, an enormous price, at a time when the best German and French wines were sold at 3*d.*—ED.

With passions new the song impressed
The listening King's impatient breast.
Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes,
He scorns awhile his bold emprise ;
E'en now he seems, with eager pace,
The consecrated Floor to trace,
And ope from its tremendous gloom,
The treasure of the wondrous Tomb :
E'en now he burns in thought to rear,
From its dark bed, the ponderous spear,
Rough with the gore of Pictish Kings :
E'en now fond hope his fancy wings,
To poise the monarch's massy blade,
Of magic-tempered metal made ;
And drag to day the dinted shield,
That felt the storm of Camlan's field !
O'er the sepulchre profound,
E'en now with arching sculpture crowned,
He plans the chantry's choral shrine,
The daily dirge and rites divine.

ATHELGIVA.

“THERE remains a tradition,” observes Mr. Watkins, the writer of the following legendary tale, “that the Abbey of Whitby, on the North coast of Yorkshire, was despoiled during the depredations of the Danes, under the command of Ingua and Hubba, who brought with them the standard on which was embroidered a golden Raven (the work of their sisters), and which was preserved as the Palladium of their security. Edelsteda, who is mentioned in the first stanza, is represented to have been the daughter of Oswin, King of Northumberland, and resided in the Abbey of Whitby. This sanctuary was founded by St. Hilda, sister of King Edwin, who died in 680.”—BEDE, and SAX. CHRON.

“HERE may'st thou rest, my sister dear!

Securely here abide :

Where royal Edelsteda lived,

Where pious Hilda died.

“Here peace and quiet ever dwell!

Here dread no dire alarms :

Nor here is heard the trumpet's sound,

Nor here the din of arms!”—

With voice composed and look serene,

Whilst soft her hand he pressed,

The maid, who trembled on his arm,

Young Edwy thus addressed.

Blue gleamed the steel in Edwy's hand,
The warrior's vest he bore ;
For now the Danes, by Hubba led,
Had ravaged half the shore.

His summons, at the abbey-gate,
The ready porter hears :
And soon, in veil and holy garb,
The abbess kind appears.

" O, take this virgin to thy care ;
Good angels be your guard !
And may the saints in Heaven above,
The pious care reward !—

" Know then, by fierce barbarian bands,
We, driven from our home,
Through three long days and nights forlorn,
The dreary waste did roam.

" But, I go — these towers to save !
Beneath the evening shade,
I haste to seek Earl Osrick's power,
And call Lord Redwald's aid."

He said — and turned his ready foot :
The abbess nought replies ;
But with a look that spoke her grief,
To heaven upcast her eyes.

Now, turning to the stranger dame,
" O, welcome to this place !
For never Whitby's holy fane
Did fairer maiden grace."

And true she said — for, on her cheek
Was seen young beauty's bloom ;
Though grief, with slow and wasting stealth,
Did then her prime consume.

Her shape was all that thought can form
Of elegance and grace,
While heaven the beauties of her mind
Reflected in her face.

" My daughter, lay aside thy fears !"
Again the abbess cried :
" The Danish spoiler comes not here !"
Again the virgin sighed.

The abbess saw,—the abbess knew,
'T was love that shook her breast ;
And thus, in accent soft and mild,
The mournful fair address.

" My daughter dear ! as to thy friend,
Be all thy cares confest :
I see 't is love disturbs thy mind,
And wish to give thee rest.

" Yet hark !—I hear the vesper-bell !
It summons us to prayer ;
Which duty done, with needful food
Thy wasted strength repair."

But now the sympathising Muse,
Of Edwy's hap shall tell ;
And what, amidst his nightly walk,
That gallant youth befell.—

Fast journeying by the bank of Esk,
He took his lonely way ;
And now through showers of driving rain,
His erring footsteps stray.

At length from far, a glimmering light,
Trembling among the trees,
And entering soon a moss-built hut,
A holy man he sees.—

" O father ! deign a luckless youth
This night with thee to shield ;
I am no robber, though my arm
This deadly weapon wield."

" I fear no robber, stranger ! here,
For I have nought to lose ;
And thou may'st safely during night
In this poor cell repose :

" And thou art welcome to my hut,"
The holy man he cried ;
" Still welcome here, is he whom fate
Has left without a guide.

" Whence, and what art thou, gentle youth ?"—
The noble Edwy said,

" I go to rouse Earl Osrick's power,
And seek Lord Redwald's aid.

" My father is a wealthy Lord,
Who now with Alfred stays ;
And me he left to guard his seat,
Whilst he his duty pays.

" But, vain the trust !—in dead of night
The devastator came ;
And o'er each neighbouring castle threw
War's all-destructive flame.

" To shun its rage, at early dawn
I with my sister fled ;
And Whitby Abbey now affords
A shelter to her head :

" Whilst I, to hasten promised aids,
Range wildly through the night,
And with impatient heart expect
The morning's friendly light."

So Edwy spake ; and wondering, gazed
 Upon his hermit host :
 For in his form beam'd manly grace,
 Unchilled by age's frost !

The hermit sighing, thus he said,
 " Know — there was once a day,
 This tale of thine would fire my heart,
 And bid me join thy way.

" But luckless love dejects my soul,
 And casts my spirits down ;
 Thou see'st the wretch of woman's pride,
 Of follies not my own !

" I once, amid my Sovereign's train,
 Ranked a distinguished youth ;
 But blighted is my former fame,
 By sorrow's cankering tooth.

" When Ethelred the crown did hold,
 I to this district came,
 And then a fair and matchless maid
 First woke in me a flame.

" Her father was a noble Lord,
 Of an illustrious race,
 Who joined to rustic honesty
 The court's transcendent grace.

" 'Twas then I told my artless tale,
 By love alone inspired ;
 For never was my manly speech
 In flattering guise attired.

" At first she heard, or seemed to hear,
 The tender voice of love ;
 But soon — the ficklest of her sex,
 Did she deceitful prove !

" She drove me, scornful, from her sight
Rejected and disdained :
In vain did words for pity plead !
In vain my looks complained !

" How could the breast that pity filled,
Ever relentless be !
How could the face that smiled on all,
Have ever frowns for me !

" Since that drear hour, within this cell
I live, recluse from man ;
And twice ten months have passed, since I
The hermit's life began."

" O, stain to honour !" Edwy cried ;
" O, foul disgrace to arms !
What, — when thy country claims thy aid,
And shakes with war's alarms —

" Canst thou, inglorious ! here remain,
And strive thyself to hide ;
Assume the monkish coward life,
All for a woman's pride ?"

With louder voice, and warmer look,
His hermit host rejoined —

" Think'st thou, vain youth ! the chains of fear
Could here a warrior bind ?

" Know, then, thou see'st Hermanrick here !
Well versed in war's alarms ;
A name not once unknown to fame,
Nor unrenowned in arms.

" O, Athelgiva ! — yet too dear ! —
Did I thy danger know,
Yet would I fly to thy relief,
And crush the invading foe."

With flustered cheek, young Edwy turned
 At Athelgiva's name ;
 And, " gracious powers ! it must be he !"
 He cried ; " it is the same !

" I know full well, I have not now
 More of thy tale to learn ;
 'T was heard this morn, ere from the wave
 You could the sun discern.

" My sister loves thee, gallant youth !
 By all the saints on high !
 She wept last night, when thy hard fate
 She told, with many a sigh.

" Forgive her, then, and in her cause,
 Thy limbs with steel enfold !—
 Was it not *Ardolph's* daughter, say,
 Who late thy heart did hold ?"

" It was—it was !" Hermanrick cried :
 " I heard her brother's name ;
 'T is said, he was a gallant youth
 Who fought abroad for fame."

Then Edwy sprang to his embrace,
 And clasped him to his breast ;
 " And thou shalt be my brother too !"
 He said—and looked the rest.

" But now let honour fill thy mind,
 Be love's high laws obeyed ;—
 'T is Athelgiva claims thy sword,
 'T is she demands thy aid !

" She, with impatient anxious heart,
 Expects my quick return ;
 And, till again she sees me safe,
 The hapless maid will mourn.

Then let us fly, to seek these chiefs,
Who promised aid to send :
Earl Osrick was my father's guest,
Lord Redwald is my friend."

Hermanrick then—"First let us go
To cheer yon drooping maid :
Again I 'll wear my cankered arms,
Again I 'll draw my blade !"

Then, from a corner of the cell,
His clashing arms appear ;
But, as he marked their growing rust,
The warrior dropped a tear.

Right forth they speed : Hermanrick knew
Each pathway of the wood ;
And safe before the Abbey gate,
At dawn of day they stood.

Now sleep the wearied maiden's eyes
In kindness fast had sealed,
When at the gate the wandering knights
Returning day revealed.

"Quick ! call the abbess," Edwy cried,
To him who kept the door ;
Who watched and prayed the livelong night,
A pious priest, and poor.

The abbess came, with instant haste
The alarming bell was rung ;
And from their matted homely beds,
The saintlike virgins sprung.

Fair Athelgiva first, the dame,
Soft speaking, thus address,—
"My daughter, an important call
Commands me break thy rest :

"Thy brother, at the Abbey gate,
Appears with features glad;
And with him comes a stranger knight,
In war-worn armour clad."

With faltering step and bloodless cheek,
Young Athelgiva went:
Confusion, shame, surprise, and joy,
At once her bosom rent—

As, in the stranger knight she saw
Hermanrick's much-loved face:
Whilst he, by generous love impelled,
Rushed to her fond embrace.

Then Edwy, while entranced in bliss
The happy pair remained,
Recounted o'er the tale how he
Hermanrick—lost—regained.

But soon (alas! too soon) was heard,
To damp their new-formed joys,
The groan of death, the shout of war,
And battle's mingled noise.

Lo! up the hill, with breathless haste,
The panting courier came:—
"Prepare," he cried, "for dire alarms,
And shun approaching flame!

"Fierce Hubba, landed on the beach,
Now drives our little band,
Who, far too few to stay his course,
Fly o'er the crimsoned sand."

What anguish filled the maiden's breast,
What rage her lover knew,
When glancing down the steepy hill,
They saw the tidings true!

Each warlike youth now grasped his spear :
The trembling virgin cried —
“ Oh ! where is now Earl Osrick's power ?
And where Lord Redwald's aid ? ”

“ Alas ! alas ! ” the abbess then, —
“ Far as my sight is borne,
I neither see the ruddy Cross,
Nor hear Earl Osrick's horn ! ”

Stern Hubba now to direful deeds
Impelled his savage crew ;
And o'er the blood-empurpled strand
The golden Raven flew.

“ Behold,” he calls, and waves his lance,
“ Where yon proud turrets rise ! —
Of those who prove war's glorious toil,
Let beauty be the prize.

“ There gold and beauty both are found !
Then follow where I lead ;
And quickly find you have not fought
For honour's empty mead ” —

He said ; and pressed to gain the hill,
His shouting train pursue :
And, fired by hopes of brutal joys,
Behold the prize in view.

Young Edwy marked their near approach,
And rushed t' oppose their way ;
Nor did, with equal ardour fired,
Behind Hermanrick stay.

Like mountain boars, the brother-chiefs
On Denmark's warriors flew !
And those who held the foremost ranks,
Their fury overthrew.

Soon, pierced by Edwy's fatal lance,
Lay valiant Turkil here ;
There, Hardikanute bit the dust
Beneath Hermanrick's spear.

But vain are courage, strength and skill,
When two oppose an host !
A dart, with sure and deadly aim,
At Edwy—Hubba tost :

His sister, who o'erpowered with grief,
Had fainted on the floor,
Recovered by the matron's care,
Now sought the Abbey door.

When on the fatal carnaged spot
She cast her tearful eyes,
" O, blessed Mary ! " cried the maid,
" My brother—bleeds, and dies ! "

'Then forth she ran, and gained the pass,
Where, pressed by thronging foes,
Hermanrick stood !—the shades of death
Her brother's eyelids close !

The furious Dane no pity knew,
Nor staid his vengeful arm ;
For nought availed that heavenly face,
Which might a tiger charm !

Full on the unguarded chief he rushed,
And bore him to the ground !
The helpless maiden's shrieks of woe
In war's loud shout are drown'd.

She saw Hermanrick's quivering lip !
She marked his rolling eye !
She fainted—fell,—before her sight
Death's visions dimly fly.

And, "O thou dear and much-loved youth!"
The 'expiring virgin cried,
"Howe'er in life I wronged thy truth,
Yet true, with thee, I died!"

No more she spake.—E'en Hubba felt
The force of love sincere;
Then first his breast confessed a sigh,
Then first his cheek a tear.

And now, "My friends! the rage of war,"
He call'd, "awhile forbear;
And, to their mourning kindred, straight
These breathless bodies bear.

"Or, fear the wrath of Powers Divine!"
He could no farther say;
But quickly, with disordered march,
Bent to his ships his way.

And now was heard Earl Osrick's horn,
Shrill sounding through the dale;
And now was seen Lord Redwald's cross,
Red waving to the gale.

His tardy aid Earl Osrick brought
Too late, indeed, to save!
For, far beyond the' avenging sword,
The Dane now rode the wave.

Grief struck this warrior's heart, to see
In dust young Edwy's head!
And stretched by brave Hermanrick's side,
Fair Athelgiva dead!

Now, on the holy cross, he swore
A brave revenge to take
On Denmark's proud and bloody sons!—
For Athelgiva's sake.

The vow, in Kenworth's glorious field,
 This gallant Earl did pay;
 When Alfred's better star prevailed,
 And England had her day:

That day—the Dane full dearly paid
 The price of lovers' blood!
 That day—in Hubba's cloven helm
 The Saxon jav'lin stood.

The bodies of the hapless three,
 A single grave contains;
 And in the choir, with dirges due,
 Repose their cold remains.

Lord Ardolph, on his children's tomb,
 Inscribed the' applauding verse;
 And long the monks, in Gothic rhymes,
 Their story did rehearse.

And often, pointing to the skies,
 The cloistered maids would cry—
 "To those bright realms, in bloom of youth,
 Did Athelgiva fly!"

EVANS.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

A Northumberland Ballad.

BY BISHOP PERCY.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar ;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely hermit lay ;
When, lo ! he heard a female voice
Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And waked his sleeping fire ;
And snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend sire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree,
A beauteous maid he found ;
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedewed the mossy ground.

" O weep not, lady! weep not so ;
Nor let vain fears alarm ;
My little cell shall shelter thee,
And keep thee safe from harm."

" It is not for myself I weep,
Nor for myself I fear ;
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here :

" And while some sheltering bower he sought
Within this lonely wood,
Ah ! sore I fear his wandering feet
Have slipped in yonder flood."

" Oh ! trust in Heaven (the Hermit said),
And to my cell repair ;
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
And ease thee of thy care."

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliff so high ;
And calls aloud, and waves his light,
To guide the stranger's eye.

Among the thickets long he winds,
With careful steps and slow ;
At length a voice returned his call,
Quick answering from below :

" O tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanced to see
A gentle maid, I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree :

" But I have either lost the place,
Or she hath gone astray ;
And much I fear this fatal stream
Hath snatched her hence away."

" Praise heaven, my son ! (the Hermit said),

" The lady's safe and well : "

And soon he joined the wandering youth,

And brought him to his cell.

Then well was seen these gentle friends,

They loved each other dear :

The youth he pressed her to his heart ;

The maid let fall a tear.

Ah ! seldom had their host, I ween,

Beheld so sweet a pair :—

The youth was tall, with manly bloom ;—

She slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,

With bugle-horn so bright ;—

She in a silken robe and scarf,

Snatched up in hasty flight.

" Sit down, my children, (says the Sage) ;

" Sweet rest your limbs require : "

Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,

And mends his little fire.

" Partake (he said), my simple store,

Dried fruits, and milk, and curds ; "

And spreading all upon the board,

Invites with kindly words.

" Thanks, father, for thy bounteous fare, "

The youthful couple say :

Then freely ate, and made good cheer,

And talked their cares away.

" Now say, my children (for perchance,

My counsel may avail) ;

What strange adventure brought you here,

Within this lonely dale ? "

"First tell me, father!" said the youth,
" (Nor blame my eager tongue),
"What town is near?—what lands are these?
And to what lord belong?"

"Alas! my son (the Hermit said),
"Why do I live to say,
The rightful lord of these domains
Is banished far away?"

"Ten winters now have shed their snows
On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant Hotspur (so the North
Our youthful lord did call).

"Against Fourth Henry Bolingbroke
Led up his northern powers,
And, stoutly fighting, lost his life
Near proud Salopia's towers.

"One son he left, a lovely boy,
His country's hope and heir;
And, oh! to save him from his foes
It was his grandsire's care.

"In Scotland safe, he placed the child,
Beyond the reach of strife,
Nor long before the brave old Earl,
At Bramham lost his life.

"And now the Percy name, so long
Our northern pride and boast,
Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud,—
Their honours reft and lost.

"No chieftain of that noble house
Now leads our youth to arms;
The bordering Scots despoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.

“ Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay ;
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.

“ Nor far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the sea.

“ Those towers, alas ! now lie forlorn,
With noisome weeds o’erspread ;
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.

“ Meantime far off, ’mid Scottish hills,
The Percy lives unknown :
On strangers’ bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.

“ Oh, might I with these aged eyes
But live to see him here ;
Then should my soul depart in bliss ! ”—
He said, and dropped a tear.

“ And is the Percy still so loved
Of all his friends and thee ?
Then, bless me,—father (said the youth),
“ For I, thy guest, am he ! ”

Silent he gazed, then turned aside
To wipe the tears he shed ;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Poured blessings on his head.

“ Welcome, our dear and much-loved lord,
Thy country’s hope and care ;—
But who may this young lady be,
That is so wondrous fair ? ”

" Now, father ! listen to my tale,
And thou shalt know the truth ;
And let thy sage advice direct
My inexperienced youth.—

" In Scotland I've been nobly bred,
Beneath the Regent's hand,*
In feats of arms, and every lore,
To fit me for command.

" With fond impatience long I burned
My native land to see ;
At length I won my guardian friend,
To yield that boon to me.

" Then up and down, in hunter's garb,
I wandered as in chase,
Till in the noble Neville's house †
I gained a hunter's place.

" Sometime with him I lived unknown,
Till I'd the hap so rare,
To please this young and gentle dame,
That Baron's daughter fair."—

" Now, Percy (said the blushing maid),
The truth I must reveal ;
Souls great and generous, like to thine,
Their noble deeds conceal.

" It happened on a summer's day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wandered forth to take the air
Among the green-wood trees :

* Robert Stuart, Duke of Albany.—P.

† Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmorland, whose principal residence was at Raby Castle, in the bishopric of Durham.—P.

" Sudden, a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border-side,
There seized me for their prey.

" My shrieks had all been spent in vain,
But Heaven, that saw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
Who flew to my relief.

" With nothing but his hunting spear,
And dagger in his hand,
He sprung like lightning on my foes,
And caused them soon to stand.

" He fought, till more assistance came ;
The Scots were overthrown ;—
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands,
To make me more his own."

" O happy day ! " the youth replied,—
" Blest were the wounds I bear !
From that fond hour she deigned to smile,
And listen to my prayer.

" And when she knew my name and birth,
She vowed to be my bride ;
But oh ! we feared (alas the while !)
Her princely mother's pride.

" Sister of haughty Bolingbroke,*
Our house's ancient foe ;
To me I thought a banished wight
Could ne'er such favour shew.

" Despairing then to gain consent ;
At length to fly with me

* Joan, Countess of Westmorland, mother of the young lady, was daughter of John of Gaunt, and half-sister of King Henry IV.—P.

I won this lovely timorous maid,—
To Scotland bound are we.

“ This evening, as the night drew on,
Fearing we were pursued,
We turned adown the right-hand path,
And gained this lonely wood.

“ Then ' lighting from our weary steeds
To shun the pelting shower,
We met thy kind conducting hand,
And reached this friendly bower.”

“ Now rest ye both (the Hermit said),
Awhile your cares forego ;
Nor, Lady, scorn my humble bed ;—
We 'll pass the night below.” •

• The Hermitage of Warkworth is situated in a cliff near the river Coquet, called, by our old Latin chroniclers, *Coquesda*, which here flows through a small romantic valley. It is distant from the Castle of Warkworth about one mile. From the style of its architecture, it is supposed to have been erected, or, more properly speaking, excavated, towards the middle of the fourteenth century ; and its founder is ascertained to have been one of the Bertram family. These had very considerable possessions in this county, being Barons of Mitford and of Bothal Castle, which are situated in the vale of Wansbeck, about ten miles from Warkworth : the last was partly rebuilt in the year 1395. They also founded Brenkburn Priory and Brenkshaugh Chapel, in the vale near Warkworth. The traditions of the vicinity agree with the circumstance recorded in the ballad. The hermit's residence was in a small, separate building, by the side of the cliff, and consisted of two apartments, of which the upper was the bed-chamber. This building is now in ruins ; but the small and beautiful chapel, cut in the solid rock, with its anti-chapel and sacristy, or vestry, remain perfectly entire, and exhibit every part of the original architecture. The interior objects, as described in the ballad, are also still beheld, uninjured, by the curious traveller, to whose mind, in addition to the reverence due to antiquity and piety, they will recall the interesting and affecting story connected with them, by Dr. Percy.—ED.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

PART II.

LOVELY smiled the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled ;
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair Eleanor left her bed.

She found her Henry all alone,
And cheered him with her sight ;—
The youth consulting with his friend
Had watched the livelong night.

What sweet surprise o'erpowered her breast,—
Her cheek what blushes dyed,
When fondly he besought her there
To yield to be his bride !—

“ Within this lonely hermitage
There is a chapel meet :
Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
And make my bliss complete.”

“ O Henry ! when thou deignest to sue,
Can I thy suit withstand ?
When thou, loved youth, hast won my heart,
Can I refuse my hand ?

" For thee, I left a father's smiles,
And mother's tender care ;
And, whether weal or woe betide,
Thy lot I mean to share."

" And wilt thou, then, O generous maid !
Such matchless favour show,
To share with me, a banished wight,
My peril, pain, or woe ?

" Now heaven, I trust, hath joys in store
To crown thy constant breast ;
For know, fond hope assures my heart,
That we shall soon be blest.

" Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle,
Surrounded by the sea ;
There dwells a holy friar, well-known
To all thy friends and thee.*

" 'Tis Father Bernard,—so revered
For every worthy deed ;
To Raby Castle he shall go,
And for us kindly plead.

" To fetch this good and holy man
Our revered host is gone ;
And soon, I trust, his pious hands
Will join us both in one."

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile ;
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

* In the little island of Coquet, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a cell, which belonged to the Benedictine Monks of Tynemouth Abbey. Many interesting particulars of the scenery in this part of Northumberland, will be found in a novel by Miss Porter, written with her accustomed purity of feeling and beauty of delineation, called, "The Pastor's Fire-side."
—ED.

With pious joy and wonder mixed
He greets the noble pair,
And glad consents to join their hands,
With many a fervent prayer.

Then straight to Raby's distant walls
He kindly wends his way ;
Meantime in love and dalliance sweet
They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host, ♀
The Hermitage they viewed,
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
And overhung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing through a stony arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There decked with many a flower and herb,
His little garden stands ;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands.

There, scooped within the solid rock,
Three sacred vaults he shows ;
The chief a Chapel, neatly arched,
On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,
That should a chapel grace ;
The lattice for confession framed,
And holy water vase.

O'er either door a sacred text,
Invites to godly fear ;
And in a little 'scutcheon hung
The cross, and crown, and spear.

Up to the altar's ample breadth,
Two easy steps ascend ;
And near, a glimmering solemn light
Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb,
All in the living stone ;
On which a young and beauteous maid
In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel fairly carved,
Leaned hovering o'er her breast ;
A weeping warrior at her feet ;
And near to these, her crest.*

The cliff, the vault—but chief the tomb,
Attract the wondering pair :
Eager they ask, What hapless dame
Lies sculptured here so fair ?

The Hermit sighed, the Hermit wept,
For sorrow scarce could speak ;
At length he wiped the trickling tears
That all bedewed his cheek.

“ Alas ! my children, human life
Is but a vale of woe !
And very mournful is the tale
Which ye so fain would know.”

* This is a Bull's Head, the crest of the Widdrington family.—P.

THE HERMIT'S TALE.

YOUNG LORD, thy Grandsire had a friend,
In days of youthful fame ;
Yon distant hills were his domains,
Sir Bertram was his name.

Where'er the noble Percy fought
His friend was at his side ;
And many a skirmish with the Scots
Their early valour tried.

Young Bertram loved a beauteous maid,
As fair, as fair might be ;
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
Was not so fair as she !

Fair Widdrington the maiden's name,
Yon towers her dwelling place ; *
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief,
Devoted to thy race.

Many a lord, and many a knight
To this fair damsel came ;
But Bertram was her only choice,—
For him she felt a flame.

Lord Percy pleaded for his friend,
Her father soon consents ;

* Widdrington Castle, about five miles south of Warkworth.—P.

None but the beaucous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

But she, with studied fond delays,
Defers the blissful hour ;
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.

“ That heart (she said), is lightly prized,
Which is too lightly won ;
And long shall rue that easy maid,
Who yields her love too soon.”

Lord Percy made a solemn feast,
In Alnwick's princely hall ;
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

With wassal, mirth, and revelry,
The castle rang around ;
Lord Percy called for song and harp,
And pipes of martial sound.

The minstrels of thy noble house,
All clad in robes of blue,
With silver crescents on their arms,
Attend in order due.

The great achievements of thy race
They sung : their high command :
“ How valiant Mainfred o'er the seas
First led his northern band.

“ Brave Galfrid next, to Normandy,
With venturous Rollo came ;
And, from his Norman castles won,
Assumed the *Percy* name.’

“ They sung, how ‘ in the Conqueror's fleet,
Lord William shipped his powers,

And gained a fair young Saxon bride,
With all her lands and towers. *

“ Then journeying to the Holy Land,
There bravely fought and died :
But first the silver crescent won —
Some Paynim Soldan's pride.

They sung, “ how Agnes, beauteous heir,
The Queen's own brother wed :
Lord Joscelyn, sprung from Charlemagne,
In princely Brabant bred.

“ How he the Percy name revived ;
And how his noble line,
Still foremost in their country's cause,
With godlike ardour shine.”

With loud acclaims, the listening crowd
Applaud the masters' song :
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

Now high heroic acts they tell,
Their perils past recall :
When, lo ! a Damsel young and fair,
Stepped forward through the hall.

She Bertram courteously addressed ;
And kneeling on her knee :—
“ Sir knight, the lady of thy love
Hath sent this gift to thee.”

* William de Percy (fifth in descent from Galfrid, or Geoffrey de Percy, son of Mainfred), assisted in the conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions in Yorkshire, of Emma de Porte (so the Norman writers name her), whose father, a great Saxon lord, had been slain fighting along with Harold. This young lady, William, from a principle of honour and generosity, married ; for, having had all her lands bestowed upon him by the Conqueror, “ he (to use the words of the old *Whitby Chronicle*) wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in discharging of his conscience.” He died in Asia, in the first Crusade.—Dr. PERCY.

Then forth she drew a glittering helm,
Well-plait with many a fold ;
The casque was wrought of tempered steel,
The crest of burnished gold.

" Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,
When thou hast proved this maiden gift,
Where sharpest blows are tried."

Young Bertram took the shining helm,
And thrice he kissed the same :
" Trust me, I 'll prove this precious casque
With deeds of noblest fame."

Lord Percy, and his barons bold,
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marches, late oppressed,
And Scottish wrongs repay.

The knights assembled on the hills,—
A thousand horse and more ;
Brave Widdrington, though sunk in years,
The Percy standard bore.

'Tweed's limpid current soon they pass,
And range the Borders round :
Down the green slopes of Teviotdale
Their bugle-horns resound.

As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunters' cries,
And rushes forth to meet his foes,
So did the Douglas rise.

Attendant on their chief's command,
A thousand warriors wait :
And now the fatal hour drew on,
Of cruel, keen debate.

A chosen troop of Scottish youths
Advance before the rest ;
Lord Percy marked their gallant mein,
And thus his friend addressed :

“ Now, Bertram, prove thy lady’s helm,—
Attack yon forward band ;
Dead or alive I ’ll rescue thee,
Or perish by their hand.”

Young Bertram bowed, with glad assent,
And spurred his eager steed ;
And, calling on his lady’s name,
Rushed forth with whirlwind speed.

As when a grove of sapling oaks
The livid lightning rends ;
So fiercely ’mid opposing ranks
Sir Bertram’s sword descends.

This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces through ;
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he slew.

Now closing fast on every side,
They hem Sir Bertram round :
But, dauntless, he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

The vigour of his single arm
Had well nigh won the field,
When ponderous fell a Scottish axe,
And clave his lifted shield.

Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helm in twain ;
That beauteous helm, his lady’s gift !—
His blood bedewed the plain.

Lord Percy saw his champion fall
Amid the' unequal fight ;
“ And now, my noble friends (he said),
Let 's save this gallant knight.”
Then rushing in, with stretch'd-out shield,
He o'er the warrior hung ;
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing,
To guard her callow young.
Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire ;—
What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire ?
Now gathering round on every part,
The battle raged amain ;
And many a Lady wept her Lord,
That hour untimely slain.
Percy and Douglas, great in arms,
There all their courage showed ;
And all the field was strewed with dead,
And all with crimson flow'd.
At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield,
And, after wondrous valour shown,
They slowly quit the field.
All pale, extended on their shields,
And weltering in his gore,
Lord Percy's knights their bleeding friend
To Wark's* fair Castle bore.
“ Well hast thou earned my daughter's love ;
(Her father kindly said),

* Wark Castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern bank of the river Tweed, a little to the east of Teviotdale, and not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.—P.

And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
And tend thee in thy bed."

A message went, no daughter came,
Fair Isabel ne'er appears ;
" Beshrew me (said the aged chief),
Young maidens have their fears.

" Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see,
So soon as thou canst ride ;
And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
And she shall be thy bride."

Sir Bertram, at her name revived,
He blessed the soothing sound ;
Fond hope supplied the nurse's care,
And healed his ghastly wound.

THE HERMIT OF WARKWORTH.

PART III.

ONE early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose,
His bride he would go see.

A brother he had, in prime of youth,
Of courage firm and keen ;
And he would tend him on the way,
Because his wounds were green.

All day, o'er moss and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower ;
And 't was the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

Most drear and dark the Castle seemed,
That wont to shine so bright :
And long and loud Sir Bertram called,
Ere he beheld a light.

At length her aged nurse arose,
With voice so shrill and clear :—
“ What wight is this, that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here ? ”

" 'T is Bertram calls, thy Lady's love,
Come from his bed of care :
All day I 've ridden o'er moor and moss,
To see thy Lady fair."

" Now out, alas ! (she loudly shrieked),
Alas ! how may this be ?
For six long days are gone and past,
Since she set out to thee."

Sad terror seized Sir Bertram's heart,
And oft he deeply sighed ;
When now the drawbridge was let down,
And gates set open wide.

" Six days, young knight, are past and gone,
Since she set out to thee ;
And sure if no sad harm had happ'd
Long since thou wouldst her see.

" For when she heard thy grievous chance,
She tore her hair, and cried,—
' Alas ! I've slain the comeliest knight,
All through my folly and pride !

" ' And now to' atone for my sad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I 'll go myself and nurse my love,
And soothe his bed of pain.'

" Then mounted she her milk-white steed,
One morn, at break of day ;
And two tall yeomen went with her,
To guard her on the way."

Sad terror smote Sir Bertram's heart,
And grief o'erwhelmed his mind :

" Trust me (said he), I ne'er will rest
Till I thy lady find."

That night he spent in sorrow and care ;
And with sad-boding heart,
Or ever the dawning of the day,
His brother and he depart.

“ Now, brother, we 'll our ways divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range ;
Do thou go North, and I 'll go West,
And all our dress we 'll change.

“ Some Scottish carle hath seized my love,
And borne her to his den ;
And ne'er will I tread English ground
Till she is restored again.”

The brothers straight their paths divide,
O'er Scottish hills to range ;
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
And oft their dress they change.

Sir Bertram clad in gown of gray,
Most like a palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

Sometimes a minstrel's garb he wears,
With pipes so sweet and shrill ;
And wends to every tower and town,
O'er every dale and hill.

One day, as he sat under a thorn,
All sunk in deep despair,
An aged pilgrim passed him by,
Who marked his face of care :

“ All minstrels yet that ever I saw,
Are full of game and glee ;
But thou art sad and woe-begone !
I marvel whence it be !”

“ Father, I serve an aged Lord,
Whose grief afflicts my mind ;
His only child is stolen away,
And fain I would her find.”

“ Cheer up, my son ; perchance (he said),
Some tidings I may bear ;
For oft when human hopes have failed,
Then heavenly comfort’s near.

“ Behind yon hills so steep and high,
Down in the lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong,
Far from the abode of men.

“ As late I chanced to crave an alms,
About this evening hour,
Methought I heard a lady’s voice,
Lamenting in the tower.

“ And when I asked, what harm had happ’d ;
What Lady sick there lay ?
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away.”

These tidings caught Sir Bertram’s ear,
He thanked him for his tale ;
And soon he hasted o’er the hills,—
And soon he reached the vale.

Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he ’gan to blow.

“ Sir Porter, is thy Lord at home,
To hear a minstrel’s song ?
Or may I crave a lodging here,
Without offence or wrong ?”

" My Lord (he said) is not at home
To hear a minstrel's song ;
And should I lend thee lodging here,
My life would not be long."

He played again so soft a strain,—
Such power sweet sounds impart,—
He won the churlish Porter's ear,
And moved his stubborn heart.

" Minstrel (he said), thou play'st so sweet,
Fair entrance thou shouldst win ;
But, alas ! I'm sworn upon the rood
To let no stranger in.

" Yet, minstrel, in yon rising cliff
Thou 'lt find a sheltering cave ;
And here thou shalt my supper share,
And there thy lodging have."

All day he sits beside the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear ;—
All night, he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.

The first night, as he silent watched,
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his lady's voice,
Lamenting in the tower.

The second night, the moon shone clear,
And gild the spangled dew ;
He saw his lady through the grate,
But 't was a transient view.

The third night, wearied out, he slept
Till near the morning tide ;
When, starting up, he seized his sword,
And to the castle hied.

When, lo! he saw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall :
And o'er the mote was newly laid
A poplar strong and tall

And soon he saw his love descend,
Wrapt in a Tartan plaid ;
Assisted by a sturdy youth,
In Highland garb y-clad.

Amazed, confounded at the sight,
He lay unseen and still !
And soon he saw them cross the stream,
And mount the neighbouring hill.

Unheard, unknown of all within,
The youthful couple fly ;
But what can 'scape the lover's ken !
Or shun his piercing eye !

With silent step he follows close
Behind the flying pair ;
And saw her hang upon his arm,
With fond familiar air.

" Thanks, gentle youth," she often said ;
" My thanks thou well hast won ;
For me, what wiles hast thou contrived !
For me, what dangers run !

" And ever shall my grateful heart
Thy services repay :"—
Sir Bertram could no further hear,
But cried, " Vile traitor, stay !

" Vile traitor ! yield that lady up !"—
And quick his sword he drew ;
The stranger turned in sudden rage,
And at Sir Bertram flew.

With mortal hate their vigorous arms
Gave many a vengeful blow :
But Bertram's stronger hand prevailed
And laid the stranger low.

" Die, traitor, die !" — A deadly thrust
Attends each furious word ; —
Ah ! then fair Isabel knew his voice,
And rushed beneath his sword.

—" O stop (she cried), O stop thy arm !
Thou dost thy brother slay !" —
And here the Hermit paused, and wept :
His tongue no more could say.

At length, he cried, " Ye lovely pair,
How shall I tell the rest ?
Ere I could stop my piercing sword,
It fell, and stabbed her breast ! "

" Wert thou thyself that hapless youth ?
Ah ! cruel fate ! " they said —
The Hermit wept, and so did they :
They sighed ; — he hung his head.

" O blind and jealous rage (he cried),
What evils from thee flow ! "
The Hermit paused — they silent mourned ;
He wept, and they were woe.

" Ah ! when I heard my brother's name,
And saw my lady bleed,
I raved, I wept, I cursed my arm,
That wrought the fatal deed !

" In vain I clasped her to my breast,
And closed the ghastly wound ;
In vain I pressed his bleeding corpse,
And raised it from the ground.

“ My brother, alas ! spake never more,
His precious life was flown.—
She kindly strove to sooth my pain,
Regardless of her own.”

“ Bertram (she said), be comforted,
And live to think on me ;
May we in Heaven that union prove,
Which here was not to be !

“ Bertram (she said), I still was true ;
Thou only hadst my heart :
May we hereafter meet in bliss !
We now, alas ! must part.

“ For thee, I left my father’s hall,
And flew to thy relief,
When, lo ! near Cheviot’s fatal hills,
I met a Scottish chief,—

“ Lord Malcolm’s son, whose proffered love
I had refused with scorn ;
He slew my guards, and seized on me,
Upon that fatal morn.

“ And in these dreary, hated walls
He kept me close confined ;
And fondly sued, and warmly pressed,
To win me to his mind.

“ Each rising morn increased my pain,
Each night increased my fear !
When, wandering in this northern garb,
Thy brother found me here.

“ He quickly formed this brave design,
To set me captive free ;
And on the moor his horses wait,
Tied to a neighbouring tree.

“ Then haste, my love, escape away,
And for thyself provide ;
And sometimes fondly think on her
Who should have been thy bride ! ”

Thus pouring comfort on my soul,
E'en with her latest breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace,
And closed her eyes in death.

In wild amaze,—in speechless woe,
Devoid of sense I lay :
Then sudden, all in frantic mood,
I meant myself to slay :

And rising up in furious haste,
I seized the bloody brand :*
A sturdy arm here interposed,
And wrenched it from my hand.

A crowd, that from the castle came,
Had missed their lovely ward ;
And seizing me, to prison bare,
And deep in dungeon barred.

It chanced, that on that very morn
Their chief was prisoner ta'en :
Lord Percy had us soon exchanged,
And strove to soothe my pain.

And soon these honoured, dear remains,
To England were conveyed ;
And there, within their silent tombs,
With holy rites were laid.

For me, I loathed my wretched life,
And oft to end it sought ;

* Sword.

Till time, and thought, and holy men,
Had better counsels taught.

They raised my heart to that pure source,
Whence heavenly comfort flows :
They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and sordid care ;
I meekly vowed to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

The bold Sir Bertram, now no more
Impetuous, haughty, wild ;
But poor and humble Benedict,
Now lowly, patient, mild.

My lands I gave to feed the poor,
And sacred altars raise ;
And here a lonely anchorite,
I came to end my days.

This sweet, sequestered vale I chose,
These rocks, and hanging grove ;
For oft beside this murmuring stream
My love was wont to rove.

My noble friend approved my choice ;
This bless'd retreat he gave :
And here I carved her beauteous form,
And scooped this holy cave.

Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I've lingered here ;
And daily o'er this sculptured saint
I drop the pensive tear.

And thou, dear brother of my heart !
So faithful and so true,
The sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue !

Yet not unpitied passed my life,
Forsaken, or forgot ;
The Percy and his noble son
Would grace my lowly cot.

Oft the great Earl, from toils of state,
And cumb'rous pomp of power,
Would gladly seek my little cell,
To spend the tranquil hour.

But length of life is length of woe !
I lived to mourn his fall :
I lived to mourn his godlike son,
Their friends and followers all.

But thou the honours of thy race,
Loved youth, shall now restore ;
And raise again the Percy name
More glorious than before.

He ceased, and on the lovely pair
His choicest blessings laid :
While they with thanks and pitying tears
His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take,
They ask the good old sire ;
And guided by his sage advice,
To Scotland they retire.

Meantime their suit such favour found
At Raby's stately hall,
Earl Neville and his princely spouse
Now gladly pardon all.

She, suppliant at her * nephew's throne,
The royal grace implored :
To all the honours of his race
The Percy was restored.

The youthful Earl still more and more
Admired his beauteous dame :
Nine noble sons to him she bore,
All worthy of their name.

* King Henry V.—A.D. 1418.

THE BATTLE OF CUTON-MOOR.

DAVID I., king of Scotland, first invaded England in 1137, but by the powerfully eloquent and pious mediation of Thurstan, archbishop of York, he was induced to suspend his warfare till the return of Stephen from Normandy; when, it was hoped, that his claim on Northumberland might be amicably settled. This, however, not taking place, he again made an incursion, after Easter, 1138. The leaders on both sides, and the events of the engagement, which is better known by the appellation of the "Battle of the Standard," are faithfully related in the following ballad.

THE welkin dark o'er Cuton-Moor,
With dreary clouds did lower!—
The woeful carnage of that day
Shall Scotland aye deplore.

The river Tees full oft did sigh,
As she rolled her winding flood,
That ever her silver tide so clear,
Should be swelled with human blood.

King David he stood on the rising hill,
And the verdant prospect viewed;
And he saw that sweet river which over the moor
Rolled on her silver flood.

O then bespake that noble King,
As grief his heart subdued ;—
“ And ever I mourn that yon fair stream
Should be stained with human blood ! ”

King David he saw the verdant moor
With wild-flowers all bestrewed ;—
“ And ever I’m grieved that so green a moor
Must be stained with human blood ! ”

“ But more am I grieved, alas ! (he cried),
And more my heart is woe’d,
That so many warriors, young and brave,
Must this day shed their blood ! ”

As princely a host this King did lead,
As ever marched on plain ;
Ah ! that so many a warrior brave
Should be so quickly slain !

And first marched forth the Galloway men,
From the ancient Picts who sprang ;
Their spears all so bright, and bucklers strong,
For many miles they rang.

And then came on the Norman troops,
With English them among :
For the Empress Maud they came to fight,
And right that lady’s wrong.

And then marched forth the Scottish foot,
And then marched forth the horse ;—
In armour strong all those warriors came,
A great and warlike force !

King David looked athwart the moor,
With Prince Henry, his brave son ;
And they were aware of the English host,
Now merrily marching on.

O then called forth the king David,
And loudly called he,—
“ And who is here in all my camp
Can describe yon host to me ? ”

Then came there one beside the tent,
An Englishman was he ;
“ T was not long since from the English host
That traitorous wight did flee.

“ Now tell me yon hosts,” the King he cried,
“ And thou shalt have gold and fee ;
And who is yon chief that rides along,
With his locks so aged gray ? ”

“ O, that is Walter de Gaunt you see,
And he hath been gray full long ;
But many the troops that he doth lead,
And they are stout and strong.”

“ And who is yon chief, so bright to see,
With his troops that beat the plain ? ”
“ O, that 's the young Earl of Albemarle,
Who 's leading his gallant train.

“ A more gallant warrior than that lord,
Is not yon host among ;
And the gallant troops that he doth lead,
Like him are stout and strong.”

“ And who yon shining warriors two,
With their troops y-clad the same ? ”
“ O, they are the Bruces, that in this fight
Have come to acquire them fame.”

Then called he out, that king David,
And full of woe spake he,—
“ And ever I hold those Bruces false,
For much they owe to me !

“ And who 's yon chief of giant height,
And bulk so huge to see ? ”

“ Walter Espec is that chief 's name,
And a potent chief is he ;

“ His stature 's large as the mountain oak,
And eke as strong his might ;
There 's never a chief in all the north,
Can dare with him to fight ! ”

“ And who 's yon youth, yon youth I see
Galloping o'er the moor ?—
His troops, that follow so gallantly,
Proclaim him a youth of power.”

“ Young Roger de Mowbray is that youth,
And he 's sprung of the royal line ;
His wealth and followers, O King !
Are almost as great as thine.”

“ And who 's yon aged chief I see,
All clad in purple vest ? ”

“ O, that 's the Bishop of the Orkney Isles,
And he all the host doth bless !

“ And all the rest are noblemen,
Of fortune and fame each one ;
From Nottingham, and from Derbyshire,
Those valiant chieftains come.”

“ But what 's yon glittering tower I see,
In the centre of the host ? ”

“ O, that 's the hallowed Standard, of which
The English make such boast !

“ A Mast of a Ship it is so high,
All bedecked with gold so gay ;
And on its top is a holy Cross,
That shines as bright as the day :

“ Around it hang the holy banners
Of many a blessed saint :
Saint Peter, and John of Beverly,
And Saint Wilfred there they paint :

“ The aged folk around it throng,
With their old hairs all so gray ;
And many a chieftain there bows down,
And so heartily doth pray !”

O then bespake the King of Scots—
And so heavily spake he—

“ And had I but yon holy standard,
Right gladsome should I be !

“ And had I but yon holy standard,
That there so high doth tower ;
I would not care for yon English host,
Nor all yon chieftains' power !

“ O, had I but yon holy rood,
That there so bright doth show ;
I would not care for yon English host,
Nor the worst that they could do.”

Then well spake he, the Prince Henry,
And like a brave prince spake he :

“ O, let us but fight like valiant men,
And we 'll make yon hosts to flee.

“ O, let us but fight like valiant men,
And to Christ his will yet bow,
And yon holy standard shall be ours,
And the victory also !”

Prince Henry was as brave a youth
As ever fought in field :
And many a warrior, that dread day,
To him his life did yield.

Prince Henry was as fair a youth
As the sun did e'er espy ;
Full many a lady in Scottish land,
For that young prince did sigh.

Prince Henry he called his young foot-page,
And thus to him spake he :—
“ O heed my words, and serve me true,
And thou shalt have gold and fee.

“ Stand thou on yonder rising hill,
(Full safe, I ween, the site),
And thence, oh ! mark thee well my crest,
In all the thickest fight :

“ And if, o'ercome by wounds, I fall—
Then take thee a swift, swift steed,
And from this moor, to Dumfries town,
O ride thee away with speed.

“ There to the Lady Alice wend—
You know that lovely fair ;
For the fairest maid in all that town
Cannot with her compare !

“ And tell that lady of my woe,
And tell her of my love ;
And give to her this golden ring,
My tenderest faith to prove.

“ And strive to cheer that lovely maid,
In all her grief and care ;
For well I know her gentle heart
Did ever hold me dear.”

And now the English host drew near,
And all in battle array ;
Their shining swords and glittering spears
Shot round a brilliant ray.

And now both valiant hosts came near,
Each other bent to slay ;
While, watchful, hovered o'er their heads
Full many a bird of prey.

The sun behind the dark, dark clouds,
Did hide each beamy ray ;
As fearful to behold the woe
That marked that dreadful day. 4

The thundering winds of heaven arose,
And rushed from pole to pole ;
As raised to drown the groans and sighs
Of many a dying soul !

Stern Death—he heard the shout of war,
That echoed round so loud ;
And he roused him to the embattled field,
To feast on human blood.

And first, the Pictish race began
The carnage of the day :
The cries they made were like the storm
That rends the rocks away !

Those fierce, fierce men of Galloway,
Began that day of dole ;
And their shouts were like the thunder's roar,
When heard from pole to pole.

Now bucklers rang 'gainst swords and spears ;
Now arrows dimmed the plain ;
And many a warrior lay full low,
And many a chief was slain.

O woeful, woeful was that day,
To child and widow drear !
For there fierce Death, o'er human race,
Did triumph far and near.

Drear was the day!—in dark, dark clouds,
The welkin all endrowned;
But drearier far the woeful scene
Of carnage all around!

Laden with death's unpitying arm,
Swords fell and arrows flew:
The widowed wife and fatherless child
That day of dole shall rue.

Weep, dames of Scotland! weep and wail,
Let your sighs re-echo round;
Ten thousand brave Scots that hailed the morn,
At night lay dead on the ground.

And ye, fair dames of merry England!
As fast your tears must pour;
For many's the valiant Englishman
That ye shall see no more!

Sigh, dames of England! and lament,
And many a salt tear shed;
For many an Englishman hailed that morn,
That ere the night was dead.

The Scots they fled; but still their King,
With his brave son by his side,
Fought long the foe.—Brave King and Prince,
Of Scotland aye the pride!

The Scots they fled; but still their King,
With his brave son, fought full well;
Till o'er the moor an arrow it flew,
And brave Prince Henry fell.

All this espied his young foot-page,
From the hill where he abode;
And soon hath he mounted a swift, swift steed,
And soon from the hill hath rode.

And he hath crossed the Tees' fair stream,
Now swelled with human blood ;
The' affrighted page he never staid,
Till to Dumfries he had rode.

Fair Alice was gone to the holy Kirk,
With a sad heart did she go ;
And ever so fast she cried to Heaven,—
" Prince Henry save from woe ! "

Fair Alice she hied her to the choir,
Where the priest did chant so slow ;
And ever she cried,—" May the holy Saints
Prince Henry save from woe ! "

Fair Alice she knelt by the hallowed Rood,
While fast her tears did flow ;
And ever she cried,—" Oh ! sweet Saviour,
Prince Henry save from woe ! "

Fair Alice looked out at the kirk-door,
And heavy her heart did beat ;
For she was aware of the Prince's page
Galloping down the street.

Again fair Alice looked out to see,
And well nigh she did swoon ;
For now she was sure it was that page,
Came galloping through the town.

" Now, Christ thee save ! thou sweet young page ;
Now Christ thee save and see !
And how doth sweet Prince Henry,
I pray thee tell to me ? "

The page he looked at the fair Alice,
And his heart was full of woe ;
The page he looked at the fair Alice,
Till his tears began to flow.

" Ah, woe is me ! " sad Alice cried,
And tore her golden hair ;
And so fast she wrung her lily hands,
All wooed with sad despair.

" The English keep the bloody field,
Full many a Scot is slain "——
" But, lives Prince Henry ? " that lady cried,
" All else to me is vain !——

" Oh ! lives the Prince ? I pray thee tell ! "
Fair Alice still did call ;
" These eyes did see a keen arrow flee,
Did see Prince Henry——fall ! "

Fair Alice she sat her on the ground,
And never a word she spake ;
But like the pale image did she look,
For her heart was nigh to break.

The rose that once so tinged her cheek,
Was now, alas ! no more :
But the whiteness of her lily skin,
It was fairer than before !

" Fair lady, rise ! " the page exclaimed,
" Nor lay thee here thus low."
She answered not ; but heaved a sigh,
That spake her heartfelt woe !

Her maidens came, and strove to cheer,
But in vain was all their care ;
The Townsfolk wept to see that lady
O'erwhelmed with despair.

They raised her from the danky ground,
And sprinkled water fair :
But the coldest water from the spring
Was not so cold as her.

And now came horsemen from the town,
That the Prince had sent with speed ;
With tidings to Alice that he did live,
To ease her of her dread.

For, when the hapless Prince did fall,
The arrow did not him slay ;
But his followers did bravely rescue him,
And conveyed him safe away,—

Bravely they rescued that noble Prince,
And to fair Carlisle him bore ;
And there that brave young Prince did live,
Though wounded, sad, and sore.

Fair Alice the wond'rous tidings heard,
And thrice, for joy, she sighed ; —
That hapless fair, when she heard the news,
She rose—she smiled—and died !

The tears that her fair maidens shed,
Ran free from their bright eyes ;
The echoing wind that then did blow,
Was burdened with their sighs.

The page he saw the lovely Alice
In a deep grave let down,
And at her head a green turf laid,
And at her feet a stone !

Then, with many a tear and many a sigh,
Hath he hied him on his way ;
And he hath come to Carlisle town,
All clad in black array.

And now he hath come to the Prince's hall,
And lowly bent his knee,—
“ And how is the lady Alice so fair ?
My page, come and tell to me.”

“ Oh ! the lady Alice so lovely fair,
Alas ! is dead and gone !
And at her head is a green-grass turf,
And at her heels a stone.

“ The lady Alice is dead and gone,
She sleeps on the Kirk-hill side ;
And all for love of thee, O Prince !
That beauteous lady died.

“ And where she ’s laid the green turf grows,
And a cold grave-stone is there,
But the dew-clad turf, nor the cold, cold stone,
Is not so cold as her.”

Oh ! then Prince Henry sad did sigh,
His heart all full of woe :
That hapless Prince he beat his breast,
And his tears began to flow.

“ And art thou gone, my sweet Alice !
And art thou gone ? (he cried) :
Ah ! would to Heaven that I with thee,
My faithful love, had died.

“ And have I lost thee, my sweet Alice !
And art thou dead and gone ?
And at thy dear head a green grass turf,
And at thy feet a stone !

“ The turf that ’s o’er thy grave, dear Alice !
Shall with my tears be wet ;
And the stone at thy feet shall melt, love !
E’er I will thee forget.”

And when the news came to merry England,
Of the battle in the North ;
O then King Stephen and his nobles
So merrily marched forth :

And they have had justs and tournaments,
And have feasted o'er and o'er,
And merrily, merrily have they rejoiced,
For the victory of Cuton-Moor.

But many a sigh adds to the wind,
And many a tear to the shower,
And many a bleeding heart hath broke,
For the battle of Cuton-Moor !

And many 's the widow all forlorn,
And helpless orphan poor,
And many 's the maiden that shall rue
The victory of Cuton-Moor.

The Lady Alice is laid full low,
And her maidens' tears do pour ;
And many 's the wretch with them shall weep,
For the victory of Cuton-Moor.

The holy priest doth weep, as he sings
His masses o'er and o'er ;
And all for the souls of them that were slain,
At the battle of Cuton-Moor !

EVANS.

COLIN AND LUCY:

A Pastoral Ballad.

BY THOMAS TICKELL.*

Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace ;
Nor e'er did Liffey's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face :

Till luckless love and pining care
Impaired her rosy hue,
Her dainty lip, her damask cheek,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Ah ! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend ?—
So drooped this slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end !

By Lucy warned, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair :
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye flattering swains beware.

* "To Tickell cannot be refused a high place among the minor poets."—
JOHNSON. Vide *Spectator*, No. 620, for a poem of his. He was the intimate friend and secretary of Addison, and died in 1740.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring ;
And at her window shrieking thrice,
The raven flapp'd its wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound ;
And thus in dying words bespoke,
The virgins weeping round.

“ I hear a voice you cannot hear,
That cries, I must not stay,—
I see a hand you cannot see,
That beckons me away.

“ Of a false swain and broken heart,
In early youth I die ;
Am I to blame, because the bride
Is twice as rich as I ?

“ Ah ! Colin, give not her thy vows,—
Vows due to me alone ;
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.

“ To-morrow, in the Church to wed
Impatient both prepare ;
But know, false man ! and know, fond inaid,
Poor Lucy will be there.

“ Then, bear my corse, ye comrades dear,
The bridegroom blithe to meet ;—
He, in his wedding trim so gay,
I, in my winding sheet.”

She spoke—she died ; her corse was borne
The bridegroom blithe to meet,—
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding-sheet.

What then were perjured Colin's imaginings?—

How were those mountains kept?

The bridesmen flock round Lucy dead.

And all the village wept.

Compassion—shame—remorse—despair.

At once his bosom sear'd :

The damps of death bedew'd his brow.

He shook—he groined—he fell.

From the vain bride 'ah! bride no more!'

The varying crimson fled,

When, stretched beside her rival's corpse,

She saw her lover dead.

He to his Lucy's new-made grave,

Conveyed by trembling swains,

In the same mould, beneath one sod,

For ever now remains.

Oft at this place the constant hind,

And plighted maid are seen,

With garlands gay, and true-love knots.

They deck the sacred green.

But swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,

This hallowed ground forbear ;

Remember Colin's dreadful fate,

And fear to meet him there !

THE HERMIT.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

THIS and "*The Friar of Orders Gray*" were written nearly at the same time ; and they are both indebted, for some parts of the narrative and imagery, to an old fragment,—"*The Gentle Herdsman*," printed in Percy's *Reliques*, v. 2, 87. Dr. Percy has, in addition, embodied in his poem, several little fragments of old ballads, now lost, contained in the plays of Shakspeare.

"TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

"For here, forlorn and lost, I tread,
With fainting steps and slow,
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."

"Forbear, my son," the hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom !
For yonder faithless phantom * flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Which the base vulgar do call" *Jack o' the Lantern*. A legend of a certain FRIAR JOHN, appears in old times to have been, somehow or other,

" Here to the houseless child of want
 My door is open still;
 And, though my portion is but scant,
 I give it with good will.

" Then turn to-night, and freely share
 Whate'er my cell bestows;
 My rushy couch and frugal fare,—
 My blessing, and repose.

popularly connected with this treacherous luminary; at least, in the absence of opportunity for further search, we may infer as much from the words of Milton:—

" She was pinched and pulled, she said,
 And he by FRIAR's lantern led."—*L'Allegro*.

The *Ignis Fatuus*, i. e. wild-fire, according to Volta, consists of inflammable air, produced by the dissolution of vegetable matter contained in marshy places, and fired by the electric properties of fogs and other atmospheric agencies. Another meteoric appearance, commonly seen on the banks of rivers, is styled *Draco Volans*, i. e. Flying Dragon, and is of a more dense nature than the first, adhering to the clothes of those who approach it, without the slightest combustible effect. The different properties of various earthy meteors are thus alluded to by Thomson:—

" Drear is the state of the benighted wretch,
 Who then, bewildered, wanders through the dark,
 Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
 Nor visited by one directive ray,
 From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
 Perhaps, impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
 The Wild-fire scatters round, or gathered trails
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:
 Whither decoyed by the fantastic blaze,
 Now lost, and now renewed, he sinks absorpt,—
 Rider and horse,—amid the miry gulph:
 While still, from day to day, his pining wife,
 And plaintive children, his return await,—
 In wild conjecture lost. At other times,
 Sent by the *better genius* of the night,—
 Innoxious, gleaming on the horse's mane,
 The meteor sits; and shews the narrow path,
 That winding leads through pits of death, or else
 Instructs him how to take the dangerous ford."—*Autumn*. Ed.

" No flocks, that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn :
Taught by that Power who pities me,
I learn to pity them.

" But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring ;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

" Then, pilgrim, turn—thy cares forego ;
All earth-born cares are wrong :
Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell ;
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

Far in a wilderness obscure,
The lonely mansion lay ;
A refuge to the neighb'ring poor,
And strangers led astray.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care :
The wicket, opening with a latch,
Received the harmless pair.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their evening rest,
The hermit trimmed his little fire,
And cheered his pensive guest ;

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily pressed and smiled ;
And, skilled in legendary lore,
The lingering hours beguiled.

Around, in sympathetic mirth, *
Its tricks the kitten tries ;
The cricket chirrup in the hearth,
The crackling fagot flies.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe ;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

His rising cares the hermit 'spied,
With answering care oppress :
" And whence, unhappy youth," he cried,
" The sorrows of thy breast.

" From better habitations spurned,
Reluctant dost thou rove ?
Or grieve for friendship unreturned,
Or unregarded love ?

" Alas ! the joys that fortune brings
Are trifling, and decay ;
And those who prize the paltry things,
More trifling still than they.

" And what is friendship but a name,
A charm that lulls to sleep ;
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep ?

" And love is still an emptier sound,
The modern fair one's jest !
On earth unseen, or only found
To warm the turtle's nest.

* This, with many other *pictorial* descriptions in this ballad, have ever gained the admiration of all readers of taste and feeling. They are especially the delight of children—and *they* are by no means the worst judges of what is true to nature ; and if the sight of these, in after-life, should excite a vivid recollection of that happy and innocent age, the effect on the mind must certainly be pleasing, and might be improving and beneficial.—ED.

“ For shame; fond youth ! thy sorrows hush,
And spurn the sex,” he said ;
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betrayed.

Surprised, he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view ;
Like colours o’er the morning skies,
As bright,—as transient too.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms :
The lovely stranger stands confest,
A maid in all her charms !

And, “ Ah ! forgive a stranger rude,
A wretch forlorn (she cried) ;
Whose feet unhallowed thus intrude
Where Heaven and you reside.

“ But let a maid thy pity share,
Whom love has taught to stray ;
Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
Companion of her way.

“ My father lived beside the Tyne,
A wealthy Lord was he ;
And all his wealth was marked as mine,
He had but only me.

“ To win me from his tender arms,
Unnumbered suitors came ;
Who praised me for imputed charms,
And felt or feigned a flame.

“ Each hour a mercenary crowd
With richest proffers strove ;
Among the rest young Edwin bowed,
But never talked of love.

" In humble, simplest habit clad,
No wealth or power had he ;
Wisdom and worth were all he had,
But these were All to me.

" The blossom opening to the day,
The dews of heaven refined,
Could nought of purity display
To emulate his mind.

" The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
With charms inconstant shine ;
Their charms were his—but, woe to me !
Their constancy was mine.

" For still I tried each fickle art,
Importunate and vain ;
And, while his passion touched my heart,
I triumphed in his pain.

" Till, quite dejected with my scorn,
He left me to my pride ;
And sought a solitude forlorn,
In secret, where he died.

" But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
And well my life shall pay ;
I'll seek the solitude he sought,
And stretch me where he lay.

" And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
I'll lay me down and die !
'T was so for me that Edwin did,
And so for him will I."

" Forbid it, Heaven !" the Hermit cried,
And clasped her to his breast :
The wondering fair one turned to chide—
'T was Edwin's self that pressed !

“ Turn, Angelina, ever dear !
My charmer ! turn to see
Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
Restored to love and thee.

“ Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
And every care resign :
And shall we never, never part,
My life—my all that 's mine ?

—“ No, never from this hour to part !
We 'll live and love so true ;
The sigh that rends thy constant heart
Shall break thy Edwin's too !”

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

BY DR. PERCY.

—————“It is old and plain;
The spinners and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth (simple truth),
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.”—SHAKESPEARE.

It was a Friar of Orders Gray,
Walked forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a Lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

“Now, Christ thee save, thou reverend friar!
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see?”

“And how should I know your true love,*
From many another one?”
“O, by his cockle † hat, and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.”

* *Hamlet*, act iv., sc. v.

† The cockle-shell was worn by pilgrims, as an indication of their having passed the *sea* in their pilgrimage, or intending to pass it.

“ But chiefly, by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view ;
His flaxen locks, that sweetly curled,
And eyes of lovely blue.”

“ O, he is dead and gone, Lady ! *
Lady, he 's dead and gone !
And at his head a green-grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

“ Within these holy cloisters long
He languished, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And plaining of her pride.

“ Here bore him barefaced on his bier †
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedewed his grave,
Within yon Kirk-yard wall.”

“ And art thou dead, thou gentle youth !
And art thou dead and gone !
And didst thou die for love of me !—
Break, cruel heart of stone ! ”

“ O, weep not, lady, weep not so !
Some ghostly comfort seek ;
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.”

“ O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove ;
For I have lost the sweetest youth,
That e'er won lady's love.

“ And now, alas ! for thy sad loss,
I 'll evermore weep and sigh ;

* *Hamlet*, act 4, sc. 5.

† *Ibid.*

For thee I only wish'd to live,
For thee I wish to die."

" Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain ;
For, violets plucked, the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again."

" Our joys as winged dreams do fly —
Why then should sorrow last ?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past."

" O ! say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee, say not so ;
For since my true-love died for me,
'T is meet my tears should flow.

" And will he ne'er more come again ? *
Will he never come again ? —
Ah ! no, he 's dead, and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

" His cheek was redder than the rose,
The comeliest youth was he ;
But he is dead, and laid in his grave, —
Alas ! and woe is me ! "

" Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever ;
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never. †

" Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy ;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy." ‡

* *Hamlet*, act 4, sc. 5. † *Much Ado about Nothing*, act 2, sc. 3. ‡ *Ibid.*

" Now, say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee, say not so !
My love he had the truest heart ;
O, he was ever true !

" And art thou dead, thou much-loved youth,
And didst thou die for me ?
Then farewell, home ; for evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

" But first, upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I 'll lay ;
And thrice I 'll kiss the green-grass turf
That wraps his breathless clay."

" Yet stay, fair lady ; rest awhile
Beneath this cloister wall :
See, through the hawthorn blows the cold wind, *
And drizzly rain doth fall."

" Oh ! stay me not, thou holy friar ;
O stay me not, I pray !
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away."

" Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears ;
For see, beneath this gown of gray,
Thy own true love appears.

" Here, forced by grief, and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought ;
And here, amid these lonely walls,
To end my days I thought.

" But haply (for my year of grace
Is not yet past away),†

* *Lear*, act 3, sc. 4.

† At the end of their first year of noviciate or probation, they were per-

Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay."

" Now, farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I 've found thee, lovely youth!
We never more will part."

THE SPIRIT'S BLASTED TREE.

BY — WARRINGTON.

THROUGH Nannau's * Chase, as Howel passed,
A chief esteemed both brave and kind;
Far distant borne, the stag-hound's cry,
Came murmuring on the hollow wind.

Starting, he bent an eager ear --
How should the sounds return again?
His hounds lay wearied from the chase,
And all at home his hunter train.

mitted to renounce the monastic life, and to decline entering into the order in which their trial had been passed. The Gray Friars were the Franciscans.

* This ancient domain is situated about three miles to the north of the town of Dolgelly, in Merionethshire.

Then sudden anger flashed his eye,
And deep revenge he vowed to take,
On that bold man who dared to force
His red-deer from the forest brake.

Unhappy chief! would nought avail?
No signs impress thy heart with fear—
Thy Lady's dark mysterious dream,
Thy warning from the hoary Seer?

Three ravens gave the note of death,
As through mid air they winged their way,
Then o'er his head, in rapid flight,
They croak—they scent their destined prey.

Ill-omened bird! as legends say,
Who hast the wondrous power to know,
While health fills high the throbbing veins,
The fated hour when blood must flow.

Blinded by rage, alone he passed,
Nor sought his ready vassals' aid:
But, what his fate, lay long unknown,
For many an anxious year delay'd.

A peasant marked his angry eye,
And saw him reach the Lake's dark bourne;
He saw him near a Blasted Oak,
But never from that hour return.

Three days pass'd o'er, no tidings came;
Where should the chief his steps delay?
With wild alarm the servants ran,
Yet knew not where to point their way.

His vassals ranged the mountain's height,
The covert close, the wide-spread plain;
But all in vain their eager search,
They ne'er must see their lord again.

Yet fancy, in a thousand shapes,
Bore to his home the chief once more ;
Some saw him on high Moel's * top,
Some saw him on the winding shore.

With wonder fraught, the tale went round,
Amazement chained the hearer's tongue ;
Each peasant felt his own sad loss,
Yet fondly o'er the story hung.

Oft by the moon's pale shadowy light,
His aged nurse, and steward gray,
Would lean to catch the storied sounds,
Or mark the flitting spirit stray.

Pale lights on Cadez' † rocks were seen,
And midnight voices heard to moan ;
'T was even said, the Blasted Oak,
Convulsive, heaved a hollow groan.

And to this day the peasant still,
With cautious fear, avoids the ground!
In each wild branch a spectre sees,
And trembles at each rising sound.

Ten annual suns had held their course,
In summer's smile, or winter's storm ;
The lady shed the widowed tear,
As oft she traced his manly form.

Yet still to hope her heart would cling,
As o'er the mind illusions play ;
Of travel fond, perhaps her lord
To distant lands had steered his way.

* Probably, Moel-FRYN.

† Cader Idris.

'T was now November's cheerless hour,
Which drenching rains and clouds deface ;
Dreary bleak Robell's tract appeared,
And dull and dark each valley's space.

Loud o'er the weir the hoarse flood fell,
And dashed the foamy spray on high ;
The west wind bent the forest tops,
And angry frowned the ev'ning sky.

A stranger passed Llanelltid's bourne,
His dark-gray steed with sweat besprent ;
Which wearied with the lengthened way,
Could scarcely gain the hill's ascent.

The portal reached — the iron bell
Loud sounded round the outward wall ;
Quick sprung the warder to the gate,
To know what meant the clam'rous call.

" O, lead me to your lady soon,
Say it is my sad lot to tell,
To clear the fate of that brave knight
She long has proved she loved so well."

Then, as he crossed the spacious hall,
The menials look surprise and fear ;
Still o'er his harp old Mordred hung,
And touched the notes for grief's worn ear.

The lady sat amidst her train —
A mellowed sorrow marked her look ;
Then, asking what his mission meant,
The graceful stranger sighed and spoke : —

" O could I spread one ray of hope,
One moment raise thy soul from woe,
Gladly my tongue would tell its tale,
My words, at ease, unfettered flow !

“ Now, lady, give attention due,
The story claims thy full belief;
Even in the worst events of life,
Suspense removed, is some relief.

“ Though worn by care, see Madoc here,
Great Glyndur's friend, thy kindred's foe ;
Ah ! let his name no anger raise,
For now that mighty chief lies low.

“ E'en from the day when chained by fate,
By wizard's dream, or potent spell,
Lingering from sad Salopia's field,
Reft of his aid, the Percy fell.

“ E'en from that day misfortune still,
As if for violated faith,
Pursued him with unwearied step,
Vindictive still for Hotspur's death.

“ Vanquished at length, the Glyndur fled
Where winds the Wye her devious flood,
To find a casual shelter there,
In some lone cot, or desert wood.

• “ Clothed in a shepherd's humble guise,
He gained by toil his scanty bread ;
He who had Cambria's sceptre borne,
And her brave sons to glory led.

“ To penury extreme, and grief,
The chieftain fell a lingering prey ;
I heard his last few faltering words,
Such as with pain I now convey : —

“ ‘ To Sele's sad widow bear the tale,
Nor let our horrid secret rest ;
Give but his *corpse* to sacred earth,
Then may my parting soul be blest.’ ”

" Dim waxed the eye that fiercely shone,
And faint the tongue that proudly spoke—
And weak that arm still raised to me,
Which oft had dealt the mortal stroke.

" How could I then his mandate bear,
Or how his last behest obey ?
A rebel deemed—with him I fled—
With him I shunned the light of day.

" Proscribed by Henry's hostile rage,
My country lost—despoiled my land,
Desperate I fled my native soil,
And fought on Syria's distant strand.

" O had thy long-lamented lord
The Holy Cross and banner viewed,—
Died in the sacred cause,—who fell
Sad victim of a private feud !

" Led by the ardour of the chase
Far distant from his own domain—
From where Garthmaelan spreads her shade,
The Glyndur sought the opening plain.

" With head aloft, and antlers wide,
A red-buck roused then crossed in view ;
Stung with the sight, and wild with rage,
Swift from the wood fierce Howel flew.

" With bitter taunt, and keen reproach,
He, all impetuous, poured his rage,
Reviled the chief as weak in arms,
And bade him loud the battle wage.

" Glyndur for once restrained his sword,
And, still averse, the fight delays ;
But softened words, like oil to fire,
Made anger more intensely blaze.

" They fought, and doubtful long the fray;
The Glyndur gave the fatal wound!
Still mournful must my tale proceed,
And its last act all dreadful sound.

" How could we hope for wish'd retreat,
His eager vassals ranging wide?
His bloodhounds' keen sagacious scent
O'er many a trackless mountain tried?

" I marked a broad and blasted oak,
Scorched by the lightning's livid glare;
Hollow its stem, from branch to root,
And all its shrivelled arms were bare.

" Be this, (I cried) his proper grave!
(The thought in me was deadly sin);
Aloft we raised the hapless chief,
And dropped his bleeding corpse within."

A shriek from all the damsels burst,
That pierced the vaulted roofs below;
While horror struck, the lady stood,
A living form of sculptured woe!

With stupid stare, and vacant gaze,
Full on his face her eyes were cast;
Absorbed! she lost her present grief,
And faintly thought of things long past.

Like wildfire o'er a mossy heath,
The rumour through the hamlet ran;
The peasants crowd at morning dawn,
To hear the tale,—behold the man.

He led them near the Blasted Oak,
Then, conscious, from the scene withdrew;
The peasants work with trembling haste,
And lay the whitened bones to view.

Back they recoiled ! the right-hand still
Contracted, grasped a rusty sword,
Which erst in many a battle gleamed,
And proudly decked their slaughtered lord.

They bore the corse to Vener's * shrine,
With holy rites, and prayers addressed ;
Nine white-robed monks the last dirge sang,
And gave the angry spirit rest.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry."—

" Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water? "
" O, I'm the chief of Ulva's Isle,
And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

* The ruins of *Kemmer Abbey* are about a mile distant from Nannau House, the church of which is probably the one here meant.

“ And fast before her father's men,
Three days we 've fled together ;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

“ His horsemen hard behind us ride ;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover ? ”

Out-spoke the hardy Highland wight,
“ I 'll go, my chief — I 'm ready : —
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady.

“ And, by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I 'll row you o'er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith * was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men ;
Their trampling sounded nearer.

“ O, haste thee, haste ! (the lady cries),
Though tempests round us gather ;
I 'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.”

* Spirit.

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh ! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed, amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing :
—Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing ;

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover ;
One lovely hand she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.

“ Come back ! come back ! (he cried in grief),
Across this stormy water ;
And I 'll forgive your Highland chief —
My daughter ! oh, my daughter ! ”

'T was vain — the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return or aid preventing ;
The waters wild went o'er his child —
And he was left lamenting.

LORD SOULIS.

BY THE LATE J. LEYDEN, M. D.

THE dreadful and appalling end of this vile oppressor, is said to have had its foundation in the following fact. The King being tired and irritated by the incessant complaints made of his rapacity and cruelty, is reported to have said, "*I wish he was boiled alive, so that I heard no more of him,*" or words to that effect, by no means intending their full import. But

"It is the curse of Kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humour for a warrant ;"

Some of those present gladly catching at the hasty expression, set off for Hermitage, and put it literally into effect ; and the messenger dispatched by the King, on hearing of their hasty departure, only arrived in time to witness the end of the tragedy.

The ruins of Hermitage Castle are still regarded by the neighbouring peasants with horror ; and they shrink from looking into the apartment where Soulis is said to have had his *demoniacal* consultations ; which is, in reality, the dungeon of the castle, and which they suppose to be opened by the demon once in every seven years !

The *Nine-Stane Rig* is a declivity from the hills which separate Liddesdale and Teviotdale, sloping to the water of Hermitage. It derives its name from a circle of Druidical stones, of which there were formerly nine remaining, and now five.

Red Cap is a popular appellation of a class of spirits, supposed to haunt castles and mansions.

The idea here exhibited of Soulis' attendant demon, is said to be taken from the story of the spirit ORTHONE and the Lord of CORASSE, related by Froissart. This tale, which is much too long for insertion here, will be found in the *Border Minstrelsy*, vol. iii.

LORD SOULIS he sat in Hermitage Castle,
And beside him old Red-Cap sly :
" Now tell me, thou sprite, who art mickle of might,
The death that I must die."

" While thou shalt bear a charmed life,
 And hold that life of me,
 'Gainst lance and arrow, sword and knife,
 I shall thy warrant be.

" Nor forged steel, nor hempen band,
 Shall e'er thy limbs confine,
 Till three-fold ropes of sifted sand
 Around thy body twine.

" If danger press fast, knock thrice on thy chest,
 With rusty padlocks bound;
 Turn away your eyes, when the lid shall arise,
 And listen to the sound."

Lord Soulis he sat in Hermitage Castle,
 And Red-Cap was not by,
 And he called on a page, who was witty and sage,
 To go to the barmkin high :

" And look thou east, and look thou west,
 And quick, come tell to me,
 What troopers haste along the waste,
 And what may their livery be."

He looked o'er fell, and he looked o'er flat,
 But nothing, I wist, he saw,
 Save a pyot, on a turret that sat,
 Beside a corby crow.

The page looked out at the skrieh * of day,
 But nothing, I wist, he saw,
 Till a horseman gray, in the royal array,
 Rode down the hazelshaw.

" Say, why do you cross o'er moor and moss ? "
 So loudly cried the page.

* *Peep*.

" The nice morn, on the Indian steep,
 From her cabin'd loop-hole *peep*."—MILTON'S *Comus*.—*Ed.*

" I tidings bring, from Scotland's king,
To Soulis of Hermitage.

" He bids me tell that bloody warden,
Oppressor of low and high,
If ever again his lieges complain,
The cruel Soulis shall die."

By traitorous sleight they seized the knight,
Before he rode or ran ;
And through the key-stone of the vault
They plunged him, horse and man.

O, May * she came, and May she gaed,
By Goranberry-Green ;
And May she was the fairest maid
That ever yet was seen.

O, May she came, and May she gaed,
By Goranberry tower ;
And who was it but cruel Lord Soulis,
That carried her from her bower !

He brought her to his castle gray,
By Hermitage's side ;
Says, " Be content, my lovely May,
For thou shalt be my bride."

With her yellow hair, that glittered fair,
She dried the trickling tear !
She sighed the name of Branhholm's heir,—
The youth that loved her dear.

" Now be content, my bonny May !
And take it for your hame ;
Or ever and aye shall ye rue the day
You heard young Branhholm's name."

* A term for a young lady.

O'er Branhholm tower, ere the morning hour,
When the lift * is like lead so blue ;
The smoke shall roll white on the weary night,
And the flame shine dimly through.

Syne he 's called on him Ringan red,
A sturdy kemp was he ;
From friend or foe, in border-feud,
Who never a foot would flee.

Red-Ringan sped, and the spearman led
Up Goranberry slack ;
Ay! many a wight, unmatched in fight,
Who never more came back.

And bloody set the westering sun,
And bloody rose he up ;
But little thought young Branhholm's heir,
Where he that night should sup.

He shot the roebuck on the lee,
The dun deer on the law ;
The glamour † sure was in his e'e,
When Ringan nigh did draw.

O'er heathy edge, through rustling sedge,
He sped till day was set ;
And he thought it was his merry men true,
When he the spearmen met.

Far from relief, they seized the chief,
His men were far away ;
Through Hermitage slack, they sent him back,
To Soulis Castle gray ;
Syne onward far from Branhholm tower,
Where all his merry men lay.

* Sky.

† Magical delusion.

And in the barmkin shone ;
When the page was aware of Red-Ringan there,
Who came riding all alone.

To the gate of the tower, Lord Soulis he speeds,—
As he lighted at the wall,
Says, “ Where did ye stable my stalwart steeds,
And where do they tarry all ? ”

“ We stabled them sure, on the Tarras Muir ;
We stabled them sure,” quoth he,—
“ Before we could cross that quaking moss,
They all were lost but me.”

He clenched his fist, and he knocked on the chest,
And he heard a stifled groan ;
And at the third knock, each rusty lock
Did open, one by one.

7
He turn'd away his eyes, as the lid did rise,
And he listened silently ;
And he heard breathed slow, in murmurs low,
“ Beware of a coming Tree ! ”

In muttering sound, the rest was drowned
No other word heard he :

Now rose with Branhholm's ae * brother,
The Teviot, high and low ;
Bold Walter by name, of mickle fame,
For none could bend his bow.

O'er glen and glade, to Soulis there sped,
The fame of his array ;
And that Teviotdale would soon assail
His towers and castle gray.

With clenched fist, he knocked on the chest,
And again he heard a groan ;
And he raised his eyes, as the lid did rise —
But answer heard he none.

The charm was broke when the spirit spoke,
And it murmured sullenly ;
“ Shut fast the door, and for evermore
Commit to me the key.

“ Alas ! that ever thou rais'dst thine eyes,—
Thine eyes to look on me ;
Till seven years are o'er, return no more,
For here thou must not be.”

Think not but Soulis was wae to yield
His warlock-chamber o'er ;
He took the keys from the rusty lock,
That never were ta'en before.

He threw them o'er his left shoulder,
With mickle care and pain ;
And he bade it keep them fathoms deep,
Till he returned again.

And still, when seven years are o'er,
Is heard the jarring sound,

When Soulis thought on his merry men now,
A woeful wight was he :
Says, " Vengeance is mine, and I 'll not repine ;
But Branxholm's heir shall die."

Says, " What would you do, young Branxholm,
Gin ye had me, as I have thee ?"
" I would take you to the good green-wood,
And gar your ain hand wale * the tree."

" Now shall thine ain hand wale the tree,
For all thy mirth and mickle pride ;
And May shall choose, if my love she refuse,
A scrog bush thee beside."

■ They carried him to the good green-wood,
Where the green pines grew in a row ;
And they heard the cry, from the branches high,
Of the hungry carrion crow.

The carried him on, from tree to tree,
The spiry boughs below :
" Say, shall it be thine, on the tapering pine,
To feed the hooded crow ?"

■

Young Branhholm turned him, and oft looked back ;
 And aye he passed from tree to tree :
 Young Branhholm peeped, and puirly * spake :
 " O, sic a death is no for me !"

And next they passed the aspin gray,—
 Its leaves were rustling mournfully :
 " Now choose thee, choose thee, Branhholm gay, —
 Say, wilt thou never choose the tree ?"

" More dear to me is the aspin gray,
 More dear than any other tree !
 For beneath the shade that its branches made,
 Have passed the vows of my love and me."

Young Branhholm peeped, and puirly spake,
 Until he did his own men see,
 With witch's hazel in each steel cap,
 In scorn of Soulis' gramary.
 Then shoulder height for glee he lap,
 " Methinks I spy a coming Tree !"

" Ay ! many may come, but few return,"
 Quo' Soulis, the lord of gramary,—
 " No warrior's hand, in fair Scotland,
 Shall ever dint a wound on me."

" Now, by my sooth ! (quoth bold Walter),
 If that be true, we soon shall see :"
 His bent bow he drew, and the arrow was true,
 But never a wound or scar had he.

Then up bespake him true Thomas ; †
 He was the Lord of Ersyltoun ;
 " The wizard's spell, no steel can quell,
 Till once your lances bear him down."

* Softly.

† Thomas of Ersyltoun, or Learmont, was reputed a skilful soothsayer, and delivered several prophecies ; some of which, however, were only such

They bore him down with lances bright,
 But never a wound or scar had he :
 With hempen bands they bound him tight,
 Both hands and feet, on the Nine-Stane lee.

That wizard accurst, the bands he burst,
 They mouldered at his magic spell ;
 And neck and heel, in the forged steel,
 They bound him against the charms of hell.

That wizard accurst, the bands he burst,
 No forged steel his charms could bide ;
 Then up bespake him true Thomas,
 " We 'll bind him yet, whate'er betide."

The black Spae-Book from his breast he took,
 Impressed with many a warlock spell ;
 And the book it was wrote by Michael Scott,*
 Who held in awe the fiends of hell.

anticipations of the probable future, as his natural sagacity furnished him with. He was supposed by the vulgar to have actually and bodily sojourned seven years in Fairy Land, and to have been invested with magical powers by the Fairy Queen. With all this, he was a man of worth and piety. One prophecy attributed to him, of the future power of the Kings of England, has been most happily fulfilled, and, we doubt not, is likely to continue in operation.

"The Waters worship shall his race,
 Likewise the waves of the furthest Sea ;
 For they shall ride o'er Ocean wide,
 With Hempen bridles and horse of Tree."

* This was the "wondrous Michael Scott," so well and amply celebrated in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

"A wizard of such might and fame,
 That when in Salamanca's cave,
 Him listed his magic wand to wave,
 The bells would ring in Notre Dame !
 'Some of his skill he told to me,
 And, warrior, I could say to thee,
 The words that cleft Eildon Hills in three,
 And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone ;
 But to speak them were a deadly sin,
 And for having but thought them my heart within,
 A double penance must be done.'"—*Canto II.*—ED.

They buried it deep, where his bones they sleep, *
That mortal man might never see ;
But Thomas did save it from the grave,
When he returned from Faërie.

The black Spae-Book from his breast he took,
And turned the leaves with curious hand -
No ropes did he find the wizard could bind,
But threefold ropes of sifted sand.

They sifted the sand from the Nine-Stane burn,
And shaped the ropes so curiously ;
But the ropes would neither twist nor twine,
For Thomas true, and his gramary.

The black Spae-Book from his breast he took,
And again he turned it with his hand ;
And he bade each lad of Teviot add
The barley chaff to the sifted sand.†

The barley chaff to the sifted sand
They added still, by handsful nine ;
But Red-Cap sly, unseen, was by,
And the ropes would neither twist nor twine.

And still beside the Nine-Stane burn,
Ribb'd, like the sand at mark of sea,
The ropes, that would not twist nor turn,
Shap'd of the sifted sand you see.

The black Spae-Book, true Thomas took —
Again its magic leaves he spread ;
And he found, that, to quell the powerful spell,
The wizard must be boiled in lead.

* Melrose Abbey-Church.

† Michael Scott was fabled to have subdued several spirits under his command, for whom he was obliged to find constant employment : he set them to make ropes of sea sand ; they applied for leave to add barley chaff, and on his refusal, were obliged to leave the hopeless work.

On a circle of stones they placed the pot :
On a circle of stones, but barely nine —
They heated it red and fiery hot,
Till the burnished brass did glimmer and shine.

They rolled him up in a sheet of lead ;
A sheet of lead for a funeral pall !
They plunged him in the cauldron red,
And melted him — lead and bones and all.

At the Skelf-hill, the cauldron still
The Men of Liddesdale can shew ;
And on the spot, where they boiled the pot,
The spreat * and the deer-hair † ne'er shall grow.

SCOTT'S BORDER MINSTRELSY.

* A species of water-rush.

† A species of coarse pointed grass, which in May bears a very small but beautiful yellow flower.

THE GRAY BROTHER.

A Fragment.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE Pope he was saying the high, high Mass,
All on Saint Peter's day—
With the power to him given, by the Saints in Heaven,
To wash men's sins away.

The Pope he was saying the blessed Mass,
And the people kneeled around;
And from each man's soul his sins did pass,
As he kissed the holy ground.

And all among the crowded throng
Was still, both limb and tongue,
While through vaulted roof and aisles aloof,
The holy accents rung.

At the holiest word he quivered for fear,
And faltered in the sound—
And when he would the chalice rear,
He dropped it on the ground.

"The breath of one of evil deed *
Pollutes our sacred day;—
He has no portion in our creed—
No part in what I say.

"A being, whom no blessed word
To ghostly peace can bring—
A wretch, at whose approach abhorred,
Recoils each holy thing.

Up! up, Unhappy! haste, arise!
My adjuration fear;—
I charge thee not to stop my voice,
Nor longer tarry here!"

Amid them all, a Pilgrim kneeled,
In gown of sackcloth gray;
Far journeying from his native field,
He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days, and nights so drear,
I ween he had not spoke;
And, save with bread and water clear,
His fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock
Seemed none more bent to pray;
But when the holy Father spoke,
He rose and went his way.

Again unto his native land
His weary course he drew;
To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,
And Pentland's mountains blue.

* It was a very ancient superstition amongst the *Pagans*, long before the Christian era, that the presence of an eminently wicked person impeded the due celebration of a religious rite. It seems not unlikely that the foundation of this idea might be traced to the earliest ages of the world; and the inquiry would be worth the attention of those who have leisure and ability to pursue it.—ED.

His unblest feet his native seat,
 'Mid Esk's fair woods, regain—
Through woods more fair, no stream more sweet,
 Rolls to the Eastern main.

And lords to meet the pilgrim came,
 And vassals bent the knee :
For, all 'mid Scotland's chiefs of fame,
 Was none more fam'd than he.

And boldly for his country still
 In battle he had stood—
Ay !—e'en when, on the banks of Till,
 Her noblest poured their blood.

Sweet are the paths—O, passing sweet !
 By Eske's fair streams, that run
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
 Impervious to the sun.

There the 'rapt poet's step may rove,
 And yield the muse the day—
There beauty, led by timid love,
 May shun the tell-tale ray ;

From that fair dome where suit is paid
 By blast of bugle free,
To Auchendinny's hazel glade,
 And haunted Woodhouselee.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove,
 And Roslin's rocky glen ?—
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
 And classic Hawthornden ?

Yet never a path, from day to day,
 The pilgrim's footsteps range,
Save but the solitary way,
 To Burndale's ruined Grange.

A woeful place was that, I ween,
As sorrow could desire,
For nodding to the fall was each crumbling wall,
And the roof was scathed with fire.

It fell upon a summer's eve,
While on Carnethy's head
The last faint gleams of the sun's low beams
Had streaked the gray with red ;

And the convent-bell did of vespers tell
Newbattle's oaks among ;
And mingled with the solemn knell,
Our Lady's evening-song :

The heavy knell—the choir's faint swell,
Came slowly down the wind ;
And on the pilgrim's ear they fell,
As his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he was,
Nor ever raised his eye,
Until he came to that dreary place
Which did all in ruins lie.

He gazed on the walls, so scathed with fire,
With many a bitter groan ;
And there was aware of a Gray Friar,*
Resting him on a stone.

“ Now Christ thee save ! (said the Gray Brother),
Some pilgrim thou seem'st to be ”—
But in sore amaze, did Lord Albert gaze,
Nor answer again made he.

* The crime attributed to the Chief, was that of treacherously setting fire to a mansion in the night, and preventing all succour, by which means the whole of the inhabitants miserably perished. We may, therefore, suppose that the author intends this friar to represent some one of the murdered persons.—Ed.

“ O, come ye from east, or come ye from west,
Or bring relics from over the sea?—
Or, come ye from the shrine of St. James the Divine,
Or St. John of Beverly?”

“ I come not from the shrine of St. James the Divine ;
Nor bring relics from over the sea—
I bring but a curse, from our father the Pope,
Which for ever will cling to thee.”

“ Now, woeful pilgrim, say not so,
But kneel thee down by me ;
And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly sin,
That absolved thou mayst be.”

“ And who art thou, thou Gray Brother !
That I should shrive to thee ?
When He, to whom are given the keys of earth and heaven,
Hath no power to pardon me !”

“ O, I am sent from a distant clime,
Five thousand miles away !
And all to absolve a foul — foul crime,
Done *here* 'twixt night and day.”

The pilgrim kneeled him on the sand,
And thus began his say : —
When on his neck an ice-cold hand
Did that Gray Brother lay.

* * * *

BORDER MINSTRELSY.

THE FATAL HORSE.*

BY W. HAYLEY.

OF creatures that to man attend,
His pastime or his wealth;
The Horse we cherish as a friend
To sickness and to health.

Bless'd they who shield a steed from woe,
By age from toil released!
And hated be the proud, who shew
No mercy to their beast!

A wretch once doomed, though rich and strong,
His faithful horse to bleed;
But tell his fate, my moral song,
For that atrocious deed!

A Kentish Knight of ancient race;
Of his athletic frame,
Prone to indulge the passions fell,
Sir Geoffrin his name,

* In some parish on the Kentish coast, of which the Editor regrets to have forgotten the name, (it will probably be found in "Lambard's Perambulation," or a County History), there has been found a tradition, corresponding in some measure with this ballad. In the church, on an altar-tomb, is the recumbent effigy of a Knight, having a *horse's head* carved by his side, which is confessedly not a *crest*; a similar emblem is seen in other parts of the church; and the vane on the tower, which is very ancient, represents the same figure. From these circumstances, it is familiarly called in the vicinity, the *Horse-Church*.—ED.

Against a priest indulged his rage,
Who charitably good,
To shield a widow's helpless age,
His avarice withstood.

With abject choler, fierce and hot,
The knight perforce would gain,
And blend her little garden-plot
With his superb domain.

The priest, who, on that very ground,
To soothe his wrath would strive,
In frantic passion's fit he bound,
And buried him alive !

The wretch was seized with shame and fear,
Though he his crime would boast ;
When suddenly he chanced to hear,
His King lay off the coast.

'T was gallant Harold, in that day
Elate with regal power ;
Becalmed his stately vessel lay,
Near Geoffrin's high tower.

The royal mercy to surprise,
He now resolves with speed ;
" Haste, hither bring (he wildly cries),
My strongest, favourite steed."

It was a steed of noblest kind
In spirit and in limb,
On which the desperate knight designed
To the king's ship to swim !

Now by the swelling ocean's side,
He mounts his courser brave !
Spurs him with domineering pride,
And plunges in the wave !

Used to his bold caprices oft,
And equal to his weight,
The courser tossed his mane aloft,
And swam with breast elate.

The knight now flourishes his sword,
As near the ship he draws ;
The wondrous sight strikes all on board,
Who throng to find the cause.

The sailors round their Sovereign crowd,
Who, on the vessel's stern,
Now hails the knight's approach aloud,
Eager his aim to learn.

" Provoked by villains, one I slew,
And own him rashly slain ;
Hence to thy clemency I flew,
My pardon to obtain ! "

" Now, by St. George ! thou venturous Knight,
Thy steed hath nobly done ;
Swim back, and pardon make thee light,
Thy pardon he has won ! "

The knight now with a joyous spring,
His horse's neck embraced ;
Then, blessing thrice his gracious King,
He steered him back in haste.

Now, as he touched his native sand,
And near his castle gate,
He saw the weeping widow stand,
And mocked her mournful state.

" Woman, thy threats touch me no more,
I ride on safety's wing :
My brave horse brings me safe to shore,
With pardon from my king ! "

"Kings seem to grant what God denies,—
Trust my prophetic breath,
(So the indignant dame replies),
That Horse shall prove thy Death!"

She spoke, and with a voice so keen,
It searched his inmost soul;
And caused a storm of fearful spleen,
Through his dark brain to roll.

Half credulous, half wildly brave,
Now doubt, now rage prevails:
He stood, like a black suspended wave
Struck by two adverse gales.

A doubt, by superstition nursed,
Made all just thoughts recede;
Frantic he waved his sword, and pierced
His life-preserving steed!

"Thy prophecies I thus destroy,
(He cried), thou wretched crone;
Threats on my days no more employ,
But tremble for thy own."

Striding away, his steed he left
In his pure blood to roll:
He quickly, of all aid bereft,
Breathed out his nobler soul.

The boastful knight, now gay with pride,
By his successful crimes,
Floating on folly's golden tide,
Prospered in stormy times.

Ungrateful both to man and beast,
His sovereign he betrayed;
And lent, ere Harold's empire ceased,
The Norman treacherous aid.

The Norman tyrant much caressed
This proud and abject slave ;
And lands, by worthier lords possessed,
For his base succour gave.

Now years, since that eventful hour
In which his courser bled,
Had poured increase of wealth and power
On his aspiring head :

As near, with much enlarged estate,
To his domain he drew,
He chanced before his castle gate,
A signal scene to view.

The scene his war-steeled nerves could shock ;—
Seated on mossy stones,
The Widow, leaning 'gainst a rock,
Wept o'er his Horse's bones !

Enraged, from his new steed he vaults,
Quick with his foot to spurn
These bones, that bid his bloody faults
To his base mind return.

The head, now bleached, his proud foot strikes
With such indignant speed,
The bone its fierce aggressor spikes ;—
'Tis now his turn to bleed.

The trivial wound, the wrathful knight
Disdains to search with care,
But soon he finds, the wound though slight,
Death lurks in ambush there.

Now to his bed of sorrow bound,
By penitential pain,
He seems, by his heart-reaching wound,
A purer mind to gain.

Near to his couch he bids, with care,
The widow to be brought,
And speaks to her with softened air,
His self-correcting thought.

“ True prophetess ! I feel thee now ;
So God my crimes forgive,
As I with thee true concord vow
In comfort mayst thou live.

“ Behold upon this chartered scroll,
A pictured cottage stand ;
I give it thee with all my soul,
With its adjacent land.

“ The only rent I would assume,
Be this : At close of day,
Sit thou, with pity, on my tomb,
And for my spirit pray !

“ That tomb be raised by sculpture's aid,
To warn men from my guilt ;
My horse's head beside me laid,
Whose blood I basely spilt !”

He spoke,—he died. The tomb was made ;—
His statue looked to Heaven :
And daily then the widow prayed,
His crimes might be forgiven !

THE LUCK OF EDEN-HALL.*

It is currently believed in Scotland, and on the Borders, that he who has courage to rush upon a Fairy festival, and snatch away the drinking-cup, shall find it prove to him a *cornucopia* of good fortune, if he can bear it in safety across a running stream. A goblet is still carefully preserved in Eden-hall, Cumberland, which is supposed to have been seized, at such a banquet, by one of the ancient family of Musgrave. The Fairy train vanished, crying aloud—

“ If that glass either break or fall,
Farewell the luck of Eden-hall ! ”

From this prophecy, the goblet took the name it bears, — The Luck of Eden-hall.—*Scott's Border Minstrelsy*.—W.

ON Eden's wild romantic bowers,
The summer moonbeams sweetly fall,
And tint with yellow light the towers—
The stately towers of Eden-hall.

There, lonely in the deepening night,
A lady at her lattice sits,
And trims her taper's wavering light,
And tunes her idle lute by fits.

* For this pleasing ballad, the Editor is indebted to the obliging offer of its author, Mr. J. H. WIFFEN, the translator of *Tasso*, and *Garcilasso de la Vega*.

But little can her idle lute

Beguide the weary moments now;
And little seems the lay to suit
Her wistful eye and anxious brow.

For, as the chord her finger sweeps,
Oft-times she checks her simple song,
To chide the froward chance that keeps
Lord Musgrave from her arms so long.

And listens, as the wind sweeps by,
His steed's familiar step to hear—
Peace, beating heart! 't was but the cry
And foot-fall of the distant deer.

In, lady, to thy bower; fast weep
The chill dews on thy cheek so pale;
Thy cherished hero lies asleep—
Asleep in distant Russendale.

The noon was sultry, long the chase—
And when the wild stag stood at bay,
BURBEK reflected from its face
The purple lights of dying day.

Through many a dale must Musgrave hie—
Up many a hill his courser strain,
Ere he behold, with gladsome eye,
His verdant bowers, and halls again.

But twilight deepens—o'er the wolds
The yellow moonbeam rising plays,
And now the haunted forest holds
The wanderer in its bosky maze.

No ready vassal rides in sight;
He blows his bugle, but the call
Roused Echo mocks: farewell to night
The home-felt joys of Eden-hall!

His steed he to an alder ties,
His limbs he on the greensward flings ;
And, tired and languid, to his eyes
Wooes sorceress slumber's balmy wings.

A prayer — a sigh, in murmurs faint,
He whispers to the passing air ;
The Ave to his patron saint —
The sigh was to his lady fair.

'T was well that in that Elfin wood
He breathed the supplicating charm,
Which binds the Guardians of the good
To shield from all unearthly harm.

Scarce had the night's pale Lady staid
Her chariot o'er the accustomed oak,
Than murmurs in the mystic shade,
The slumberer from his trance awoke.

Stiff stood his courser's mane with dread —
His crouching greyhound whined with fear ;
And quaked the wild-feru 'round his head,
As though some passing ghost were near.

Yet calmly shone the moonshine pale
On glade and hillock, flower and tree ;
And sweet the gurgling nightingale
Poured forth her music, wild and free.

Sudden her notes fall hushed, and near
Flutes breathe, horns warble, bridles ring —
And in gay cavalcade, appear
The Fairies round their Fairy King.

Twelve hundred Elfin knights and more
Were there, in silk and steel arrayed ;
And each a ruby helmet wore,
And each a diamond lance displayed.

And pursuivants with wands of gold,
And minstrels scarfed and laurelled fair,
Heralds with blazoned flags unrolled,
And trumpet-tuning dwarfs were there.

Behind, twelve hundred ladies coy,
On milk-white steeds, brought up their queen,
Their kerchiefs of the crimson soy,
Their kirtles all of Lincoln green.

Some wore, in fanciful costume,
A sapphire or a topaz crown ;
And some a hern's or peacock's plume,
Which their own tercel-gents struck down :

And some wore masks, and some wore hoods,
Some turbans rich, some ouches rare ;
And some sweet woodbine from the woods,
To bind their undulating hair.

With all gay tints the darksome shade
Grew florid as they passed along,
And not a sound their bridles made
But tuned itself to Elfin song.

Their steeds they quit ; — the knights advance,
And in quaint order, one by one,
Each leads his lady forth to dance, —
The timbrels sound — the charm 's begun.

Where'er they trip, where'er they tread,*
A daisy or a bluebell springs,
And not a dew-drop shines o'erhead,
But falls within their charmed rings.

* ——— " I serve the Fairy queen,
To draw her *orbs* upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be,
In their gold coats spots you see.

" The dance lead up, the dance lead down,
 The dance lead round our favourite tree ;
 If now one lady wears a frown,
 A false and froward shrew is she !

" There 's not a smile we Fays let fall
 But swells the tide of human bliss,
 And if good luck attends our call,
 'T is due on such sweet night as this :

" The dance lead up, the dance lead down,
 The dance lead round our favourite tree ;
 If now even Oberon wears a frown,
 A false and froward churl is he ! "

Thus sing the Fays ;— Lord Musgrave hears
 Their shrill sweet song, and eager eyes
 The radiant show, despite the fears
 That to his bounding bosom rise.

But soft ! the minstrelsy declines ;
 The morrice ceases—sound the shaums !
 And quick, whilst many a taper shines,
 The heralds rank their airy swarms.

Titania waves her crystal wand,—
 And underneath the green-wood bower,
 Tables, and urns, and goblets stand,
 Metheglin, nectar, fruit, and flower.

" To banquet, ho ! " the seneschals
 Bid the brisk tribes, that, thick as bees
 At sound of cymbals, to their calls
 Consort beneath the leafy trees :

I must go seek some dew-drops here,
 And hang a pearl in ev'ry cowslip's ear.

* * * * *
 The quaint mazes in the wanton green,
 For lack of tread, are undistinguishable."

Midsummer Night's Dream.—ED.

Titania by her king, each knight
Beside his ladye love ; the page
Behind his 'scutcheon'd lord, — a bright
Equipment on a brilliant stage !

The monarch sits ; — all helms are doffed,
Plumes, scarfs, and mantles cast aside,
And, to the sound of music soft,
They ply their cups with mickle pride.

O'er sparkling mead, or spangling dew,
Or livelier hyppocras they sip ;
And strawberries red, and mulberries blue,
Refresh each elf's luxurious lip.

With " nod, and beck, and wreathed smile,"
They heap their jewelled patines high ;
Nor want their mirthful airs the while,
To crown the festive revelry.

A minstrel dwarf, in silk arrayed,
Lay on a mossy bank, o'er which
The wild thyme wove its fragrant braid,
The violet spread its perfume rich ;

And whilst a page at Oberon's knee
Presented high the wassail-cup,
This lay the little bard with glee
From harp of ivory offered up :

" Health to our Sovereign ! — fill, brave boy,
Yon glorious goblet to the brim !
There 's joy — in every drop there 's joy
That laughs within its charmed rim !

" 'T was wrought within a wizard's mould,
When signs and spells had happiest power ; —
Health to our King by wood and wold !
Health to our Queen in hall and bower ! "

They rise — the myriads rise, and shrill
The wild-wood echoes to their brawl,—
“ Health to our King by wold and rill!
Health to our Queen in bower and hall ! ”

A sudden thought fires Musgrave's brain,—
So help him all the Powers of Light,—
He rushes to the festal train,
And snatches up that goblet bright !

With three brave bounds the lawn he crossed,
The fourth it seats him on his steed ;
“ Now, Courser ! or thy lord is lost —
Stretch to the stream with lightning speed ! ”

’T is uproar all around, behind,—
Leaps to his selle each screaming Fay,
“ The charmed cup is fairly tined,
Stretch to the strife,—away ! away ! ”

As in a whirlwind forth they swept,
The green turf trembling as they passed ;
But, forward still good Musgrave kept,—
The shallow stream approaching fast.

A thousand quivers round him rained
Their shafts ere he reached the shore ;
But when the farther bank was gained,
This song the passing whirlwind bore :

“ Joy to thy banner, bold Sir Knight !
But if yon goblet break or fall,
Farewell thy vantage in the fight !
Farewell the luck of Eden-hall ! ”

The forest cleared, he winds his horn,—
Rock, wood, and wave, return the din ;
And soon, as though by Echo borne,
His gallant Squires come pricking in.—

'T is dusk of day ; — in Eden's towers
A mother o'er her infant bends,
And lists, amid the whispering bowers,
The sound that from the stream ascends.

It comes in murmurs up the stairs,
A low, a sweet, a mellow voice,
And charms away the lady's cares,
And bids the mother's heart rejoice.

" Sleep sweetly, babe ! " 't was heard to say ;
" But if the goblet break or fall,
Farewell thy vantage in the fray !
Farewell the luck of Eden-hall ! " —

Though years on years have taken flight,
Good-fortune 's still the Musgrave's thrall ;
Hail to his vantage in the fight !
All hail the LUCK OF EDEN-HALL !

THE PRINCE OF THE LAKE.

Founded on Irish Tradition,

BY MISS A. M. PORTER.

“ THE Princess Anne to her bower is gone,
To watch, to weep, and pray ;
Where the yellow moon, shining alone,
Lights the traveller’s way.

“ Her bower is high on that lonely hill,
Where hoary ash trees shake ;
And down below, sublimely still !
Lies Killarney’s lake.”

—The warder ceased, and closed the gates,
And the man that asked, rode on ;
No more he said, but bowed his head,
And heaved a heavy groan.

The man was clad in a mantle red,
And his bonnet was large and dark ;
So, musing still, he gained the hill,
The lady’s bower to mark.

'T was black and drear ; the silent trees
Stood tall and still around ;
The long grass stirred not in the breeze ;
The waters gave no sound !

But the Lady bright, on the battlement's height,
He saw by the shining moon :
From her locks so bright, and her garments white,
The stranger knew her soon.

" O, Lady Anne, thou must come down,—
Thy husband sends by me ;
Near the Cross of stone, on the heath alone,
He lies, and waits for thee.

" For the fight is o'er, and rebel power
Hath vanquished its lord ;
And now his store is nothing more
Than only his good sword."

" Now tell me, knight — by a warrior's might,
I charge thee tell me true,—
If from the fight, this woeful night,
My love unhurt withdrew?—

" Ah! be my bed the leaves that are shed
By autumn's hollow wind,
If in his breast my head but rest,
The sweetest sleep I'll find."

" He waits for thee," the knight replied,
" By the mould'ring cross of stone :
Thy sleep shall be sweet," the stranger sighed,
" But never sweet alone.

" Come, mount, thee here,—nay, do not fear
Though the clouds be gathering fast,
My courser's swift, and his career
Is like the ocean's blast."

They rode o'er hill, they rode o'er vale,
They rode through the groaning wood ;
Till, by the glare of the lightning pale,
They saw the holy Rood :

And near it lay a comely form,
In dusky armour dress'd ;
He lay in sleep, and the raging storm
Could not break his rest.

The warrior slept, and the lady stepped
His well-known form to fold ;
She kissed his brow, but the nightly snow
Is not so icy cold.

With piercing cries, she raised her eyes,
And the Stranger stood by her side ;
His mantle was gone, and his armour shone,
And his gray plume floated wide.

His steed was formed of the foaming surf,
Which swells on Killarney's lake,
When the furious blasts its waters casts,
And rocking turrets shake !

" Behold thy Lord ! " the Phantom said,
" The fight indeed is o'er ;
And under this shade my corse is laid,
To sleep for evermore.

" But thou must with me,—for the shoreless sea
Must wash each earthly stain ;
And then this lake, appalled must quake,
For its prince and hero slain.

" Killarney's hills, and Killarney's eaves,
Our peaceful dwellings shall be,
Till this yearly hour, when its shuddering waves
My airy horse shall see.

“ Then in angry pomp through the waters wide,
In lightning and thunder drest,
Thy prince shall ride, while the stormy tide
O'erwhelms his vassals' rest.

“ For three long days, and for three long nights,
Must fear each bosom quail ;
Till the whirlwinds cease, and all be peace,
And their penitent tears prevail.

“ Then joy will be ours, the joy of Heaven,—
To pardon and to save ;
So let thy soul, to my fond prayer given,
Smile at its path through the grave.”

He spoke ; and clasped his arms, to grasp
The form of that lady fair ;
She breathed a moan, and her Spirit alone
Now wanders with his through the air.

THE TROUBADOUR'S SONG.

BY FELICIA HERMANS.

SUPPOSED to be sung by Blondel, under the walls of a German castle, during his venturous search for his captive master, Richard Cœur de Lion, who, by singing the conclusion of the ballad, which had been one of his favourite compositions, discovered the place of his confinement to his generous follower, which proved the remote cause of his liberation. The anecdote is said to have its foundation in historical fact. The ballad, it is needless to add, is a modern adaptation.

BLONDEL.

“ THY hour is come, and the stake is set !”
The Soldan cried to the captive knight,
“ And the Sons of the Prophet in throngs are met,
To gaze on the fearful sight.
“ But be our faith by thy lips professed,
The faith of Mecca's shrine ;
Cast down the Red-Cross that marks thy vest,
And life shall yet be thine.”

" I have seen the flow of my bosom's blood,
And gazed with undaunted eye ;
I have borne the bright Cross through fire and flood,
And think'st thou I fear to die ?

" I have stood where thousands, by Sâlem's towers,
Have fall'n for the Name divine ;
And the faith that cheered THEIR closing hours,
Shall be the light of MINE."

" Thus will thou die, in the pride of health,
And the glow of youth's fresh bloom !
Thou art offered life, and pomp, and wealth ;
Or torture and the tomb."

" I have been where the crown of thorns was twined
For our dying Saviour's brow ;
HE spurned the treasures that lure mankind,
And I reject them now ! "

" Art thou the son of a noble line,
In a land that is fair and blest ?
And doth not thy spirit, proud captive ! pine
Again on its shores to rest ?

" Thine own is the choice — to hail once more
The soil of thy father's birth ;
Or to sleep, when thy lingering pangs are o'er,
Forgotten, in foreign earth."

" Oh ! fair are the vine-clad hills that rise,
In the country of my love ;
But yet, though cloudless my native skies,
There 's a brighter clime above !"

The Bard hath paused — for another tone
Blends with the music of his own ;
And his heart beats high with hope again,
As a well-known voice prolongs the strain : —

KING RICHARD.

"Are there none within thy father's hall,
Far o'er the wide blue main,
Young Christian! left to deplore thy fall,
With sorrow deep and vain?"

"There are hearts that have loved me through the past,
With holy love and true;
There are eyes, whose tears were streaming fast,
When I bade my home adieu.

"Better they wept o'er the warrior's bier,
Than th' apostate's living stain;—
There's a land where those who loved when here,
Shall meet to love again."

—'Tis he! thy Prince—long sought, long lost;
The leader of the Red-Cross host!
'Tis he! to none thy joy betray,
Young Troubadour! away, away!
Away to the island of the brave,
The gem on the bosom of the wave;
Arouse the sons of the noble soil,
To win their lion from the toil;—
And free the wassail-cup shall flow;
Bright in each hall the hearth shall glow;
The festal board shall be richly crowned,
While knights, and chieftains banquet round;
And a thousand harps with joy shall ring,
When merry England hails her King!

HISTORIC SCENES.

THE
HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE.

BY W. WORDSWORTH.

WHEN the Brothers reached the gateway,
EUSTACE pointed with his lance
To the Horn which there was hanging —
Horn of the Inheritance.
Horn it was, which none could sound,
No one upon living ground,
Save he who came as rightful heir
To Egremont's domains and castle fair.

Heirs from ages, without record,
Had the House of Lucie born,
Who of right had claimed the lordship
By the proof upon the Horn.
Each, at the appointed hour,
Tried the Horn — it owned his power ;
He was acknowledged — and the blast
Which good Sir Eustace sounded, was the last.

With his lance Sir Eustace pointed,
And to HUBERT thus said he—
“ What I speak this Horn shall witness,
For thy better memory.
Hear then, and neglect me not !
At this time, and on this spot,
The words are uttered from my heart,
As my last earnest prayer ere we depart.

“ On good service we are going,
Life to risk by sea and land,
In which course if Christ our Saviour
Do my sinful soul demand,
Hither come thou back straightway
Hubert, if alive that day,
Return and sound the Horn, that we
May have a living house still left in thee.”

“ Fear not ! ” quickly answered Hubert,
“ As I am thy father’s son,
What thou askest, noble brother !
With God’s favour, shall be done.”
So were both right well content ;
From the castle forth they went,
And, at the head of their array,
To Palestine the brothers took their way.

Side by side they fought (the Lucies
Were a line for valour famed),
And, where’er their strokes alighted,
There the Saracens were tamed.
Whence, then, could it come—the thought ?
By what evil spirit brought ?—
Oh ! can a brave man wish to take
His brother’s life, for lands and castle’s sake ?

"Sir," the ruffians said to Hubert,
"Deep he lies in Jordan flood."—
Stricken by this ill assurance,
Pale and trembling Hubert stood :—
"Take your earnings;—Oh ! that I
Could have *seen* my brother die !"
It was a pang that vexed him then,
And oft returned, again, and yet again !

Months passed on, and no Sir Eustace !
Nor of him were tidings heard ;
Wherefore, bold as day, the murderer
Back again to England steered.
To his castle Hubert sped —
He has nothing now to dread ;
But silent, and by stealth he came,
And at an hour which nobody could name.

None could tell if it were night-time —
Night or day—at even or morn ;
For the sound was heard by no one
Of the Proclamation-Horn.
But bold Hubert lives in glee —
Months and years went smilingly ;
With plenty was his table spread,
And bright the lady is, who shares his bed.

Likewise he had sons and daughters ;
And, as good men do, he sate
At his board, by these surrounded,
Flourishing, in fair estate ;
And while thus in open day
Once he sate, as old books say,
A blast was uttered from the Horn,
Where by the castle-gate it hung forlorn.

'T is the breath of good Sir Eustace !
He is come to claim his right ;—
Ancient castle, woods, and mountains,
Hear the challenge with delight !
" Hubert ! though the blast be blown,
He is helpless and alone —
Thou hast a dungeon — speak the word !
And there he may be lodged, and thou be lord.'

Speak ! — astounded Hubert cannot,
And if power to speak he had,
All are daunted — all the household,
Smitten to the heart, and sad.—
'T is Sir Eustace ! — if it be
Living man, it must be he !
Thus Hubert thought in his dismay,
And by a postern-gate he slunk away.

Long, and long, was he unheard of ;
To his brother then he came —
Made confession — asked forgiveness,—
Asked it by a brother's name,
And by all the saints in Heaven ;
And of Eustace was forgiven :
Then in a convent went to hide
His melancholy head, and there he died !

But Sir Eustace, whom good angels
Had preserved from murderers' hands,
And from Pagan chains had rescued,
Liv'd with honour on his lands.
Sons he had ; saw sons of theirs.—
And through ages, heirs of heirs
A long posterity renown'd,
Sounded the Horn, which they alone could sound.

ELLEN IRWIN ;
Or, The Braes of Kirtle. *

BY W. WORDSWORTH.

FAIR Ellen Irwin, when she sate
Upon the braes of Kirtle,
Was lovely as a Grecian maid
Adorned with wreaths of myrtle.
Young Adam Bruce beside her lay ;
And there they did beguile the day
With love and gentle speeches,
Beneath the budding beeches.

From many knights and many 'squires,
The Bruce had been selected ;
And Gordon, fairest of them all,
By Ellen was rejected.
Sad tidings to that noble youth !
For it may be proclaimed with truth,—
If Bruce hath loved sincerely,
That Gordon loves us dearly.

But what is Gordon's beauteous face,
And what are Gordon's crosses,
To them who sit by Kirtles' braes,
Upon the verdant mosses ?
Alas ! that ever he was born ! —
The Gordon, couched behind a thorn,
Sees them and their caressing ;
Beholds them blest and blessing.

* A river in the southern part of Scotland.

Proud Gordon cannot bear the thoughts,
That through his brain are trav'ling,—
And, starting up, to Bruce's heart
He launched a deadly javelin !
Fair Ellen saw it when it came,
And stepping forth to meet the same,
Did with her body cover
The youth, her chosen lover !

And, falling into Bruce's arms,
Thus died the beauteous Ellen,—
Thus, from the heart of her True-Love,
The mortal spear repelling.
And Bruce, as soon as he had slain
The Gordon, sailed away to Spain,
And fought with rage incessant,
Against the Moorish Crescent.

But many days, and many months,
And many years ensuing,
This wretched knight did vainly seek
The death that he was wooing :
So coming his last help to crave,
Heart-broken, upon Ellen's grave
His body he extended,
And there his sorrow ended.

Now ye, who willingly have heard
The tale I have been telling,
May in Kirkconnel church-yard view
The grave of lovely Ellen :
By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid ;
And, for the stone upon his head,
May no rude hand deface it,
And its forlorn HIC JACET !

THE INCHCAPE BELL.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[1802.]

“ By east the Isle of May, twelve miles from all land, in the German seas, lyes a great hidden rock, called Inchcape, very dangerous for navigators, because it is overflowed everie tide. It is reported in old times, upon the saide rock there was a Bell, fixed upon a tree or timber, which rang continually, being moved by the sea, giving notice to the saylers of the danger. This Bell or clocke was put and maintained there by the Abbot of Aberbrothok ; and being taken down by a sea-pirate, a year thereafter he perished upon the same rocke, with ship and goodes, in the righteous judgement of God.”—“ *A Brief Description of Scotland, &c.* By J. M. 1633.”
S.

No stir in the Air, no stir in the Sea ;
The Ship was still as she could be ;
Her sails from heaven received no motion,
Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock,
The waves flowed over the Inchcape Rock ;
So little they rose, so little they fell,
They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothok
Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock ;
On a buoy, in the storm, it floated and swung,
And over the waves its warning rung.

When the rock was hid by the surge's swell,
The mariners heard the warning bell ;
And then they knew the perilous rock,
And blessed the Abbot of Aberbrothok.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
All things were joyful on that day ;
The sea-birds screamed as they wheeled round,
And there was joyaunce in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen,
A darker speck on the ocean green ;
Sir Ralph the Rover walked his deck,
And fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of Spring,—
It made him whistle, it made him sing ;
His heart was mirthful to excess,
But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape Float ;
Quoth he, " My men, put out the boat,
And row me to the Inchcape Rock,
And I 'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

The boat is lowered, the boatmen row,
And to the Inchcape Rock they go ;
Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
And he cut the bell from the Inchcape Float.

Down sunk the Bell with a gurgling sound,
The bubbles rose and burst around ;
Quoth Sir Ralph, " The next who comes to the rock,
Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothok."

Sir Ralph the Rover sailed away,
He scoured the sea for many a day ;
And now grown rich with plundered store,
He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
They cannot see the sun on high ;
The wind hath blown a gale all day,
At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
So dark it is, they see no land.
Quoth Sir Ralph, " It will be lighter soon ;
For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

" Can'st hear," said one, " the breakers roar ?
For methinks we should be near the shore ;
Now where we are I cannot tell,
But I wish we could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound — the swell is strong ;
Though the wind has fallen, they drift along,
Till the vessel strikes, with a shivering shock,—
" O Christ ! it is the Inchcape Rock !"

The Rover raved and tore his hair,
And cursed himself in his despair :
The waves rush in on every side,
The ship is sinking beneath the tide !

But, even in his dying fear,
One dreadful sound could the Rover hear ;
A sound as if, with the Inchcape Bell,
The Demon beneath was ringing his knell !

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

[1798.]

" I know not whether it be worth the reporting, that there is in Cornwall, near the parish of St. Neot's, a well, arched over with the robes of four kinds of trees,—withy, oak, elm, and ash,—dedicated to St. Keyne. The reported virtue of the water is this, that whether husband or wife come first to drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby."—FULLER.

St. Keyne, the legendary patroness of this talismanic stream, who was styled, in the ancient British language, Keyn-wiri,—i. e., Keyn the Virgin,—was the daughter of Brachanus, or Brychan, Prince of the country of *Garthmatrin*, in Wales, which, from him, was afterwards called Brecknock. She died A.D. 490.—S.

A WELL there is, in the West Country,
And a clearer one never was seen ;
There is not a Wife in the west country,
But has heard of the well of St Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne ;
Joyfully he drew nigh ;
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he ;
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town,
At the Well to fill his pail ;
On the Well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail !

" Now, art thou a bachelor, stranger ? " quoth he,
For, an' if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

" Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been ;
For an' if she have, I 'll venture my life
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne."

" I have left a good woman, who never was here,"
The stranger he made reply ;
But that my draught should be the better for that,
I pray you answer me why."

" St. Keyne," quoth the Cornishman, " many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her,
She laid on the water a spell.

" If the husband of this gifted Well
Shall drink before his wife,

A happy man henceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life!

" But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then ! "

The stranger stooped to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

" You drank of the Well, I warrant, betimes ? "
He to the Cornishman said ;
But the Cornishman smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

" I hastened, as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch ;
But i' faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church ! "

MAY-DAY PAGEANT

IN

The Fifteenth Century.

BY THE LATE JOSEPH STRUTT.*

PALMER—(*To the Women*).

Fair damsels! say, what brings you here?

DAMSELS.

To celebrate the first of May.

PALMER.

Wherefore this day to you so dear?

DAMSELS.

It is bold Robin's wedding day.

CHORUS.

With sprightly dance and carols gay,

We welcome Robin's wedding day!

PALMER—(*To the Men*).

Why stand the bowmen on a row?

MEN.

Prepared to play a skilful game.

PALMER.

Some Saint to honour 't is, I trow,

MEN.

'T is Robin Hood, for that 's his name.

CHORUS.

With sprightly dance and carols gay,

We keep bold Robin's wedding day!

* A celebrated antiquary; and author of several works on the ancient sports, dresses, and domestic manners of the English.

PALMER.

But who is she, so fair, bedight
In tunic blue, and rochet white?

WOMAN.

Dost thou not know her, holy man?
It is the blithe Maid Marian.

PALMER.

How name ye him y'clad in green,
With party hose and fringes sheen?

MAN.

It is the prince of archers good:
And he is hight bold Robin Hood. *

CHORUS.

With merry carol, dance, and play,
We welcome Robin's wedding day;

* The dress of the two principal actors in the pageant, is thus described by Strutt, from high authorities.

Robin Hood,—a bright grass-green tunic, fringed with gold; his hood and his hosen were parti-coloured, blue and white; he had a large garland of rose-buds on his head, a bow bent in his hand; a sheaf of arrows at his girdle, and a bugle-horn depending from a baldrick of light blue tarantine (a kind of silken stuff), embroidered with silver; he had also a sword and a dagger, the hilts of both being richly embossed with gold.

Maid Marian was preceded by two maidens, in orange-coloured kirtles, with white courtpies (short vests), strewing flowers. She was attired in a watchet-coloured tunic, reaching to the ground; over which she wore a white linen rochet, with loose sleeves, fringed with silver, and very neatly plaited; her girdle was of silver baudekin (a cloth of gold or silver tissue, with figures in silk), fastened with a double bow on the left side; her long flaxen hair was divided into many ringlets, and flowed upon her shoulders; the top part of her head was covered with a net-work caul of gold, upon which was placed a garland of silver, ornamented with blue violets. She was supported by two bride-maidens, in sky-coloured rochets, girt with crimson girdles, wearing garlands upon their heads, of blue and white violets; after them, four others, in green courtpies, and garlands of violets and cowslips, &c.

The *tunic* was a gown or habit, in the modern acceptation. The *rochet*, worn over it, was a loose flowing gown of lawn, very similar to a *surplice*, but having the large sleeves gathered at the wrist: the latter was also sometimes incongruously termed a rochet, until the middle or latter end of the seventeenth century.

PALMER.

I am a stranger, well ye wot,
 And much have travelled : I did view
 The Lord's Sepulchre, and the Grot
 Where he was born of maiden true.

The shells of Calcs, in sign of grace,
 Adorn my hat ; — and you may see
 A vernicle,* with His dear face
 Impressed, who died on Calvary.

Upon my cloak, Saint Peter's Keys
 Were drawn at Rome, with crosses wide ;
 And relics from beyond the seas
 I bear,—or woe may me betide !

The snow-topped hills of Armony,
 Where Noah's Ark may now be found,
 I 've seen ; — in sooth, I do not lie ; —
 Told o'er my beads and kissed the ground.

At Walsingham, my vows I 've paid ;
 At Waltham eke, and Coloraine ;
 And to Saint Thomas I have prayed,
 Who near the Holy Rood was slain.

But, tell me, to what saint, I pray,
 What martyr, or what angel bright,
 To dedicate this holy day,
 That brings you here so gaily dight ?

This calendar I 've searched with care,
 For saints y'blessed and angels good ;
 The holy saints are named there,—
 But no such saint as Robin Hood.

* Handkerchief.

MEN.

Dost thou not, simple Palmer, know —
What every child can tell thee here,—
Nor saint nor angel claims this show,
But the bright season of the year?

WOMEN.

The cowslips now adorn the dells;
On sunny banks primroses blow,
With violets sweet and dainty bells;
And on the green the daisies grow;—

The birds in warbling chorus sing,
In hedge and grove and shady wood,
Inviting us to hail the Spring,
And join the troop of Robin Hood.

CHORUS.

With merry carol, dance, and play,
We welcome Robin's wedding day!

HUNTING SONG.

BY THE SAME.

WAKEN, lords and ladies gay !
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting spear ;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling ;
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,

“ Waken, lords and ladies gay ! ”
Waken lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain gray ;
Springlets in the dawn are streaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming ;
And foresters have busy been,
’To track the buck in thicket green ;—
Now we come to chaunt our lay,
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay ! ”

Waken, lords and ladies gay
’To the green-wood haste away ;
We can shew you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size,
We can shew the marks he made,
When ’gainst the oak his antlers frayed ;—
You shall see him brought to bay ;
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay ! ”

Louder, louder, chaunt the lay,—
“ Waken, lords and ladies gay ! ”—
Tell them, youth and mirth and glee,
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman ! who can baulk,—
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk ;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay !

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A LEGEND OF CHARITY.

BY THE SAME.

“ Who calls ? ” — “ A stranger, passing by,
Benighted, weary, and astray ;
He asks relief for charity,
And shelter till return of day.”

“ What help, in such a woeful shed,
Canst thou expect so late to find ?
The night is cold, and I ’m in bed ;
To wake me, stranger, was unkind.”

“ Forlorn and fainting, here I lie ;
A fellow-creature’s claim I make :
Permit me not for want to die,
But help ! some help, for mercy’s sake ! ”

“ Hold on your way, and you shall find
A wealthy Lordling’s open gate.
Go, friend ; and be your welcome kind ; —
He banquets oft, and revels late.”

“ Must I then perish at thy door ? ” —
“ Not so — the rich man’s board is spread.
Alas ! he spurneth hence the poor,
And I have but one crust of bread ;

“ Of barley bread, full coarse and stale ;
My children’s breakfast that, and mine :
Cheese I have none, nor beer, nor ale,
Nor bacon-hock, nor flesh of kine.”

- “ One crust is all that I require,
For dainty cates are not my due ;—
’T is cold and wet ;—a little fire
Permit, and saints shall comfort you.”
- “ May woe betide the churlish wight,
Whose ruthless heart no pity knows !
I will arise, the fire I ’ll light ;—
Come in, for chill the north gale blows.
- “ See here ; ’t is all the bread I ’ve got.”
“ Enough ! enough ! I ask no more :
Hereafter be thy labours less ;
May favouring saints increase thy store ! ”
- “ Holy Saint Thomas,—is it true !
The scraps of bread both stale and small,
Have loaves become, full large and new ;
The pitcher foams with mantling ale ! —
- “ The fire, too, blazes high and free,
Yet small of wood is its supply ;
Nor aught consumed it seems to be,
Although the boughs be old and dry !
- “ Thou art no beggar ! but, I ween,
Some fairy elf, or favouring sprite ;
Or, in disguise, some angel sheen,
Descended from the realms of light ! ”
- “ Inquire no further — where I dwell,
Nor who I am. For thee to know
Let it suffice, thou hast done well,
And I my blessing will bestow.
- “ Good health shall make thy labours light,
And plenty at thy board attend ;
Stern death shall not thy soul affright,
For CHARITY shall thee befriend.”

ST. JOHN'S EVE IN PALESTINE : *

A Legend of the Crusades

IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

I CANNOT tell ye, in sooth, from where
That maiden came, with her golden hair,
And her snowy brow ; but I say to ye,
She was fairer than aught in Christentie !

I cannot tell ye that maiden's name,—
I cannot tell ye from whence she came ;
But from her kirtle's gold broidery,
I should say, she was damsel of high degree.

And onward she glides, in the still moon-light,
Seeking the tower of her captive knight ;
She standeth beneath, and she lifteth her veil,
And her voice sounds sweet as the nightingale.

" Rise up, Sir Guy ! arise at my call,—
I have left my bower and my castle hall ;
For goodly tidings I bring to thee,—
Ere morning, I'll die or set thee free."

" Alas ! " quoth Sir Guy, " thou fair lady,
If sorrow or harm should chance to thee,
How shall I again take lance in hand,—
How shall I again see merry England ! "

" O, fear not for me, thou gentle knight !
The spell must be won ere morning's light,—
'T is a mighty spell ; but my knight I'll win
From the chains of the haughty Sarrazin."

* From a very ingenious and beautiful work, entitled "*London in the Olden Time*." Second Series. 1827.

Sore mourned Sir Guy, as that maiden went,—
Alas! he was close in donjon pent;
Else he had followed her steadfastly,
That she might not for him be in jeopardy.

'T is the mystic eve of Saint John, I ween,—
On Jordan's bank is that maiden seen;
And a golden cross on her breast she weareth,—
And a chalice of gold, in her hand she beareth.

For spirits and demons are fitting about,
And goblins grim-shaped, an horrible route;
While Hecat and Lady Benzoria prepare
To mount with Hera, the Queen of the Air.

For she who shall first dip her hand in the stream,
When the full-moon at midnight sheddeth her beam,
Shall govern all sprites till the shadows flee,
And whatever she wisheth, granted shall be.

I would ye had seen how that maiden stood,
Lofty of brow, and fearless of mood;
Looking to Heaven, with many a prayer
To shield her from fiends of the midnight air.

The hour's at hand,—the moon's at her height,—
Up, maiden! nor fear thee nor goblin nor sprite;
Thou art sained with water and rites divine;
On thy bosom thou bearest the holy sign!

There is shriek—there is shout—there is death-like cry:
But the maiden hath rushed all reckless by;
She stands in the stream, 'mid goblins fell,—
An angel girt round by the fiends of hell!

Joy to thee, maiden! the spell is won
Haste with thy cup, ere the morning sun
Shall gleam o'er the mountains; the water thou holdest
Will govern all fiends, and appal the boldest.

Joy to thee, maiden ! — look not behind ; —
Heed not the shouts that are borne on the wind ;
Mount yon goblin-steed, — he dareth not harm thee ;
While thou bearest that cup, there shall nought alarm thee.

The steed flieth swiftly : the bolts of the keep
Start back, for the warders are locked in sleep ;
Sir Guy springeth forth ; — his chains have unbound,
As that mystic water is sprinkled around.

And onward, and onward — ay ! onward they fly,
O'er hill, vale, and flood, while the moon rides high ;
And still holds the maiden the cross to her breast ;
And still is that chalice with firm hand prest.

Haste, haste ye ! speed on, while the moon is yet bright ;
Your steed must vanish at dawn of light :
Still, still grasp the chalice ! nor heed the fierce rout
Of goblins who follow with yell and with shout.

The gale of the morning breathes fresh and chill ;
There's a streak of faint light on Hermon's hill ; —
One bound, — they have crossed the rushing river ;
The steed and the fiends are vanished for ever !

O, joy to thee, maiden ! look up and see,
The towers of Acre are smiling on thee ;
Our holiest sign in the sun-beam is glowing,
And the red-cross banner above thee flowing.

And, joy to thee, maiden ! look down and behold
What gleameth so bright in thy chalice of gold :
There is topaz, and ruby, and every gem,
That can garnish a Soldan's diadem.

Yes, joy to thee, maiden ! thy task is done ;
Yes, joy to thee, maiden ! thy knight is won ;
And that fearful adventure achieved by thee,
Shall be sung in each hall throughout Christentie.

ELLA.

BY THE EDITOR.

“ FIRMIN ! on the rocky height ;
Firmin ! o'er the sea,—
The voice of war, through the dead of night,
Comes it not, O chief! to thee?

“ For the peaceful chime of the midnight time,
Peal the bells from the Minster-tower ;
In thundering sweep o'er the land and the deep,
The notes of danger's hour.

“ The banners float fair on the forest air,
Near thy proud ancestral hall ;
The cymbals clash high, and the trumpets loud reply,
Heed'st not their airy call?”

I reckon not—I,—for Ella sleeps
Beneath the lowly sod ;
And there my heart unbodied keeps,
Its still and fixed abode.

Full twenty years in Ella's name,
I led my feudal powers ;
And oft my silver Star of fame
Hath waved o'er hostile towers.

“ When the Lilies pale, shrunk with tearful wail
From the Lion and the Rood,
My fealty clear, and faith sincere,
I oft have sealed in blood.

Where the burning rocks of the Desart shine
I’ve urged my knightly quest ;
And the palm-trees fair, in Palestine,
Have fann’d my limbs to rest.

The crest of many a Paynim knight,
Hath decked my Ella’s store ;
Oft has she smiled, with looks of light,
As she has viewed them o’er.

But now, to long-remembered arms
I give no joyous hour ;
For me no petty feud has charms —
No feudal trumpet, power. •

“ Then, wilt thou sleep in dreaming sloth,
Thy days of sorrow here ?
Must thy Christian faith, and thy knightly oath,
Lie crush’d in ruins drear ?

“ Will the wife of thy soul, in joy look down
On a grief so wild and vain ?
Or thus dost thou seek thy wishes’ crown
Of an union with her again ?”

No ! — yet, ev’n yet, for Ella’s love,
I’ll mighty deeds essay ;
Those nobler feats of worth I’ll prove,
That lead to Heaven the way.”

My opening buds, so sweet and fair,
I’ll first secure amain ;
Good Clement holds that tender care,
In Ina’s holy fane.

In arms full clad, an Errant Knight,
 I 'll roam o'er hills and seas,
 Restoring to the wrong'd, their right,
 And to the afflicted, ease.

I 'll 'venge the cause of orphans poor,
 I 'll crush the tyrants down ;
 I 'll raise the meek, that pensive cow'r
 Beneath a dastard's frown.

Once more, shall Ella's Chief have place
 In many a minstrel's song ;
 And all the fruits his name that grace,
 To Ella's love belong.

The bounteous store my Ella gave,
 With hand unchecked, I 'll spread ;
 The worthy, from distress to save —
 To cheer the wretched's bed.

Last — when dissolving Age shall come,
 To set my spirit free,
 I 'll take the cross to Salem's dome,
 A palmer o'er the sea.

There, humbly laid at Christ's lov'd feet,
 With him I 'll trust to rise !
 With smiles of dawning joy I 'll meet
 My Ella in the skies ! "

THE BOY OF EGREMOND.

BY SAMUEL ROGERS.

THIS accident, which has attained a surprising celebrity for a private and domestic event, occurred about the middle of the twelfth century ; previous to which, William Fitz-Duncan Romilly, the father, had laid waste the valleys of Craven with fire and sword, and was afterwards established in the possession of them, by his uncle, David I., King of Scotland.

Bolton *Srid* is a fall of the Wharf, from the top of a lofty and steep rock, into Wharfedale. The chasm at the brink is not more than between two and three yards across ; but at the time the Heir of Egremond took the leap, he held a greyhound in a leash, which, starting back, pulled him into the torrent, and he was dashed down the precipice, of course meeting with instant death. The Falconer's question, and the Lady AALIZA's answer (in the original terms), are still proverbially current in the neighbourhood.

A priory, which formerly stood at *Embsey*, was, at this time, removed to Bolton, to be near the spot of the accident, and as some solace to the afflicted mother. The conventual Church, of the early Gothic architecture, remains to this day,—a grand and picturesque ornament of the vale, which is considered to be one of the most beautiful spots in England. The choir and transepts are in ruins ; the nave is entire, and is used as a parish church.

The poet Wordsworth has written a ballad on the same subject ; and has also illustrated this neighbourhood, in his “ White Doe of Rylstone.”—ED.

“ Say, what remains when hope is fled ? ”

She answered, “ Endless weeping !

For, in the herds-man's eye she read,

Who in his shroud lay sleeping.

At Embsay rung the matin-bell,*
 The stag was roused on Barden-fell;
 The mingled sounds were swelling — dying,
 And down the Wharf a hern was flying;
 When, near the cabin in the wood,
 In tartan clad and forest-green,
 With hound in leash and hawk in hood,
 The boy of Egremond was seen.
 Blithe was his song — a song of yore;
 But where the rock is rent in two,
 And the river rushes through,
 His voice was heard no more!
 'T was but a step! the gulf he passed;
 But that step — it was his last!
 As through the mist he winged his way,
 (A cloud that hovers night and day)
 The hound hung back, and back he drew
 The master, and his merlin too.
 That narrow place of noise and strife,
 Received their little all of life!

There, now the matin-bell is rung;
 The "MISERERE!" duly sung;
 And holy men in cowl and hood,
 Are wandering up and down the wood.
 But what avail they? Ruthless Lord,
 Thou did'st not shudder when the sword
 Here on the young its fury spent,
 The helpless and the innocent!
 Sit now and answer groan for groan;
 The child before thee is thy own —
 And she who wildly wanders there,
 The mother, in her long despair,

* Mr. Wordsworth's ballad mentions an additional aggravation of the calamity of this fatal morn; *viz.*, that it was the day previous to the intended nuptials of the young heir.

Shall oft remind thee, waking—sleeping,
Of those who by the Wharf were weeping,—
Of those who would not be consoled,
When red with blood the river rolled.

THE KNIGHT OF MALTA.

BY MISS A. M. PORTER.

THE moon was bright, the sky serene,
And the waters softly crept ;
And trees were thick on the bank so green,
Where the Knight of Malta slept.

Beside him grazed his milk-white steed,
And beside him lay his spear ;
While his raven locks, from the helmet freed,
Were wet with many a tear.

His cheek was once like the orange red,
But now like the olive pale ;
And his heart, that erst with pity bled,
Now heaves through pitiless mail.

Was never a lord in Alphonso's court,
That danced like him at the ball ;
'Mid nobles gay, at each graceful sport,
Don Carlos eclipsed them all.

Was never a minstrel like him could sing,
 Or tinkle the sweet guitar ;
 Was never a knight at tilt or ring,
 So brave in the Tourney's war.

Was never a brother like him so blest,
 In brother's dear rivalry ;
 For the twin he clasped to his faithful breast,
 Was gallant and true as he.

O look you now, how a pleasant dream
 That brother to life restores ;
 How bright is the glow which raptures beam,
 O'er the face of Carlos pours.*

He dreams they sail in their yacht so gay,
 By gentle light of the stars ;
 Where through bowery banks flows Duero away,
 To the sound of their soft guitars.

*O days of Youth ! O days of Joy !
 Will ye ever again return ?
 Can the penitent heart or the streaming eye,
 Give life to the death-cold urn !*

Now sudden he wakes, and with blissful glance,
 Looks round for that form so dear ;
 But vanished the image with fancy's trance,
 And all is solitude drear.

The groan that riveth his manly heart,
 As comfort and hope remove,
 With its dismal sound makes echo start,
 And scareth the lone wood-dove.

* Of the happy effect on the mind, of the return of early recollections and associations, the Welch bards, or sages, have left on record a striking aphorism.

"Three things restored will prolong a man's life:—The country where in childhood he was brought up;—The food that in childhood nourished him;—The train of thought that in childhood amused him."—ED.

He beats his breast, and he lifts his eyes,
Whence tears like the rain-drops fall ;
And loud his wild and sorrowful cries
On Jesu for mercy call.

“ Who mourneth here, this smiling night,
When nature and man should sing ;
Doth a sinner's voice mine ear affright,
Or grief with its murmuring ?

“ O, whether by sin or sorrow driven
To scenes of holy peace ;
Let them teach thee, my son, the road to Heaven,
And thy earthly cares will cease.”

The Hermit stood among evergreen boughs,
That curtained a cavern wide,
Whence he called the knight to bless'd repose,
In his saintly solitude.

He led the way, that knight before,
With many a stifled sigh,
Then gently dropped his leafy door,
And shut out the cheerful sky.

But the soft, pale moon, with tender light,
Streamed through the branching space,
And glimmering faint on the cavern's night,
Diffused a soothing grace.

The Hermit's couch was a heap of moss,
From neighbouring mountains torn ;
And the rocky step of his wooden Cross,
With kneeling, and tears, was worn.

O, soothing it is to the sad, sad heart,
Some mournful tokens to see,
When its load of grief it would fain impart—
When it longeth for sympathy !

Don Carlos' pulse beat calmly now,
As he saw the hermit's throb ;
And the death-damps left his tortured brow,
When he heard the hermit sob.

The good man knelt, and inly prayed,
And long at a distance kept ;
And low at the foot of the Crucifix laid,
With smothered anguish wept.

He covered his face with his dark-gray hood,
Like one who repenteth sore ;
And still, as he kissed the holy Rood,
He wept and he groaned the more.

" Oh ! I have suffered ! " at length he cried,
As back to the knight he came :
" For soul in grief, what fitter guide
Than he that hath felt the same ?

" Then confess thy sin, or tell thy grief,
And if Christian love may save,
Ah ! look at least for that faint relief,
Which shriving penitents have."

" O father, father ! deep is my guilt,
But deeper, sure, are my pains ;
For innocent blood, in fury spilt,
What pardon,—what hope remains ?

" Yet time there was, when of bird or deer
I shuddered to end the breath ;
And ever beheld, with womanish tear,
E'en childhood's easy death.

" And time there was, when glory in vain
Called, on his murderous throne ;
The wreath that grows on a hill of slain,
My brows abhorred to own.

" But see me here, to holy St. John *
 Self-vowed his knight to be,
 And sworn fair woman's love to shun,
 In stainless chastity.

" And see me here, self-doomed to aid
 (O penance sad and right !)
 With this guilty arm, and this fatal blade,
 Each suffering lady, or knight."

Don Carlos paused, and with ghastly look
 Regarded his guilty brand ;
 His brow grew damp, and his cold limbs shook,
 And the weapon left his hand.—

* The original and proper title of the Knights of Malta, was, " SANCTI IOANNIS HIEROSOLYMITANI," of Saint John of Jerusalem. They were also called " Hospitallers" and " Johannites." The Crusaders gave them several towns, the principal of which was Acre. In the year 1191, they removed to Cyprus; and in 1308, to Rhodes, which they held for upwards of two hundred years; but, after a most gallant defence, being obliged by the Turks to relinquish it, the Emperor Charles V. gave them the island of Malta, which they maintained for three hundred years against all attacks, and fortified, so as to render it impregnable. In this situation, they were considered as the principal bulwark of Christendom against the Infidels.

They wore a black robe, and a Cross *Patonce*, of gold enamelled with white, on the left shoulder. This order partook of the defects of the period in which it originally flourished; but was yet, in many respects, one of the most noble and unexceptionable of the chivalrous institutions. Its energies were, collectively, of great service to Europe; and every individual member was obliged to fulfil his vow of Knighthood, according to the custom of the age, by redressing all wrongs within the sphere of his private influence. They also distributed large sums in charity. The number of Knights was never less than one thousand; of whom, five hundred were supposed to be resident on the Island. Each Knight, before admission, was obliged to prove nobility of descent, on both father's and mother's side, for four generations. This rendered it one of the highest orders in Europe; the Grand Master ranking with Sovereign princes, and the Grand Prior in England sitting as an Earl in the House of Peers, before the Reformation. The last Lord Prior in England, and also the last surviving Knight of the English Commandery, was Sir Thomas Docwra, of Lilley, Herts., who, in the year 1508, erected, at his own charge, one of the City Gates of London, viz. *St. John's, Clerk-en-well*, on which his name and arms were lately to be seen.—ED.

" 'T was in gay Castille, that an orphan heir,
With the twin of my life as my love,
I dwelt in joy ;—ah me ! his prayer
Now breathes for my sake above.

" The lily that shines through yon watery glass
Is dark to his mortal part ;
And foul is its sweetest breath, alas !
To the sweetness of his heart.

" Together we roved through our wild-wood bowers,
In sportive or pensive mood,
Or o'er learning's page, in studious hours,
Together were wont to brood.

" Was never a thought in either's mind,
Nor a feeling in his breast,
But the other's soul, untaught, defined,
And the other's eye expressed.

" If Juan had chid, not prince's praise
Had banished the blush of shame ;
If Juan approved, a world might raise,
Unheard, the voice of blame !

" Not beauty's sweet glance, like his, could light
My spirit to Honour's goal ;
O, woe was the day, when at beauty's sight,
I yielded my captive soul !

" Why should I talk of the lily and rose
That in Inis' cheek were blent ;
Of her dark eyes' stars, and her bosom's snows,
And her smile's soft languishment ?

" O, she was fairer than earthly thing,
Which Heaven for good ordains ;
Such wondrous charms the demons bring,
To forge some wretch's chains.

" With ardour wooed, and with transport won,
She heard at length my prayer ;
And my blissful life seemed new begun,
When I clasped the bridal fair.

" Yet Juan was far, in green Navarre,
On embassy secret and grave,
And knew not her by whose conquering car
His brother was led a slave.

" When home returned, approving joy
Spoke from his smiling face ;
And Inis beheld, with sparkling eye,
His figure's youthful grace.

" 'T was sweet to my heart to hear her speak,
With voice of the cooing dove,
Of his azure eyes and his vermeil cheek,
And shape like the God of Love.

" But sweeter the theme, when, with graver speech,
She spoke of his virtues high ;
Of his towering mind's celestial reach,
And his awful purity.

" Ah ! soon did she cease with Juan's praise
To fetter my list'ning ear ;
Oft silent and sad, from my 'rapt eyes' gaze,
She turned with a starting tear.

" Let me not dwell on the dark deceit
That hath plunged my soul in sin ;
For how should my faltering lips repeat
What I dare not breathe within ?

" Enough, that she swore, — *could* I doubt her oath,
Who dwelt in my inmost thought ?
That, scorning our blood and her bridal troth,
My brother her love had sought.

“ That wretched night, at the midnight hour,
While each pulse with madness beat,
A loud shriek came from Inis' bower —
I flew to the dear retreat.

“ I saw but my lady's bosom bare :
I heard but her vengeful cry ;
My sword was deep in a breast as fair,
Ere spoke the upraised eye.

“ As bathed in his blood young Juan fell,
My guilty senses fled ;
But waking late in St. Leonard's cell,
I raised an outlaw's head.

“ What heeded my heart, of privileged shade,
When blood on my conscience lay—
When the brother once dear, had my faith betrayed,
And blotted out life's fair day ?

“ The pardon won, by my kinsman sought,
From Alphonso's kingly hand,
No joyful change in a bosom wrought,
More sad than the desert's sand.

“ For she that I loved — ah ! she whose charms
Had been my brother's snare,
Now languish'd sad in my wretched arms,
With silent and fixed despair.

“ Her death-day came — remembrance dread !
In the midst of her beauty's prime ;
And then, as her loaded spirit fled,
She owned the damned crime.

“ 'T was *she* that woo'd, — 't was *she* that, spurn'd,
To frantic vengeance grew ;
Oh ! fatal truths, in vain were ye learned !
And like fiends, my soul pursue.

“ For now remorse, and terror, and woe,
 Surround me with their spells,
 And never, alas ! must I hope to go
 Where my brother's spirit dwells.”

The Knight broke off—for the hermit's breast
 Heaved thick with convulsive start ;—
 He wept aloud — and he rushed to his guest,
 And snatched him to his heart.

Don Carlos caught not the breathless cry —
 He saw not the hooded face ;—
 But his throbbing heart and flashing eye
 Were true to a known embrace.

“ Now blessed Saint John hath another true Knight,
 And thou a brother again !
 O Carlos ! I swear, by yon heavenly light,
 To join thy patron's train.

“ While bewailing sad thine only fault,
 Thy prayers were breathed to me ;
 With world-sick eyes, but pitying thought,
 I have sorrowed and prayed for thee.

“ No mortal blow didst thou give my breast,
 Though deep to my soul it went ;
 And when life returned, from life unblest,
 I flew to lone banishment.

“ Now thou art restored with fondness true,
 To love, as true as thine own ;
 And the World's bright gates will open anew,
 For souls that again are one.”

*O days of Youth ! O days of Joy !
 Again do your hours return ?*

*Yes — the penitent heart, and the Heaven-ward eye,
 Have quickened the death-cold Urn !*

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTES.

PAGE 1.

ATHELING was not a surname, but a title, conferred by the Saxons on the heir to the crown; in the same manner as that of Dauphin is given to the eldest sons of the Kings of France.

PAGE 2. (Note).

For "Bishop Gibson," read Camden.

PAGE 4. (Note—BILLMEN).

A Bill was a weapon much resembling a Halbert. On the one side it had a cutting blade, turned like the common bill, a spike at the top and the opposite side. They were sometimes used in the navy; but a large portion of the foot soldiers of the time were called Billmen, from using this weapon. It was not confined to the military; but was used by sheriffs' officers attending executions, and by watchmen. The denomination of *black* and *brown*, arose from its colour: the one from a black varnish, with which this weapon was frequently covered; the other from its being brown with rust.—GROSE.

PAGE 9.

It appears that, notwithstanding this signal defeat, Anlaf and his Danes were afterwards in possession of Northumberland, and part of the kingdom of Mercia. From this, they were at length dislodged by the valour of King Edmund; when Anlaf, like his predecessor Gothrum, in the reign of Alfred, consented to receive baptism, and to become a feudatory of the English Monarch. These events are concisely related in the *Saxon Chronicle*, at the date of the year 942. A few words, at the conclusion, it will be seen, are written in Latin, but are in the Saxon character.

"An. DCCCCXLII.—Her Eadmund cyning, Engla theoden, maga mund bora, Myrce geode, dyre dæd fruma, awador scadeth hwitan wylles geat, & "Humbra ea, brada brym stream. Burgha fife, Ligora-cester, & Lindcylne, & "Snotingaham, sulce Stanford, eac Deoraby, Dene wearan ær, under north mannun, nyde gebegdde, on hothenra hæfte clomnum lange thrage, oththie "hie alyse eft, for his weord-scyre, wiggendra hleoafers Eadwerdes. Ead- "mund cyning onfeng Anlafa cyninge æt fulwighte; & thy yclan gere ymb "teala micel fœc, he on-feng Regenolde cyning æt biscopes-handa. Her Anlaf "cyning forth-ferde: & Ricardus uetus suscepit regnum & regnauit an LII.

The following is adventured as a tolerably literal translation, with the aid of Bishop Gibson's Latin version, and in the absence of Mr. Ingram's. It will afford another instance of similarity between the parent Saxon and the early English:—

"Here Edmund the King, England's lord (to his mates) the bearer-of-protec- "tion, Mercia attacked, of dire deeds the causer, where separates the White "Well's (river's) gate (*track*), and the Humber river, a broad banked stream. "Boroughs five,—Leicester, and Lincoln, Nottingham, also Stamford, eke "Derby, of the Danes were ere (*before*), under the North-men, subdued, by "the Heathens hard oppressed a long time, until them loosed, for his word's- "sake, the warlike heir of Edward. Edmund the King received Anlaf the "King at the font; and the ilk (*same*) year, after mickle long time, he "received Regenold the King at the Bishop's hand (*anointed or consecrated*). "Here Anlaf the King forth-fared (*departed*), and Richard the Elder received "the kingdom, and reigned fifty-two years."

PAGE 32. KING ESTMERE (Note).

In this place, Caernarvon has been written, by an oversight, for *Conway*: the hall of this castle is one hundred and thirty feet long. The next in size is probably that of Powis Castle; and many other fine castle-halls are to be seen in those splendid edifices, the relics of which are the pride and ornament of modern Wales; and in which she equals, at least,—if she does not exceed,—all other European nations.

PAGE 79. VER. 3.

A *tournament* was a conflict with many knights, divided into parties, and engaged at the same time; the *just*, or *joust*, was a separate trial of skill, when only one man was opposed to another.—STRUTT.

PAGE 267. HENGIST AND MEY (Note—ODIN).

Odin was styled in the Runic, *Oal Fadr*, or *Val Fadr*,—i. e., the Father of Slaughter; and in his elysium, Asgardia, which was conceived to be a terrestrial paradise on the banks of the Tanais, the Scythian mother-country, the *palace* which was destined for the abode of the most distinguished warriors, was called *Val-Halla*,—i. e., the Hall of Slaughter.

PAGE 275. THE GRAVE OF KING ARTHUR.

In the romance of *Mort d'Arthur*, is a different account of the removal of King Arthur, and the interment of his body. As soon as the attendant, (who is here styled Bedwer or Bedevere, instead of the *Boteler* Lucan, who is represented to have been killed), had thrown the sword into the water,—

“He led his lord unto the strand:

A rich ship, with masts and oar,

Full of ladies there they fand (found):

“The ladies, that were fair and free,

Courteously the King ‘gan they fong (receive);

And one, that brightest was of blee,

Weeped sore, and handis wrung.

‘Brother,’ she said, ‘wo is me;

From leeching hast thou been too long;

I wot that greatly grieveth me;

For thy painis are full strong!’ ”

These ladies, whether of Fairy or human race, having thus taken away his master, from whom he learnt, at parting, that he was going to the Isle of Avalon, in hopes of there meeting with a cure, Sir Bedevere wandered about the forest till day-break. Just before sun-rise, however, he was attracted, by a brilliant light, to a spot which he found to be the chapel of a hermitage.—This was the retreat of an unfortunate Archbishop of Canterbury, who had been persecuted by the villanous Mordred, and who was at that time on his knees before a tomb of grey marble; on which was an inscription in golden characters, bearing the name of King Arthur: and on the tomb was an empty bier, surrounded by a hundred wax torches. This, the prelate informed him, had been brought in about midnight by a company of ladies, who instantaneously erected the tomb, and interred the body with their own hands, leaving him an offering of immense value, and directing him to pray incessantly for the soul of the deceased.

Sir Bedwer of course, as a faithful and attached servant, devoted the rest of his days to an attendance on the tomb of his loved master; and entered into the same monastic order as the Archbishop. In process of time they were joined by the late repentant Sir Launcelot, and others; and the body of Queen Guenever was interred by the side of her husband, in the Chapel of the Hermitage; which receiving much increase of inhabitants and of honour, grew up (according to the Romance) into the powerful and noble Abbey of Glastonbury.

ELLIS.

L'ENVOY.

AND now, by the way of " Pithy and Profitable Morale," the Editour craveth licence to intreat of the gentle and courteous Reader, that having delighted himself hugely with the excellences of this small Tome, he will " feel an apt remission in himself" towards its abounding unworthinesses. His humble oration is, however, two-fold: he redes him also greedily to drink into his mind all the good that he may discover therein, and to eschew the evil (for the lurking caitiff may have intruded himself into this little *plaisance* and flower-garden of Poesie), and that he will *arise up* from the prelection thereof, at the least, not the worse man, woman, or child, as the case 'chance may happen. Herein he seeing and believing the knowledge and doings of the time present to happily out-go the times past, will, if he be of worth, rejoice therefore. Again, in that he beholdeth, through the long and dim avenues of the years of old, many of those bright and lustrous deeds, which (lauded be the All-Good!) do cheerily shine out, in every age and realm—he will bid them welcome as "*new friends with old faces.*" And may-be, they may attire themselves, to his mind's eye, in the same garb as they did to that silver-voiced Swan, that whilom floated on the smooth streams of Avon: —

" How far that little candle throws his beams,
So shines a good deed in a naughty world!"

Should the Editour be aware, by sundry testimonies and tokens, that he hath become, as the facete old Latin Poet, Horatius Flaccus, phraseth it, "*Compos voti,*"—certes, it is not for the Reader to

doubt but that he shall, in no long time, receive from him (through the medium of the Bibliopolist) certain other missives and printed books. When "Sumer is icomen in"—

When July eve, with balmy breath,
Waves the blue-bells upon the heath—

he will, albeit he have no "wood notes wild" of his own, hearken diligently to the "most approved good music" of living warblers; and note it down, in prick-song, for the Reader's delectation. Moreover he will, oft-times, frequent the resorts of those senior and veracious minstrels, who,

"Much of old romantic lore,
On the high theme do keep in store;"

and, with much care and honest pains, he will strive (*Deo permittente*) to put together such a "Paradise of Dainty Devices" (which the modern Gauls would clepe a "*mélange*") as to instill into the mind of the Reader a right copious measure of comfort and satisfaction, even more than he may have deduced from this his premier essay. And now having, through the fore-seeing of his good-liking, wrought himself to a wondrous esteem for the humane and well-nurtured Reader, he, without more-a-do, very heartily biddeth him Farewell.

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